













M.DCCC.L.  
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER.

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THE  
ENARES MAGAZINE.

VOLUME III.

1850.

Plusieurs choses certaines sont contredites : plusieurs fausses passent sans contradiction : ni la contradiction n'est marque de fausseté, ni l'incontradiction n'est marque de vérité.

Omnia res argumentando confirmantur.

PASCAL : (*Pensées.*)

CIC. DE INV.

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THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1850.

I.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*The Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell ; Edited by William Beattie, M. D. London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1849.*

This Life is a great deal too long. It is fluently written ; a man gets through it somehow or another ; but if he never cries ' flat ! stale ! ' he must ' unprofitable ! ' pretty often, for these three large volumes contain a great deal of common place. Three large volumes ! why the ' Memoirs of Methuselah ' ought not to extend to greater length than this. And then it was such a mistake of Dr. Beattie ; for Campbell's character was not one at all of striking interest to the psychologist, nor was his poetry of that nature, where, being but the reflex of the poet, it makes an intimate knowledge of his life, a most desirable key to his poems. It is true Campbell was one of the most distinguished of that band of poets which adorned the commencement of this century ; true, that some productions of his pen his country will not willingly let die ; true, that he had mingled with the most eminent men of his day ; that he had been held in high honor in his own land, and had established a considerable reputation on the continent ; that, he had been connected with the formation of important institutions ;—there was much in his career which, concisely narrated, would have been gratefully received and eagerly read. But good Dr. Beattie, (for a generous, affectionate, modest person he evidently is) has forgotten that we have a great many books to read now-a-days, and that unrelieved domestic incidents which might have occurred to Robinson, or correspondence which Brown could have sustained without difficulty, cannot be sublimed even by the magic of a poet's name, and encum-

her rather than set off the points of character, and circumstances of career with which we wish to become acquainted. However the book is before us, let us make such use of it as we can.

Thomas Campbell, the eighth son and last child of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. He was lineally descended from the Campbells of Kiznan, who could trace their origin to Gillespie-le-Camille, first Norman Lord of Lochawe, with whose name, we may venture to premise, some of the readers of this notice were not previously acquainted. His more immediate ancestor, his father, was a Virginian trader, who having lost the bulk of his property at the outbreak of the American war, gathered together such remnants as he might and sat down with a bold front to meet advancing years in straitened circumstances uncheered by the hope of improvement. The trader's wife supported him in his misfortunes with her uncomplaining firmness and noble submission to what was unavoidable, for which, added to an energetic manner and an honest love of her children, she is rather funnily compared by Dr. Beattie to the 'Mother of the Gracchi.' It has been often said that distinguished men have owed much of what they ultimately were to the influence of a mother, and it has undoubtedly been often true;—in Campbell's case we do not perceive any traces of this influence, unless indeed we are some of his stirring lyrics to the early effect of favorite old songs which his mother used to sing with great spirit even in the very wane of life. The poet was baptized by Dr. Thomas Reid, the celebrated metaphysician, with whom his father was on terms of great intimacy: an acquaintance which of itself testifies to some intellectual qualities in the old merchant. Thomas was the only one of the eight brothers, who going successfully through the usual courses of education, entered upon a distinguished, though unchequered career. Archibald was soon away to the woods and swamps of Berbice; and though he did return, it was but to embark again for Virginia where he laid his bones. Alexander also passed thirty years of his life in this same Berbice; he came back to Scotland, but with a shattered constitution, and soon died. The grave of John, the third, is at Demerara, and that of Robert in Virginia. James was carried off at thirteen years; and Daniel, beginning quietly enough in a Glasgow manufactory, went mad about "Liberty and Equality", and settled in France, holding no communication with his family, and becoming at last,

it is said, a naturalized Frenchman. The knowledge of these circumstances gives an affecting point to a line in which the poet calls himself

‘ A brotherless hermit—the last of his race.’

At eight years, Thomas was placed with Mr. Alison at the Grammar-School. Here he soon began to exhibit proofs of talent and industry which were naturally followed by success. His exertions, after a time, made him ill; and six weeks which he spent in a Cottage on the banks of the Cart, amongst the fields and woods, for the recovery of his health, seem long to have remained in his memory, as a vision of unmixed happiness. Dr. Beattie is willing to consider this pleasant sojourn in the country, as first awakening Campbell's poetic powers; and indeed from this time till the end of his Grammar-school days, he did write occasional verses. They are utterly devoid, however, of poetic thought, and exhibit scarcely any symptoms of that happiness of expression which Campbell afterwards possessed in a high degree. “During his first College Session”, says his Biographer “which commenced in October 1791, Campbell did not belie the character which he had taken with him, from the Grammar-School.” He became distinguished in Latin, and Logic, and more especially in Greek. He appears to have read for his own amusement, valuable English works; we find Locke, the younger Sherlock, Doddridge, Smollett and Fielding and most of the principal poets, his favorite companions. He was very much liked by his companions; lively, witty, disputative, he was always ready with a copy of verses, an essay, or a satire; and though indeed none of his compositions, at this period, possess much merit, further than as being the productions of a thoughtful, forward boy, they will perhaps possess psychological interest for some. A circumstance, which occurred during Campbell's third Session at College, must not be omitted. He was present at the trial of Muir, Gerald and others at Edinburgh, for high treason. He calculated that he could walk there and back from Glasgow, at the expense of three shillings, and was of course enchanted when his mother presented him with a crown piece for the expedition. The scene in the Parliament House, was one he long remembered, nor can we doubt that it strongly excited an element afterwards prominent in his character, his sympathy with the martyrs of freedom. The justiciary Scotch Lords with their broad accent and clumsy arguments, the Lord Advocate's



address, the speeches of Laing and Gillies—above all, the eloquent appeal of Joseph Gerald, ending, as it did, in a solemn demand of mercy;—all these circumstances and the last, the sentence of transportation, naturally made up together a strange and impressive scene. At the close of the third Session “Campbell was gratified by a further share of Academic prizes.” One of them was for a poem on ‘the origin of evil’ (Phœbus; what a subject!); this Dr. Beattie has given at full length, and it must have been considered a very neat poem for a youth of sixteen. But when one remembers, that in answer to the yearly call, at most public schools, many very neat poems are sent in somehow, and that a dull industrious boy in the top form, would by no means miss trying for the English verse, nay rather, would possibly attain it; we must be cautious in auguring future poetical eminence from such performances. The third Session ended with much anxiety as to the choice of a profession; the young bard seems to have cherished at this time vague ideas of church preferment. With a view to fitting himself for clerical requirements, he commenced Hebrew, and to this period is assigned his graceful hymn on the advent;—

- “ When Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion’s hill;  
When Salem’s shepherds, thro’ the night  
Watched o’er their flocks by starry light:—  
Hark! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice, of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murmuring on the raptured soul.  
Then swift, to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory gild the sky;  
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
- On wheels of light and wings of flame.  
The glorious hosts to Zion come.  
High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung,  
And thus they smote their harps, and sung:—

Oh Zion, lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh—  
The joys of Nature rise again—  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!  
See, Mercy, from her golden urn,  
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn;  
Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes—He cheers the trembling heart—  
Night and her spectres pale depart:

Again the day-star gilds the gloom—  
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom !  
 Oh Zion, lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh—  
 The joys of Nature rise again—  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

In the fourth Session, he distinguished himself highly by translations from the Greek and Latin ; but his career was somewhat abruptly interrupted by the misfortunes of his family. His father was now of advanced years, and a chancery suit which had long been pending having recently failed, the resources of the unfortunate old merchant were in consequence still further reduced. Campbell determined to attempt to relieve the pressure at once. Through the recommendation of the professors of the College, he obtained a small tutorship in the Hebrides. Five secluded months were accordingly spent in the island of Mull ; dreary enough to the poor boy, but doubtless not without their influence in quickening the imagination and shaping the imagery of the future poet. He was full of the romance and warm self-complacency of his years ; Mull seemed very exile after Glasgow, and in his letters to Mr. Hamilton Paul and Mr. James Thompson, two great college friends—he complains of his desolate position, and was wont pleasantly to consider himself as a second Ovid in the social solitudes of another Tomos. A certain 'Caroline' crosses his path for a brief while ; the poet is seized with the inspiration of love, a most necessary element in the melodramatic sentiments of eighteen. At length he returned to Glasgow and resumed his duties as a College tutor. One of his scholars, only four years younger than himself, was the present Lord Cunningham. At the end of this fifth Session, Campbell took a final leave of College, having obtained during the spring two prize poems, one of which, a chorus in the 'Mæda' is included in his printed poems. The succeeding twelve-month was spent at a small farm called Downie, where the poet had obtained a situation as tutor. It stood "on the shore of that great arm of the sea, known as the Sound of Jura, and within an hour's walk southward of the termination of the canal, which connects the northern extremity of Loch Fyne with that sound." In this secluded spot, surrounded by the striking scenery of the Western Highlands, many of the episodes in the 'Pleasures of Hope' were composed. These periods of seclusion from the world and of silent communion with nature are of lasting impressiveness

to a poetic mind. It is in these scenes and at such times that the more secret voices, the more delicate utterances find vent in song, and then, as the American Emerson has said, "the poet in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts, and recording them, is found to have recorded that, which men in 'cities vast' find true for them also." When the period of his engagement at Downie was completed, Campbell returned to Glasgow. Fresh anxieties awaited him with regard to the choice of a profession. Law was thought of; but poetry and the Pandects were found discordant elements: at length in vague hopes of literary employment combined with clerical work in a lawyer's office, he started for Edinburgh. Through the influence of friends, a situation as copying clerk was soon obtained for him, and it was whilst temporally engaged in this position that he was introduced to Dr. Robert Anderson, Author of the "Lives of the Poets"; an introduction which materially affected the prospects of the young aspirant. Its immediate result was a warm recommendation to Mr. Mundell, the publisher. Campbell was engaged to produce an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards's "West Indies" for which £20 was to be given. He immediately threw up his clerkship and started home for Glasgow, where he proposed to set at work on his new task. From this time, with the temporary interruptions of new schemes, Chemistry, emigrations to America &c. &c., his career gradually settled down to what he was obviously most fitted for,—literature. In 1798, we find him again in Edinburgh; teaching pupils, and writing for the booksellers. He had brought his father and mother from Glasgow to live in the metropolis, and located them in a little house on St. John's Hill. "And now" he says "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But the 'Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off."

This poem was at length completed and having been shewn to Anderson and other writers and spoken highly of by them, was sold to Mr. Mundell for £60.

This, as it turned out, was a ridiculously small sum for so popular a work; however for two or three years, Campbell obtained £50 for every new edition. Its success was immediate: all the men of distinction then in Edinburgh were anxious to make the acquaintance of the author, and he

found himself at once a literary character of eminence. "The Pleasures of Hope" says he "appeared exactly when I was twenty one years and nine months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling'; Dugald Stewart, the Revd. Archibald Alison, the 'Man of Taste'; and Thomas Telford, the engineer, became my immediate patrons." We find, too, the names of Brougham, Walter Scott, Leyden, Laing the Historian; and Grahame the author of the "Sabbath," amongst his acquaintances, so that he possessed, in a high degree, the advantages of intellectual society. The success of his poem induced Campbell to think of producing another; and the patriotic passages having been particularly admired in the former one, he considered that a historical and traditionary account of Edinburgh would form a good subject. This work, which was to have been called the 'Queen of the North', parts of which were written, and for the production of which, with illustrations, arrangements were made with Mr. William the Artist, was never completed.

In the month of June in the next year (1800) Campbell started for a pilgrimage in Germany. To us, in these days, when a man scarcely says "Good bye" in starting for Hong Kong, and "*au revoir*" in California is not an impossible farewell, there is something very comic in the solemnity with which Dr. Beattie describes Campbell's departure for Hamburgh; "the last signal from the ship", the "*Sic te Diva potens*", "watching the retiring landscape" etc. But however, something must be said regarding the times: it was the great Marengo year; war was going on very smartly in Germany, and Moreau was appointed to the "Army of the Rhine," whilst Kray was in the field against him: moreover in Campbell's case, there was another great obstacle to comfortable and successful travelling; his purse was light. The poet was well received at Hamburgh, where his fame had already preceded him; he was introduced to Klopstock, now in advanced years, whom he describes as a "mild, civil, old man." From Hamburgh he proceeded to Ratisbon: the French and the Austrians were fighting close at hand, and three days after his arrival the city was taken by the former. He witnessed a charge of Klenau's cavalry on the French under Groumer from the ramparts of Ratisbon, where he stood with the good monks of St. James, whose Scotch monastery was hard by. This circumstance has given rise to the story in some notices of Campbell's Life, that he witness-

sed the battle of Hohenlinden from the wall of a neighbouring convent: that engagement was fought in December, when Campbell had left Bavaria. The change of scene from sober college life or quiet literary society in Edinburgh, to a captured city, to the red mantles of Austria and the fiery springals of France, to the sound of the cannon and the sight of the wounded and the dead; needs not to be pointed out as an event which left deep and indelible impressions. We would refer to a letter addressed to Dr. Anderson as showing how alive Campbell was to the solemnity of these circumstances. During an armistice Campbell was enabled to make "various excursions into the interior, penetrating as far as Munich to the southward and returning to Ratisbon by the valley of the Iser." Shortly after this, there being every prospect of the sharp renewal of war, he returned to Hamburgh by way of Leipsic and took up his winter quarters at Altona. It was at this place, he fell in with "some of the refugee Irishmen who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798." Amongst them was Anthony Mac Cann, and he it was, whom Campbell had in view in the "Exile of Erin" written at this time. We may mention, in passing, that all doubts about the authorship of that celebrated ballad are laid at rest by a plain statement of Campbell himself, which Dr. Beattie has introduced. The poems written during the German pilgrimage are exceedingly vigorous;—"The Beech tree's petition," "Ode to Winter," "Mariners of England" &c., all of which were transmitted from Germany to Mr. Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle' and by him published in that Journal. The appearance of a British Squadron off the Sound, in the spring of the next year, was the signal for Englishmen to leave the Danish coast. Campbell accordingly embarked for England; and after a troublesome voyage, which terminated in the ship originally destined for Leith, making for such port as presented itself, being harassed by a Danish privateer; found himself at Yarmouth. From thence, he paid his first visit to London. During his stay, which was but a short one, he was introduced to some of the leading literary characters, by an invitation from Lord Holland to the King of Clubs, where as he says "I met in all their glory and feather, Mackintosh, Rogers, the Smiths, Sydney and others". Within a few days however after his arrival in London, his happiness was overclouded by the sad intelligence of his father's death. On his return to Edinburgh he was welcomed with renewed interest by the large literary society then resident there.

His actual experience of the state of politics abroad, (then naturally a most absorbing topic) increased the respect his talents had already gained for him. During the years 1802 and 1803, we find him much in the society of Lord Minto to whom he was introduced by Professor Dugald Stewart ; sometimes in London, sometimes in Edinburgh ; making occasional visits to Liverpool, when Dr. Currie and Roscoe were there living, to welcome him ; doing compilation work for the booksellers ; publishing a new grand edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," and every now and then composing a short poem. In September 1803, he was married at St. Margaret's Westminster to his cousin, Matilda Sinclair, who appears to have been a beautiful and accomplished person. A year after this event, he removed from London where he had been residing to Sydenham Common, and in the house which he there selected, he remained for seventeen years.

We have now traced, with some minuteness, Campbell's career up to this point, because we deem it interesting to watch the circumstances, which combine to develope genius in any particular way, as well as to examine those little events in early life, which so often colour a man's character, or direct his destiny. With Campbell, genius was precociously developed ; he never wrote anything better than the "Pleasures of Hope" ; nor is his literary career at all, one of increasing excellence, further than that his information became greater, and in consequence his views more expanded. We shall therefore give his literary life, in very brief outline ; passing on to advanced years, when he came more prominently before the public, as the suggester of the London University, and the founder of the Polish Institution. Campbell was the father of two sons, Telford and Alison : his domestic calamities were very severe : his younger was carried off, in 1810, by scarlet fever ; whilst the elder was rescued for a sadder fate—for that living death which the mysterious providence of God permits, the aberration of reason. We must only touch on this painful subject ; but the grief and inward, unseen agony it occasioned in the father's mind, must not be forgotten in judging of his temper and disposition. Mrs. Campbell never bore him any other children ; and after twenty five years of unvarying attachment, died in 1828. During the early part of his residence at Sydenham, Campbell was employed in translation for the "*Star*" newspaper. In 1805, he attempted to get up a grand edition of the British Poets, with the assistance of Sir Walter Scott. The plan fail-

ed, in consequence of the booksellers not agreeing with the editors, as to the admission of certain poets; it doubtless however suggested another which was afterwards carried out by Campbell in the "Specimens of the British Poets." In this year, too, he received a pension from the Crown, of £200, which, with the usual deductions, gave him annually about £168 clear. "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published in 1809, was favourably noticed on the day of publication by the Edinburgh Review, and was considered generally as a great addition to the poet's fame. In the same year, he wrote "O'Connor's child," which was added to another edition of "Gertrude" in the next spring. In April 1812, he gave his first Lecture on Poetry at the Royal Institution. The experiment succeeded admirably; the materials were full and varied, the criticism able, the delivery impassioned and attractive. In the year of peace, 1814, he paid a visit to Paris: an incident which occurred then should be recorded. He walked round the statuary Gallery of the Louvre, with Mrs. Siddons on his arm; they stood together, both for the first time, before the Apollo Belvidere which was then there located. He has noticed this circumstance with great pleasure in his "Life of Siddons." In 1815, by the death of a Highland cousin, he came in for a positive legacy of £500 and a share of unappropriated residue which increased it to nearly £5000. At the close of 1818, he gave a course of Lectures on Poetry, at the Royal Institution, Liverpool, and in the spring of the next year, another at Birmingham. "During this literary tour" says Dr. Beattie, in a note, "Campbell's 'Specimens of the British Poets' was at last published; and he had the satisfaction to hear that it was everywhere well received." He determined in 1820, to take a tour in Germany: before starting however he signed an agreement with Mr. Colburn, the publisher, which had considerable influence upon his future career. It was to edit the "*New Monthly Magazine*" for a certain period, commencing from the January of the next year; and turned out most successfully. At Bonn where he enjoyed the society of Schlegel and of Arndt, he is said to have first thought of a London University. He revisited Ratisbon; stood once more in the monastery of St. James, now desolate of almost every one he remembered; and walked over the spot where he had twenty years before witnessed the charge of cavalry. He descended the Danube to Vienna; and returning again by Bonn, found himself towards the close of the year in England. He appears to have been very industrious during this trip, and his Lectures were much

enriched by the additional information he had acquired. His new occupation as Editor of a Magazine, required his residence in town; and accordingly, the Sydenham house was given up; not as it may be imagined without a pang, for Campbell had seen much happiness there; and there too had been gathered round his table, some of the most distinguished of the land: Scott and Byron and Brougham, Sidons and De Staël, these had been there; and one delicious convivium at which Crabbe, Rogers and Moore were present, has been recorded by the last in verse.

"Theodric" was published in 1824 and was but coldly received. Campbell was not wholly unprepared for this: "I know very well" he says in a letter to his sister, "what will be its fate; there will be an outcry and regret that there is nothing grand or romantic in the poem, and that it is too humble and familiar. But I am prepared for this; and I also know that, when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity." This latter prophetic view has not yet been fulfilled.

It was about this time that the poet first began seriously to contemplate the plan of founding a university in London. It was a grand experiment, which on the whole, we think, must be considered to have succeeded; though results have not turned out exactly as some expected, or as others hoped. We mean that though it has not taken the high position its more sanguine supporters anticipated, nor assumed the character which some eminent men had wished it might assume; it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a great advantage and honor to the Metropolis. Other more public names have since been usually associated with the establishment of this institution, more especially that of Lord Brougham; but it is only justice to admit that an examination of the circumstances, proves that though the plan may have owed its maturity entirely to others, its origin is distinctly due to Thomas Campbell. Mr. Cyrus Redding, who was Campbell's co-adjutor in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in some notices of the poet published in that journal in 1847, thus expresses himself, "The London University was a measure near and dear to his heart. The real credit of having been the suggester of so desirable a foundation, remains to him and him alone; it must so remain as long as the language of his immortal odes shall endure. That he had little or no concern in the subsequent arrangements of the University, in fact that he was little consulted, or not at all, about the matter, is only to be regretted, in so much as it



affords another example how ill those who undertake anything in behalf of the public are certain to be repaid for their zeal." The writer goes on to remark with perhaps just bitterness, that an unfair share of credit was gained by some who had the gift of catching the popular ear. But this is an old story, as old at least as Terence :—

" Labore alieno magno partam gloriam  
Verbis sæpe in se transmovet, qui habet sal."

Such was Campbell's enthusiasm on the subject, when it was first warm in his mind, that he visited Berlin in the close of 1825, solely for the purpose of inspecting its University.

In the beginning of the next year, the poet received intimations that there was a strong party of students at the Glasgow College, disposed to bring him forward as a candidate for the Rectorship. Of course such intelligence could not fail to be highly gratifying ; at the same time there were difficulties and expenses attending his possible election, which alarmed him ; and we find from his letters, that he wavered between his pride and inclination on the one side and what he thought his duty on the other. However in November, he received official notice of his election, and whatever scruples he may have before entertained, were lost in a natural feeling of the honor of thus visiting once more his own University. Campbell's connexion with Glasgow College as its Rector was highly creditable to him. It was entirely a popular movement that he was elected at all : the authorities were in favor of Canning, one of the rival candidates ; the " Nations" however were determined to have their old poet, and he was brought in by an immense majority. The general supervision of College matters which formed a part of the original duties of the Rectorship had generally been omitted by those who had latterly held the office ; Campbell however revived these powers. He was elected three years in succession, an almost unprecedented distinction ; and " on retiring from office" says Dr. Beattie " he carried with him the respect and gratitude of his constituents, with the pleasing consciousness of having accomplished much good. He had reformed abuses, restored rights, improved the discipline, stimulated the genius, and fostered a spirit of intellectual inquiry in every class of the University."

The opening of 1830 was marked by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, with whom Campbell had lived upon terms of intimacy : the poet determined to write the painter's life and began with such impetuosity that

he had a lithographed notice sent round to his friends and affixed to the door of his rooms, deprecating interruption and excusing himself from communicating with the external world. However by the close of the same year, he had committed the task to another hand, and had moreover very abruptly broken off his connexion with the *New Monthly Magazine*. With regard to his Editorship of that Journal, though it must be confessed that during his superintendence it was highly distinguished, he was generally considered ill-suited for the task. The following passage in Mr. Justice Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb" presents a picture the truth of which has been corroborated by others. Speaking of Mr. John Scott and his singular abilities for the conduct of a Journal, he says "In this respect, Mr. Scott differed entirely from a celebrated poet, who was induced, just a year after, to undertake the Editorship of the "*New Monthly Magazine*," an office for which, it may be said, with all veneration for his poetic genius, he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters—who regarded a Magazine as if it were a long affidavit or short answer in Chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment and the propriety of every jest were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma; balanced contending epithets for a fortnight; and at last, grew rash in despair, and tossed the nearest and often the worst article 'unwhipped of justice' to the impatient printer." Several however of Campbell's most beautiful lyrical pieces appeared in the pages of the *New Monthly*; and the withdrawal of his name, doubtless lowered the position which that Journal had previously held with respect to others.

The taking of Warsaw in 1831, again aroused the sympathy Campbell had long felt with the Poles. We find the first notice of a "Polish Association" in a letter of the date of October in this year. In March 1832, however, the plan had been in a great measure carried out: "Our society" says the Poet in a letter to his sister "has taken chambers in Duke street, in James's Square, for the sitting of the Committee. I have been appointed permanent chairman. It is singular that, after we had taken our chambers, we found that they had been once tenanted by Milton, and that he wrote in them his 'Defence of the people of England' ". That the Polish institution did not acquire the influence Campbell expected it would may be true, but its actual success in relieving the wants of many of the Polish exiles is

not a matter of doubt, and we cannot but highly honor the feeling which prompted the expense of money and time and deep sympathies on an object whose design at least was so lofty and expansive a one. This was perhaps the most busy time of Campbell's life; his editorship of the "Metropolitan" and his "Life of Siddons" now in progression occupied his literary attention, whilst the association was an object of absorbing interest: the "Literary Union" also, a Club which he had founded in London—claimed some portion of his regards. From these engagements, he sought occasional relief at St. Leonards, where he thoroughly enjoyed the sea, and has recorded his enjoyment in some very fine lines dated from that place. He was released, in June 1834 from his task, the "Life of Siddons", by its publication. He had considered it a pious duty, and had applied more than even his usual over scrupulous particularity; this made it a sufficiently burthensome affair, and he was glad to hurry to Paris as soon as he had finally emancipated himself. Whilst in France, he conceived a great desire to visit Algeria; he was enabled by the never failing kindness of Mr. Rogers to do so, and we find him the same winter at Algeria. He made an expedition to Oran and other places on the coast, caught a few glimpses of the Arabs in their wilder life, and altogether very intelligently used the short time he spent in Africa. His "Letters from the South", published first in the "New Monthly" and afterwards separately, relate the scenes and adventures of this journey. In 1837, we find him editing the "Scenic Annual:" up to this time we have had no instance of his making money by his name: he had been remarkably honest in this particular, and it is sad that his good resolutions should have failed him in advanced years. He knew this work was a bookseller's job; he says himself in a letter to Mr. Gray "you will hear me much abused; but as I get £200 for writing a sheet or two of paper, it will take a deal of abuse to mount up to that sum." In 1838 Mr. Moxon published an edition of Shakspeare in one volume, for which Campbell wrote an editorial preface. At this time too, the old poet was engaged on a "Life of Petrarch." "I was drawn in," he says "some time ago, to undertake the editing of a Life of Petrarch, by Archdeacon Coxe, left in M.S. But after having rashly promised to be the editor, I found it so stupid, that I offered in its place to write a Life of Petrarch myself." In 1841, he visited the continent, returning in September. The "Pilgrim of Glencoe," with a few shorter pieces, was published in the

winter. It was a failure, as far as not selling is a criterion. After this his pecuniary matters became very embarrassed and he felt that he must leave London for some retirement, where he might husband his little means. It was not, however, till the Summer of 1813 that he finally started for Boulogne, and indeed by the time this place had been fixed upon, the necessity for his changing his residence at all had ceased to be urgent; for he had received £800 at the death of a sister; and a splendidly illustrated edition of his Poems, published at this time, had succeeded, to the fullest expectations of either himself or the bookseller. It soon became evident after his arrival at Boulogne, that Campbell was breaking up. His walks became very short, and he gradually broke off all social intercourse, and admitted no visitors. Still his tastes did not desert him; Miss Campbell his niece, and the faithful soother of his last days, still read at his request portions of favorite authors, and almost to the end, he was himself engaged upon a little Manual of Classical Geography. The accounts of his health had become so alarming in the summer of 1814 that Dr. Beattie thought it his duty to cross the Channel and offer such assistance as lay in his power. This he accordingly did, in company with Mrs. Beattie. Medical help however was now unavailing, and all the good Doctor could do was to lend his aid in soothing the last moments. On the 15th of June 1814, Thomas Campbell expired without a struggle. His body was removed to London, and on the 3rd of July was deposited in the Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey. Many of the noble and the eminent of the land paid their respect to the memory of the deceased by attending on this occasion. A handful of dust from the grave of Kosciuszko was thrown on his coffin, by one of a party of Poles who were present. Thus the scene closed for ever over the Bard of Hope.

As to private character, the great charm of Campbell was his genuineness. He was always in earnest; the purpose of the moment absorbed all his faculties. This characteristic, whilst it was the germ of his best parts, his affection, his self denial, his generous enthusiasm, was certainly also productive of many of his literary failings and perhaps of some of his moral. He fretted himself out of all judgment when he was writing; he checked and thwarted and weakened his genius, because he was always under terror of bad taste and classical inadmissibilities. Composition with him was a fever, and we may suppose that the re-action of these enthusiasms or the lack of sympathy with them, may not

unfrequently have been the cause of the recourse he is alleged to have had, too often, to the fatal recruit of the bottle. His was an impassioned and sensitive heart, and yet not morbidly or unhealthily so. He was once, it is true, moved to an agony of tears on hearing Chevalier Neukomm play the organ ; and another time he was so enchanted with a child's expression in the street, that he literally advertised in hopes of discovering its relations, and being again permitted to gaze on the face which had thus struck him : but then the same man pensioned an aged mother from his own precarious income, and on the death of his sister Mary, it was discovered that he had continued her an annuity for thirty years. Considered as a Poet, it is our opinion that Campbell suffered from being born a little too soon. He got entangled in the meshes of the old school : and was fettered and hampered with the old rules and stiff foolish formulas. Not that we think he would ever have excelled in the highest branches of the poetic art, creation, character, and the anatomy of the heart ; but we should have had some splendidly bold descriptions, wilder and more striking images, and a general tone of freedom from constraint—the want of which somewhat burdens the readers of his Poems, as they are.

There are two pieces of his later years which quite indicate that modern taste was affecting his style : they might almost be put apart as specimens of a second manner. We mean the “Lines on the view from St. Leonards” and the “Dead Eagle, written at Oran.” Campbell was himself conscious of new power in the former of these—he selected it as his best poem in answer to a question of Mr. St. John at Algiers. The reader will find both pieces exhibiting great power—and singularly free from the rhetorical pomp of most of Campbell's longer poems ; at any rate of the “Pleasures of Hope.” That popular poem has now stood for fifty years the test of public opinion. And indeed it contains passages of powerful eloquence, and of thrilling language, with others of a sort of oratorical pathos. There is much in it that a man would like to shout out as he walked by the sea-shore—but little, we think, which he would store by him and cherish as what his own heart knew to be true. Madame De Staël indeed found great comfort in the episode of Conrad's daughter. “L'épisode” she says in a letter to Campbell, “L'épisode d'Ellinore allait tellement à mon cœur, que je pourrais la relire vingt fois, sans en affaiblir l'impression.” We can only add, Reader, could *you*?

The poem has one great merit, its distinctness : you are

never troubled for the meaning. The connexion perhaps of passage and passage is not always clear; but in the passages themselves there is no obscurity. Campbell had a great gift of accumulating images of terror and desolation—and power in using suggestive language for this purpose. Speaking once of a poem he intended to write, he said “it will be as wild and horrible as Golgotha,” adding in fun “but ‘I loves to make people afraid.’” He showed this faculty very considerably in the “Pleasures,” and more strikingly afterwards in the “Last Man,” the “Spectre boat” and the “Death-Boat of Heligoland.” The patriotic passages and those on Poland are well known in the “Pleasures of Hope;” the one on India is we think unjust, though difficult to meet as referring to events on which History is silent. For example, the minions of degenerate trade are stated to have locked their teeming store,

*“While famished nations died along the shore.”*

This maritime dissoluteness is not alluded to even by the searching Mill. The tenth descent of Vishnu (Kalki), in which great poetic use might have been made of the ‘pale horse’ on which he is to come, is changed with the assistance of a false quantity into the tenth Avatar of Brahma on a fiery horse. The Indian episode altogether is a very odd jumble. We shall extract one passage from the second part, which affording scope to Campbell’s best powers is, we think, one of the happiest in the Poem.

“There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,  
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,  
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,  
Frail as the leaf in Autumn’s yellow bower,  
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;  
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,—  
Whose mortal life and momentary fire  
Light to the grave his chance-created form,  
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;  
And, when the gun’s tremendous flash is o’er,  
To night and silence sink for evermore!”

“Gertrude of Wyoming” was considered at the time, an entirely successful poem. It contained passages of rich description, others of great eloquence. The pathos, though delicate, is we think a little stiff and unnatural. Such can be the case; a sentiment may be graceful, and yet elevated by diction out of the region of our sympathies. This poem has been thought to come near the “Castle of Indolence”—but

Thomson in our opinion had a much greater acquaintance with the capabilities of the Spenserian stanza. As a whole "Gertrude" requires more development in its story. Lord Jeffrey made a very good critical remark on this, in a private letter to Campbell: "It looks almost as if you had cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly." The shorter piece "O' Connor's Child" is far more complete; and as a whole, we know none of Campbell's poems which we prefer to this. His rhetorical eloquence, combined with clearness in expressing his meaning, fitted Campbell remarkably for patriotic odes; and the stormy element which he so often introduced, gave scope for the strong imagery in which he delighted. Moore speaks of Campbell as one,

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells  
Where ocean's voice of majesty  
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells  
Old Albion's spirit of the sea.

They cannot indeed be praised too highly as in all respects answering our ideas of Tyrtæan poetry. His general lyric power was very effective, but our space forbids us to do more than remind the Reader of the beautiful "Ode to Winter".

Campbell was a very pure and pleasing prose-writer—his "Essay" prefixed to the "Specimens" has been much admired both for criticism and language. It is now being published separately by Mr. Murray in his "Home and Colonial Library". The "Specimens" ought to have been entitled "Specimens of British Poetry" not of the "British Poets". The shade of Motteux, for example, must have been much overcome by the unexpected compliment of being named amongst the Bards of his adopted country. The students and admirers of Campbell are probably fast decreasing. As it has been said on another subject, the present age requires something more earnest than satisfied the last. But we prophesy that ultimately recourse must be again had to the study of what is called classical poetry, both for purification of taste and for articulateness of expression. We are no advocates for poetic formulas or for the pomposity and brocade so popular in the last century, but we demand that a poem be readable, be intelligible, that it recommend itself to us by itself; and the world will not labor to understand poetry through weariness, long suffering, and much mental anxiety, even though it be the offspring of genius, even though it come from the pen of Coventry Paterson or of Robert Browning.

MORCOTT.

## ON THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENT OF CHURCHES, AND THEIR FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS

The main subject of this paper is one which perhaps requires a few preliminary remarks.

Opinions differ widely as to whether a place of worship as plain, or studiously plainer, than a barn, is, or is not, more proper than a costly edifice upon which neither pains, expense nor art have been spared.

As I am addressing myself chiefly to churchmen, I suppose few will be found prepared to deny, that the house of God should be made as little as may be unworthy of Him to Whom it is dedicated : more particularly so in this land of Heathen and Mahomedans. Both these classes spare no pains to render their temples and musjids as grand as their means will permit ; nor is this feeling confined to India, for the Heathen and Mahomedans as well as Christians of all nations of the earth have been guided by the same feeling ; one in which our ancestors fully participated. No country in the world could, at the time of the Reformation, have boasted of so many, and so magnificent and richly ornamented religious buildings as England ; and still, notwithstanding the necessary removal of many decorations decidedly objectionable on account of the superstitions attached and idolatrous veneration paid to them, to the neglect of true piety—and the lamentable destruction of ornamental work generally, England still possesses more beautiful churches than any other Christian country, and happily much wealth has of late years been devoted to so praiseworthy a purpose.\*

\* Since writing the English papers for June touching this very subject.

“ Religion and art, ed : a high authority to an inevitable truth. deny speaks in a doubtful as a ruler of the church. Con beyond lay meddling of the protestant church on the broadest principle grounds, persons who are

ing I have seen the following remarks in the last, on the speech of the Bishop of London need make no apology for giving them entire. Bishop of London, are essentially connected ought to reconcile many sceptical persons right reverend chaplain to the Royal Academy, not only as a vindicator of art, but without venturing on any doctrinal question free to understand that the dogmas forbid the consideration of the subject religious feeling as well as of art. On such with the aspect of art in religious edi-



The monstrous additions to Roman Catholic churches on the continent, made during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were neither needed nor adopted in our English buildings, except in some few instances of wainscot work. A parallel disfigurement may be found, however, in those offsprings of puritanic sway, family "*pues*" or pews. As in the Roman churches, lumbering confessionals took the place of the once beautiful parcloes and chantry screens; so in the Protestant grew up those more hideous pews which in some instances have glazed doors and windows, like private dwellings in the open courts of the living God.

In the matter of expenditure on decoration of the house of God, we have the authority of Holy Writ to guide us by its

"fice cannot comprehend why the usage of the English Church should abandon that high influence to the Roman Catholic Church. It scarcely needed Mr. Ruskin to show, by "*The Lamp of Sacrifice*," that the labour and faculties of man are well bestowed in rendering the house of worship worthy of its purpose, and that an edifice adorned with the beauty which is the human reflex of the beauty of creation, is more fitting for the spirit of devotion than the sort of washhouse which is usually constructed for the purpose. A contrary impression may be created in the mind of those who are not familiar with ecclesiastical art, because pictures and ornaments may to them, by their novelty, be matters of curiosity; but it is to be remembered that the regular attendants in a church must soon lose any such trivial sensation, and remain open to the direct and constant influences of art."—*Spectator*.

Again in another print the following further notice of the same subject occurs.

"There is a natural if not a necessary connection between religion, art, and science. He need hardly remind them that ancient art attained its greatest splendour when employed in illustrating the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. The masterpieces of Christian art are still to be found over Catholic altars; and, although the reverer genius of our own Reformed Church disowns the assistance of painting as an adjunct to those means by which devotion is excited, yet she does not disdain, but on the contrary most cordially and respectfully avites, the assistance of the sister arts of sculpture and architecture. With the finest specimens of these the city of London abounds. With respect to science, there is not merely a natural but a necessary connection between it and religion. What is science but the knowledge of truth? Science cannot but illustrate the glories of Christianity. The Holy Scriptures are but truth—truth unmixed with error: and he could not but remark that some of the most conclusive, convincing evidences of the existence, benevolence, and wisdom of the Deity, have been furnished by distinguished professors of science. He would not enumerate examples; but the dying testimony of Laplace was—"Whatever you do, never part with religion; never consent to the overthrow of your religion. When you overthrow that, you overthrow all good government, all civil rights, all social happiness."

V.

THE VOICES.—A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

———“ *How often, from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
Celestial voices.*”

MILTON.

I.

A.—There are voices, Poets tell us,  
In the lone, majestic woods,  
In the desert and volcano,  
In cataracts and floods.

II.

And softer voices speak, they say,  
In springing buds and flowers,  
And gentle birds whose tinted wings  
Glance in the sunset hours.

III.

But are they not within the breast,  
These voices soft or loud,  
Though in the mart we hear them not  
Mid the murmur of the crowd :

IV.

Mid the clanking of the purses,  
Mid hurry and mid strife,  
Mid the feverish in, the clamour—  
For money and for life ?

I.

B.—True, that we nurse a liberty  
No mountain heights impart,  
And we cradle love and fondness  
No flowers can teach the heart.

II.

’Tis sympathetic thoughts within  
That fill us with an awe,  
Where Cotopaxi’s\* crater snows,  
Rush down in sudden thaw ;

\* “Cotopaxi with its dazzling cone of silvery whiteness—that knows  
no change, except from the action of its own volcanic fires.”

PRESCOTT’S PERU.

## III.

Where Niagara's solemn peal  
 Swells in the hush of night,  
 Or where the dim cathedral wood  
 Chequers the pale sunlight.

## IV.

But only list with deep attent,  
 How'er, where'er thou art,  
 And thou shalt hear the mystic voice  
 Self-breathing from thy heart.

## V.

'Tis not the crowd that deafens us,  
 But one, whose silver tone  
 Arrests the ear, like syren-song,  
 And we the magic own.

## VI.

For what we Nature's lesson call,  
 The pregnant heart could teach,  
 If self, the Parasite, would hush  
 His soul engrossing speech.

MORCOTT.

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ERRATUM.—In "*Locke's last Summer*," fifth Stanza, first line—For  
 "bush flowers," read lush flowers.

record of the Temple of Jerusalem ; upon which silver and gold and gems and the most precious timbers were used by King Solomon. We have many other ancient examples of the wealth and power devoted by the heathen, to raise temples to their Gods, of which so many and noble remains are to be found in Egypt, not to mention Greece and Rome and Hindustan.

Some there are, I am aware, who contend that the present or Christian dispensation does not require, nay has set aside, the need for raising goodly temples to God and to religion ; but upon what good grounds, I must confess I cannot understand, for Christ preached in the Temple, and Himself drove away the sellers of doves, and it was on that memorable occasion He said " It is written, My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

As a layman, and one who coming out at an early age, has spent the greater part of his life in this foreign land, where till within a few years back, churches were only known by name, I may be fairly supposed to have drawn my conclusions from personal observation rather than from pre-conceived notions, or from tutored dogmas of any particular party. I had however the advantage of much travelling as well as long residence in France before I left home, and of frequently visiting Malling Abbey, Kent, Canterbury and Norwich Cathedrals and many other ancient buildings in the different parts of England. Ever since my arrival in this country I have availed myself of every opportunity of following the same pursuits. During a residence lately of two and a half years in England, I was actively employed on repairs and restorations of churches, and in visiting every church I passed in my tours in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire, taking sketches and notes of their peculiarities. I was enabled to read and hear the various opinions current at a time when a perfect rage existed for church restoration and the revival of the beautiful styles of the middle ages, (engendered, I expect chiefly, by the building of the new houses of Parliament and the restoration of the Temple church.) The Cambridge Camden Society was then in the full vigor of the extravagant doctrines which brought it's decline ; and the Oxford Architectural Society, more steady and reasonable, kept on it's useful course.

However much I may value the Cambridge Camden Society's publications, (upon which I indent) still, I must confess that I condemn much that has appeared. The third

edition of 1844 of "*A few words to Church Builders*," from whose pages I shall have to make extracts, has much in it, which to say the least, appears very childish—indeed were we to go to the whole length of the doctrine set forth, that we *must* have this, that, and the other, simply because we can find a precedent, it is evident that we need go still further; from the building to the furniture, from the furniture to the vestments, and from the vestments to the services to perform which they are essential; and having receded so far, to arrive at a starting point, we should find ourselves at Rome, or very near to it. Nor is the picture overdrawn; it is a notorious fact that the most active member of the Cambridge Camden Society at the time of the publication of the "*Few words &c. &c.*" has since gone over to the Church of Rome. It is this that Mr. Close and others have denounced, with some shadow of justice, though they have exaggerated the facts.

Their doctrine of Symbolism, is one, (carried, as it was, to absurd extremes) which no man of due consideration can attempt to justify. I may here relate an anecdote bearing on this subject. I was one day visiting a fine church which was under repairs, directed by a young clergyman strongly imbued with the Cambridge ecclesiastical doctrines; he showed me a design for the floor of the chancel, in which were several Christian emblems, the sacred one of the cross being of the number. I disapproved, to his surprise; but I explained that there was a more cogent reason, against the placing these emblems in such a position than could be shewn for admitting them; for that putting them in the floor might be construed symbolically into treading them and the Christian religion under foot. I mentioned that the Mahomedans, for this reason, forbade the placing verses of the Koran in such positions, lest they be trodden on; or even so near the ground, that they might be defiled by dogs or other unclean animals.

It is possible that much symbolical meaning may have been intended, in earlier days, when men learnt upon a different system; when most people were content to be orally taught and did not read or think for themselves. But times are changed, and with them, the necessity for so much mystery has ceased; to re-introduce it would be mischievous: at any time it could only form part of a system of teaching, and would have no virtue beyond it. Main principles and universally acknowledged forms and emblems alone, have been properly retained by the reformed Church,

which to my mind being sufficient, them alone I shall observe upon. The first questions will be what parts of a church are essential, what furniture and decorations, and what should be their position.

It is now generally admitted that in an ecclesiastical view "There are two parts, and but two parts, absolutely essential to a church : NAVE AND CHANCEL : if either of these be wanting, the building cannot be called a church, it is only a preaching room or meeting house." (Hints &c. pp. 8, 9.)

"Next to a chancel" (says the same publication) "perhaps a porch is the most essential feature." If it be so in England, the need must be acknowledged to be greater in this country ; it should be of sufficient size to admit of a carriage-way ; it should be placed on the north side, (if the building be large enough,) and near the west end ; otherwise at the west end itself, beyond the tower, if there be one. In some cases the locality may render the porch being placed on the south side necessary, but it has great disadvantages in the hot weather.

The next feature we shall write of is the tower ; which is by no means an essential portion of a church. Yet it too often happens that the more essential parts are either sacrificed, or much cramped, to allow of its erection, from limited means at disposal ; and also what is even less heeded, a spire. A bell gable is a good substitute, either as a permanent or temporary arrangement. However, where a tower or spire can be afforded, it is desirable.

As it is "*ornament*" as well as "*arrangement*" I am treating of, I should here dwell on the excellence of the tower and elegance of the spire (when they can be afforded) ; for if the tower be placed at the west end, and be connected with, or rather, thrown into the Nave by means of an elegant and lofty belfry arch, as it is termed, with a good large window in the west face high above the doorway so as to admit of a flooring to form a music gallery at the height of 8 or 9 feet, the nave becomes lengthened, as it were, and it adds greatly to the effect of the interior as well as to the roominess of the whole building. An Ecclesiologist of the Cambridge School might decry the gallery, but I have declared myself generally untrammelled by precedents.

There can be no doubt that to ensure a fine ecclesiastical effect, the chancel should be from four to six feet less in width than the nave, and not more than two-thirds of its length. But as the services of the Reformed or Protestant Church do not require so great a depth, sufficient space for the

Holy Table and its dais, and for the communicants to kneel, being the maximum needed, so great a length of chancel seems to add to the expense without any decided necessity or benefit. Still, where funds are available, it should always be borne in mind that a considerable depth of chancel greatly enhances the beauty of the edifice.

In these utilitarian times, few will be found to advocate expenditure upon what may be deemed no more than a pure matter of taste; but this difficulty is easily obviated by an arrangement which is not without precedent, namely, having a vestry behind the "reredos or dossel" (or to be more explicit for the uninitiated) the "Altar screen," which is usually of wood, with the Ten Commandments, Lord's prayer and Belief, with often a centre piece in the shape of a picture of the Last Supper, the Ascension or the Crucifixion. If this be well managed, the chancel will be full length and the vestry spacious, and the effect produced by the arrangement very pleasing. That there must be a vestry *somewhere*, none will deny, for this is another essential part of a church: place it as I recommend, and you gain what you want, with beauty combined and at a trifling outlay.

In the little church now building at Banda this plan is being adopted (see plate 2). Suppose the Nave (A) to be sixty feet long, and the chancel (B) thirty—take ten and a half feet for the width of the vestry (*a*), one and a half for the screen wall (*b*), eight, for the dais (*c*) from the screen to kneeling or altar rail, when ten will be left clear space (*d*) from the chancel arch, plus the thickness of the arch or end wall it supports.

By raising the floor of this last space (*d*) three steps of six inches each (*e*) and the dais (*c*) three more, the floor of the nave (A *f*) being already three above the outer floor i. e. of the porch, on a level with which should be that of the vestry (*a*) or  $1\frac{1}{2} + 3 = 4\frac{1}{2}$  for the difference of height between the two floors (*a* and *b*): this will admit of a seven foot screen (*b*) or even less, being erected, which will, whilst it allows of ample height for the vestry, give a clear view of the end window (*h*) in the back ground; producing thereby a very pleasing effect. This and the tower (*i*) thrown into the Nave as described, produces an apparent depth and size which to the eye is more than the reality.

The Cambridge Ecclesiologist will say, "there should be nothing *un-real* in aught appertaining to a church," "there should be no deception;" but this is an optical deception only, and cannot come reasonably within their category.

It is far better than having an excrescency on one side of the chancel on the exterior, and more convenient than having the vestry, as is too often the case, under, or on either side of, the west end and tower. •

I have shewn that the great essentials for the building are nave, chancel, porch and vestry, and if practicable a tower and spire. I have pointed out their relative positions. I must now treat of a subject, too often neglected, namely—

#### THE NATURE AND ARRANGEMENT OF CHURCH FURNITURE.

Our venerable diocesan pays particular attention to this matter. *It is in it* that a degree of symbolism is admissible. We are instructed first of all that as we enter the church thro' our baptism, the Font in which that first and Holy rite is performed should be placed near the entrance; not stuck in a corner, as if we were ashamed of it; but placed so as to admit of the whole congregation seeing it. Hence it generally occupies the point immediately in the centre of the Nave, at equal distance from the north-south and west doors, and is raised on a terrace by 3 to 5 steps. We have instances in the Font in Stoke-by-Neyland church, Suffolk; Castle Acre and Wymondham, Norfolk &c.

By the 81st canon, of the Church, it is required that the font should be made of stone. "*There shall be a font of stone in every church and chapel where baptism is to be ministered; the same to be set in the ancient usual places: in which only font the minister shall baptize publicly.*" The degree of ornament bestowed on it will depend of course upon the amount available. A very elegant font of full size, which is two feet four inches diameter of the octagon, allowing of one foot for each of its eight faces, with its stem, base and three steps, can be executed for from 150 to 250 rupees. A simple font of Caen stone costs in England from £5 to £20 and upwards: a simple font here, could be executed for 40 Rs.

It does not signify what particular pattern or date of font be placed in any church; there can be no inconsistency in placing an early pattern in a church of a later order or *vice versa*; tho' it may be in stricter rule to make it in keeping as to date of style with the building itself. The basin of the font should be lined with copper, brass, lead or pewter, with a plug to allow the water to run off thro' the bottom by a pipe passing thro' the stem into a small hollow under the floor. The plug is fastened to a small brass-wire-chain to the rim of the basin. ( See fig. 1. Pl. iii.) The irrever-



ent and slovenly custom of having a slop basin or other delf receptacle placed for the occasion within the font, to be thrown away by a heathen servant, after service, must upon due reflection appear manifestly objectionable.

The devices on the sides of a font may be varied according to taste ; or it may be perfectly plain.

Most fonts are octagonal, some few are hexagonal, some square, and some circular ; the two last shapes are of the "*Norman*" and "*Early English*" periods. Some "*Early English*" and "*Early Decorated*" examples, have simple foliage of a rude stamp, on their eight sides ; and some have shields with armorial bearings,—which is the case to the latest periods—but armorial bearings, emblems of worldly pomp, would seem to be out of place in the house of God in any position, but much more so on the font. In the rich "*Decorated*" and "*Perpendicular*" specimens, there are shields with the emblems of the Passion on them ( see pl. iii. fig. 4.). In very many, such shields are held by half figures of angels. In others ( St. Margaret's Ipswich to wit) eight such figures hold a scroll which passes round the whole bowl, on which an appropriate verse or verses were painted. Some fonts had the representation of the crucifixion and of the seven sacraments, as at Walsingham in Norfolk, Woodbridge in Suffolk. In St. Matthew's, Ipswich, there are the Tudor rose *en soleil* on two sides and on the remaining six, under Tabernacle work, representations of passages in the life of the blessed Virgin, according to the Romish doctrine. 1st, The Annunciation ; 2d, The Birth of Christ ; 3d, The Adoration of the wise men of the East ; 4th, Her Ascension in glory surrounded by angels ; 5th, Her being crowned Queen of Heaven by the three persons of the Trinity ; And last, Seated on the throne of Heaven on the right hand of the Father.\* This font was cleaned and restored in 1843.

Some fonts of the Decorated period have rich canopy work all round, and figures of saints. Many of the Suffolk fonts have four Lions seated around the stem—one at Eimeswell, Suffolk, has four eagles—another at Norton, Suffolk has the four beasts ( see plate v. fig. 2.) emblematic of the four Gospels, each holding a scroll. Many Norman fonts

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\* It was a matter for serious doubt whether these three, to Protestants, blasphemous and unscriptural subjects should be allowed to remain. It was decided by a majority that they could do no harm, that they were a curiosity : that having escaped puritanic destroyers they might now be safely left alone.

have basso relievo subjects from Scripture carved round them, as well as the grotesque foliage and ornaments peculiar to that period. fig. 3, pl. v.

Several works have been published on Fonts: "Van Voorst's Series," "Simpson's Baptismal Fonts" and others; but as these works are not accessible to most people in this country, I offer a few examples easy of execution, in plates iii. and iv.

#### FONT COVERS.

Besides the font, where the means are available, there should be a cover of carved wood. On these any degree of labor may be bestowed; they are to be found of all shapes and sizes, from the plain oak plank with a ring at top to the towering canopy or spire, touching the very roof of the church, as at Woolingworth, Sudbury, and Ufford in Suffolk, and Castle Acre and Merton, Norfolk. The latter was restored, or rather a new one was constructed, in 1843 from the ancient pattern which was fast crumbling from age. The cover at Ufford, alluded to in my last paper, is, as I have there said, truly wonderful: it consists of a succession of niches, canopies and spires one above the other, narrowing till they reach the spire which crowns all, and is fastened by a brass rod to the purline of the roof. About four feet of the lower portion is moveable, and by means of weights used to slide up and down; but for some years past it has been pushed up and supported by a prop when the font is made use of. Formerly each niche had a figure in it, but none now remain. The painting and gilding has been rich in the extreme. The original cover at Merton was also decorated in like manner, but the new copy is plain varnished oak and looks very well. The cover at Castle Acre has been barbarously painted all over with redde; it is the best example for copying I know of—it is most graceful, light and comparatively easy of execution, but of course would only answer for a large church, being about 16 or 18 feet high, and a fixture.

A good example of a smaller kind four feet high, is to be seen in Barking, Suffolk; it was completely restored in 1843. See pl. v. fig. 1, in which also several plain designs are given.

If very light, the cover can be lifted off and on, like those of Benares and Juanpore (executed in 1843-44). If awkward to remove by hand, and not too heavy for a weight and line, they can be suspended and lifted by such contrivance, or by

a chain and weight like one in Ashe Bocking, Suffolk, restored, together with the font in 1842. See plate v. fig. 2.

I have said that plain varnished Oak looks very well. So would Sissoo, Teak, Toon or Bijessar, which latter is particularly well adapted from its rich color. If painting and gilding be preferred, then the colors must be the same as in all screenwork; viz. vermilion, cobalt, prussian blue, burnt sienna and gold. The vermilion sets off the gold best.

The gilding of most of these kind of works is done either on the bare first coat of color, on the wood, or with a very thin touch of body color: the gilding remains as fresh after centuries as when new:—Eye-wood screen and Ufford font cover to wit.

I have said that the reason that the font is placed at the entrance, is, that we enter the church by baptism. The next arrangement is the—

#### STREET UP THE CENTRE OF THE NAVE,

To the pulpit and desk, by which straight path “we proceed to hear the word” therefrom. On this account the seats should not, as they are in many buildings, be placed in the centre, doing away in fact with this free passage from the font to the pulpit; which is an unsightly arrangement, to say the least. The excuse in this country is, that the punka is not felt sufficiently. If proper arrangements for the punkas are made, namely a double row endways with the building, no other will be found more advantageous; therefore the proper order or arrangement should be insisted on. I now come to—

#### THE LECTERN OR DESK AND PULPIT,

“From whence the word is preached to us.” The former should be placed in advance of the Chancel arch and on the north side, the latter exactly opposite on the south. They should only be so far removed from the walls as to admit of the punkas being felt properly, and never so near each other as to intercept the view of the Holy Table and reredos from end to end of the church. The position is nevertheless various; occasioned by that general neglect in former years of all order and rule which has led to so much mischief, and which it is now so difficult to restore.

I believe there can be no doubt that the above mentioned positions of lectern and pulpit, (now generally adopt-

ed) is the best in every respect ; and not the arrangement to be found still, in many churches, of placing clerk's desk, reading desk and pulpit right in the centre, cutting off the view of the East Window, Altar screen and Holy table—great unwieldy affairs upon which large sums of money have been wasted, that might have been applied to more useful purposes. In Braintree, Essex, for instance, the pulpit is fixed right in the centre, under the chancel arch, and supported on four large arcs of iron springing from the pews on either side—looking like a huge spider more than anything else.

The 83d canon simply requires that "*in every church*" \* \* \* \* " *a comely and decent pulpit be set in a convenient place ;*" \* \* \* \* " *and to be there seemly kept for the preaching of God's word.*"

Tastes differ in most things, particularly as to what is *comely and decent* ; taste is often regulated by the purse string ; hence the variety in shape and style of this article of church furniture, often a monument of bad taste. For a Gothic church, it should be made in keeping with the building : any style, (as in the case of fonts) is allowable. Either "*Late*" or "*Early Perpendicular*" is most showy ; and more easily executed, generally at a lesser cost than "*Decorated*" or "*Early English*." "*Norman*" would be seldom if ever needed.

Many fine examples of early pulpits are to be found in England, both of wood and of stone. The former, however, are generally much mutilated ; very many have been totally destroyed, even up to a late date, when the revival of the arts of the middle ages put a stop to such vandalism.

For an "*Early English*" pattern, the stone pulpit in Beaulieu church, Hants, is excellent : the like could be executed in wood. See plate vi. fig. 1, and *Weal's Quarterly Papers*. There are many specimens of a later date, both in stone and wood, the former in Somersetshire and Oxfordshire—the latter in Suffolk—instance, Creeting St. Peters, Thwaite and others ; they are mostly hexagonal and of moderate size. The greater number in Norfolk and Suffolk are of the time of Elizabeth and of James 1st, together with the Communion tables ; and were no doubt set up in consequence of the injunctions issued at that period. Some are very rich, tho' a jumble of all styles of ornament.

I recommend the hexagonal as the best shape, it costs less than an octagon and but little more than a pentagon, which figure can likewise be used, but it looks rather meagre when standing detached from a wall or from a pillar. A square

is inelegant, except for "*Norman*" where it is appropriate.

For this warm climate the panelling should be open or pierced work, to allow of a free circulation of air. In England the reverse is the case.

Great nicety of workmanship is needed in the construction of a pulpit. I propose entering into details of construction in a chapter on the ways and means of executing different works, therefore need not now be more minute.

The woods best adapted for fine work, are Sissou, Toon, Bijessar and Teak; the 1st 3d and 4th are the best. In the hills any of the darker colored cedars and firs would answer well. If painting and gilding be contemplated, any soft wood, not liable to attacks from insects is preferable. The Nimb and Ber are by no means bad woods. The former is of a good color.

In connection with the pulpit there is an item the use of which might not be inappropriate in these days, and in this country in particular, where the heat is so very oppressive and it is so difficult to fix one's attention to the most eloquent discourse for any length of time. I allude to the—

#### "HOUR GLASS,

Which used to be fixed to the wall beside every pulpit, till late even in the last century. When the Sermon commenced the glass was turned, and its length appears to have been regulated thereby. We find an allusion to this in Gay's pastoral :

"He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,  
And spoke the *Hour glass* in her praise quite out."

A *half* hour glass would however suffice. It is supposed that these glasses were introduced by the Puritans; but this is doubtful, for one in Merton church in Norfolk has the floriated Cross on the frame, which like all others is of wrought iron and turns on a pivot.

#### THE LECTERN OR READING DESK,

Is our next consideration. In the 82nd canon : it is enjoined "*that a convenient seat be made for the Minister to read service in.*" In early works it is called "*Reading Pue.*" The first mention we find of it is in the last revision of the canons &c. in 1661 (see Glossary). Its position I have pointed out in a preceding page.

The patterns for this piece of furniture are various, and may be selected according to fancy. The ordinary form appears to have been a desk resting between two tall "*poppy headed*" ends or uprights like those of the benches, with panelling in front, of from three to five compartments between them, it is the strongest and least expensive. (fig. 1. pl. vii.) There are many other more elegant forms to be found; that of Detling, Kent, (see vol. 1. p. 225 of Glossary and fig. 2. pl. vii.) is a good example for copying: it turns on a pivot, so that any one of the four sides may be brought in front, as required. The Old and New Testaments, the Book of Common Prayer, the psalms and hymns, and banns and notices are appropriately read therefrom.

The Eagle desk is another and most elegant form. The eagle with expanded wings stands on an orb which rests on a polygonal stem like the desk of Detling. They are usually of brass, like that in St. Paul's Cathedral London, which originally belonged to Coggeshall, Essex, and was sold many years ago by avaricious churchwardens. There are two fine examples in Lynn Regis, Norfolk, one in St. Margaret's, the other in St. Nicholas. Several excellent copies have been cast in iron and bronzed by an iron founder in that town. Wooden Eagles are also found; one in Kersey church, Suffolk, is a good example though mutilated. A new one after the same pattern, rather more highly ornamented, was placed in Ashewicken church, Norfolk, in 1844. See fig. 3. pl. vii.

Some may perhaps object that the use of the Eagle for the Lessons and prayers is incorrect—not being according to rule, unless a "*litany stool*" be added.

In the "*Few words to Church Builders*" we are told that in lieu of the "*Reading-pue*" "we ought in its stead, to adopt two things: the Litany-stool (improperly called by many, the fold-stool) and "*Eagle*" or "*Lectern*." Para. "86 and 87. "The Litany-stool, whence the Litany ought to be offered, and the other prayers may be read, is a small desk at which to kneel: it is to be turned to the East." \* \* \* "Its proper place in a parish church is at the entrance of the chancel." Speaking of the lectern, at Para. 88, they say it "may be made either of brass or wood. "It may be described as a desk on the top of a stand, about five feet in height." \* \* \* Eagles are, however, the most beautiful ornaments; they are sometimes represented as trampling on a Serpent, and the stem is supported on three or four Lions." It is certain that the Eagle alone does not afford room for more than one book at a time; some

addenda, such as the desk or Litany-stool, would be necessary.

#### • THE CLERK'S DESK,

If such a thing must be had, (though there would seem no need for either clerk or desk); it should be no more than a small fald-stool on a slender stem, and be moveable, not a fixture. See plate vii. fig. 4. The Canons point out with whom should rest the appointing of a clerk, but no mention is made of desk or position where he is to be placed. Of late years the psalms and hymns have been given out by the minister in many churches.

Having "heard the Word" we are prepared and proceed to receive the Holy Sacrament at the—

#### COMMUNION RAILS.

These should stretch right across the chancel from wall to wall, and be of sufficient height only for the communicants to rest their elbows on when kneeling. This will be about two feet six inches, more or less; not that they were originally intended for such purpose. Rails set in the form of a small semi-circle, or of a square, are unsightly and incorrect. They may be placed, (where much room is needed), in the form of an arc, resting, however, upon the side walls. Indeed, in a wide chancel and large church, the effect is very fine, particularly where the dais is well raised.

Altar rails appear to have been introduced after the Reformation, and the destruction of the rood screens. Still in some churches where the screens have remained uninjured, there are no rails, nor are they needed in such case. We learn from the "*Words to Church Builders*" p. 23, that "they gradually made their appearance after the Reformation, but were not general till Archbishop Laud's celebrated injunction concerning them. The horrible profanations which occasioned that injunction having now ceased, there seems no reason why we should not return to the primitive arrangement, leaving the altar rather to be defended by the reverence of the worshippers than by so ugly and inconvenient a fence." There can be no doubt that the effect is much finer where there are no rails, for the steps in such case being clear, allow of a handsome carpet being evenly spread over them. The only drawback to there being no rails is, that aged and sickly people require something to rest upon. But this could be provided for by having moveable resting stools to be used as occasion might

require ; or better still, such invalids might receive the elements from the minister, at the stalls.

The patterns for altar rails may be of any degree of beauty—a wide range is open to the architect and decorator ; for instance, small pillars supporting small semicircular scolloped arches for “Norman.” The same, supporting lancet-shaped arches for “*Early English*.” Again, trefoiled arches for “*Decorated*,” with the addition of buttresses at every three or five arches, are not only very strong, but easy of construction ; more so than “*Perpendicular*,” as the pillars are more easily turned in the lathe, than the mullions or rails are moulded in the last named. See pl. viii.

Where expense is no object most beautiful treliced or open-work screens or panels can be fixed between uprights in the “*Perpendicular*” style, which admits of it ; however, no pierced work should be of too minute and elaborate a pattern, as it would be lost placed so near the ground. The framing should be strong and so fastened to the floor as not to give when leaned against.

#### ROOD SCREENS.

In connection with altar rails I have mentioned “Rood Screens.” I may as well offer a few words thereon. The rood screen was intended to divide the body of the church from the chancel and “the laity from the Clergy,” which the Camdenians call a “most Catholic and indispensable division.” In support of their argument, they quote Bishop Beveridge : they say, “It is not a Romanish innovation, “as it has been ignorantly called : for the whole Eastern “and Western Church has employed it from the earliest “times. Indeed on the continent, Rood Screens have in “late years been destroyed by the wholesale, though a low “rail or fence continues to make the division”.

“Bishop Beveridge, in a sermon preached at the opening of his church of St. Peter, Cornhill, November 27th, “1681, (which church has a Rood screen), thus speaks : “*some perhaps may wonder why this (the screen) should be observed “in one church rather than in all the churches which have “recently been built in this city ; whereas they should rather “wonder why it was not observed in all others as well as “this. For besides our obligations to conform, as much as “may be, to the practice of the Universal church, and to avoid “novelty and singularity in all things relating to the worship “of God, it cannot easily be imagined that the Catholic Church “in all ages and places for thirteen or fourteen hundred years*



"together, should observe such a custom as this, except there were great reasons for it."

"And true to this exposition of her sentiments, the Reformed Anglican Church has from time to time erected or restored them. Many were put up in the early part of the seventeenth century. There is a good instance at St. Mary's, Geddington, Northamptonshire. It was erected by Maurice Tresham, Esq., in 1618, as an expression \* \* \* \* of thankfulness; at least so the words on the western side, *Quid retribuam Domino?* seem to imply."

I have certainly seen many examples of the retention of early screens, as well as modern ones dating as late as King Charles' day. Suffolk and Norfolk boast of several very magnificent examples, though more or less mutilated. Woolpit,\* Barking, Eyc, Yaxley, Dennington, Hadleigh, and Lavenham, Suffolk; Merton, Attleboro' &c. &c., in Norfolk. The sale of this last named to some London tradesman, to cover the cost of an unsightly mahogany pulpit, was happily prevented in 1812 by the late Bishop of Norwich. All the above named screens, except those of Merton and Lavenham, are Perpendicular work. The Merton screen is late "Decorated" and a beautiful specimen though incomplete. (See plate ix.) The screen at Eyc is much hacked and injured, but when entire must have been most magnificent; it is richly gilt and picked out with vermilion and azure.

The screen is called "Rood screen" on account of the loft above it, and below the "beam" on which was fixed the Holy "Rood" i. e. the Crucifix, either alone, or more commonly, with the figures of John and Mary on either side: some of these it would appear, were very grand in former times. "In the ancient rites of Durham", p. 57, is written: "Also above the height of all upon the wall, stood the goodliest and most famous *Rood* that was in all this land, with the picture of St. Mary on one side of our Saviour, and that of St. John on the other, with two splendent and glittering Archangels, one on the side of Mary, and the other on the side of John;—

"Whenne that he to the kyrke come,  
"To ffore the *rode* he knelyd anon,  
"And on hys knees he felle:"

Reliq. Antiq. II. 24.

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\* I must not lose an opportunity here offered of recording the zeal, sound judgment and good taste of the incumbent the Revd. Mr. Page who chiefly at his own cost has had the screen, benches, roof and all the wood work beautifully restored by Mr. Ringham, a self taught carver of Ipswich, whose works will perpetuate his name.

The next subject which presents itself for consideration is—

#### THE HOLY OR COMMUNION TABLE,

As these were introduced at the Reformation in place of the stone altars which were ordered to be removed, we cannot look for very early examples.

There can be no doubt that according to the 82nd canon, a bona fide *table* was required and not an *altar*: but there would seem to be no harm in the top being of stone, pure white or black marble for instance.

In early times it would seem from the number still to be found reversed, in the pavements of churches, with the five crosses, emblematic of the five wounds of Christ, and of a peculiar kind of stone of a yellowish tinge, that altars were made very distinct objects.

Altars though used for the celebration of the Holy Communion, were in reality in very many cases, tombs of Saints, or in other words, reliquaries—but not so in all cases.

The Communion Table may either be placed in the centre of the chancel, and as far back as the screen, or a little in advance of it, so as to admit of the minister passing behind it. In the 82nd canon [referring to the position of the Communion table at the celebration of the Lord's supper] we find it enjoined that "*At which time the same shall be placed in so good sort within the church or chancel as there by the minister be more conveniently heard of the communicants in his prayer and ministrations, and the communicants also more conveniently and in more number may communicate with the said minister.*"

In the reign of King Edward the Sixth, all stone altars were taken down by royal command and wooden tables substituted, Bishop Ridley setting the example in his own Cathedral of St. Paul's. But Day, Bishop of Chichester refused to comply, pronouncing such alteration unjustified by Scripture and the Fathers of the Church, for which contumacy he was committed to the Fleet prison. Altars were again set up by order of Queen Mary, and again removed by Elizabeth, who commanded "*that the Parish provide a decent table standing on a frame for the Communion table.*" See Glossary, p. 15, Text. Again we are told "*the Holy table to be decently made and set where the altar stood; and the Communion to be placed in good sort within the chancel, and afterwards, where it stood before.*" *Injunctions by Queen Elizabeth, 1559.*—By the foregoing it is evident, as I before said, that a table and not an altar is intended.

In 1843-44 much ill feeling was created through the unwise conduct of those members of the Cambridge Camden Society who directed the restorations of the Round Church at Cambridge, and persisted in setting up a stone Altar, in lieu of a table, which altar they were compelled eventually to remove upon the decision of Sir H. J. Fust.

As a general rule it would seem unadvisable to introduce ornaments against which a popular prejudice may exist; not that we should readily give way to unreasonable clamour, brought about by perhaps some one or two ill-disposed individuals in a community, but certainly, it is more than indiscretion for a clergyman to alienate his flock merely to satisfy what is equal to a childish taste, for some questionable object, as in the case above quoted.

In 1843 a design was made, and every arrangement for constructing, a very elegant Reredos, in a church at Ipswich; but the object was defeated by the incumbent, under the advice of the Secretary of the Camden Society, persisting in his wish to have a stone altar, which all his parishioners objected to, as a Romanist innovation.

There are two appurtenances of the altar independent of Sedilia which remain to be mentioned; the first is the—

#### CREDENCE TABLE,

Which was evidently in common use till very late years. It was a small table which used to stand on the north side of the Communion Table, on which the elements were placed previous to consecration, as implied in our Rubric. They are of common occurrence in the vestry of many churches. The re-introduction of them might be a matter for consideration. They may be reckoned however among the *Non Essentials*, together with the—

#### PISCINA.

This is a niche on the South side of the altar with a basin having a perforation, and beneath it a passage or drain down the wall into the ground. This was used for emptying the spare wine, for washing the chalice and patens and the priest's hands after celebration of the eucharist. Some of these are of very early date, and many are very beautifully worked, with canopies. When we reflect on the solemnity of the rite and the reverence and decency which should be observed, we can scarcely pronounce a piscina to be needless, though its introduction might probably give as much cause for scandal as a stone altar.

## III.

## SONGS OF CHILDHOOD.

NO. IV.—*M U S I N G* .

Let the child be! Yes, leave it quite alone  
 To it's own mystic mood  
 Of musing solitude.  
 Let the child be! That mood is childhood's own.  
 Yes, let it be! but look thou on, and see  
 The marvel of it's bliss;  
 For now,—full well I wis,—  
 Playmate nor toy it needs, nor me, nor thee.  
 Behold the mimic world all put to rout!  
 A panoply of toys,  
 Fancy's real joys,  
 In a bright chaos lying all about!  
 Midst these, but now, it was a-scheming  
 With a vague earnestness;  
 Of manhood's business  
 Unconsciously a-dreaming.  
 'Tis wrapt, now, as rose-bud on lonely stalk.—  
 Say, hath some Angel brought  
 An all absorbing thought  
 From the bright realm where children's spirits walk?  
 The Angel that, e'en now, in Heaven,  
 'Beholds it's Father's face,'  
 "On errand of high grace"\*  
 Hath brought it thoughts;—to these 'tis given.  
 Silent, and soft alighting, like dew-drops,  
 They sink into it's soul;  
 Refresh it, and control,  
 With charm beyond sweet music's softest stops.  
 'Tis hence that childhood gains it's wondrous lore—  
 And learns deep questionings,  
 To abash our reasonings,  
 And sting our conscience to it's deepest core.  
 Oh blessed child! If but in after days  
 It thus apart can dwell,  
 And list the distant swell  
 Of comrade Angels' heavenly lays!  
 Oh that our manhood knew such solitude,  
 On which should aught intrude,  
 Unwelcome 'twere, and rude!—  
 Oh that it knew but childhood's mystic musing mood!

23rd Sept. 1849.

Wordsworth.

## NO. V.—SILENT LOVE.

I have a little girl, and she  
 All times, unbid, will climb my knee,  
 And hide her face, all silently,  
 Upon my breast,—so lovingly !  
 But not a word she speaks to me,  
 This fondling child upon my knee.  
 I wonder what it is that she  
 Saith by thus loving silently.

Oh, sure, she saith, no tongue can tell  
 The bliss that from pure love doth well,  
 As waters in some cavern cell  
 Where coolness, shade, and silence dwell,  
 And the fast gushing liquid bell  
 Hueless and noiseless still doth swell,  
 As aye it bursts ; then, down the dell,  
 Seeks rest within the lake's deep shell.

As Heavenly Wisdom, Heavenly Love.—  
 Implanted in us from above,  
 By silent growth it doth improve,  
 And ever upward welling move,  
 Until the brook a sea doth prove,\*  
 O'er which aye broods the Heavenly Dove.—  
 Boundless and fathomless this sea  
 Of Love, in it's intensity.

The Love, implanted by the Son,  
 Adoring aye the Three in One,  
 (Its source and end one and the same,) Hath greater bliss than tongue can name,  
 Greater than aught the heart conceives.—  
 Silent it turns to Him Who gives  
 It's life and growth, in adoration  
 Veiling it's face for meditation.

This Love, in it's intensity,  
 Lost in it's own immensity,  
 Embraceth fast the Mystery  
 It cannot know, but only see,  
 Though dimly still, still lovingly  
 In voiceless contemplation.

15th Nov. 1849.

SPHYNX.

\* Eccclus. xxiv. 31, 32.

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Errata in "Songs of Childhood." Vol. 2. p. 390—91.

In "SHYNESS" line 2, for "*Kiss thee, and detain thee here?*"  
 read—"Kiss thee—and kiss thee—and detain thee here?"

In "OLD TOYS" line 12, and again line 32, for "*maist*" read "*maint.*"

In line 23, for "*rings*" read "*ring.*"

## I V .

## LUDWIG UHLAND.

The Meister-Singers of Germany were, perhaps, pre-eminent among that renowned company of Romantic Poets who charmed the heart of Europe from Gibraltar to the Baltic, from the Bay of Biscay to the Gulf of Venice, between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. This period, commonly known as the *Swabian Era* of German Poetry, under the gentle rule of the house of Hohenstauffen, produced a series of lyrical romances which, combining all the grace and harmony and gaiety of the Provençal *chanzos* and *sirventes*, were untarnished by their metaphysical allusions and speculative abstraction. The form which these brilliant and tender effusions took, (as, indeed, it has been well remarked, poetry will be always found to do, "in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading,")\* was that of the ballad; a form in which an excellence since unapproached was achieved by its inventors, the Homerids; but which, whether from intuition, or from reflex discernment, has typed the first era of every metrical literature. An accomplished critic has suggested that the *Sháh Námah*, and the *Mahábhárata* are constituted of a number of poems originally separate—each a complete ballad; in the same manner as it appears now to be agreed that the *Iliad* was composed.† The analysis and specimens of the *Heldenbuch* (Hero-book,) and the *Nibelungen Lied* (Lay of the Nibelungen) which have been so ably written by Carlyle, make it more than probable that the splendid tale of Etzöl and Siegfried is amalgamated of a series of compositions of which, (as in the *Iliad*‡) the *general* unity marks a combination of purpose; but of which no more need Conrad, or Eschenbach, or Osterdingen, or Klingsohr be the single author, than one Homer of the eliminated story of Achilles' revenge. Herder, the German Poet and Philosopher, collected and arranged by the law of epic unity the various romances of the Cid which Ferdinand of Castile, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, printed from the current traditions without regard to chronological order. Perhaps it might not be impossible, or even difficult, to construct an epic of

\* Macaulay. *Lays of Ancient Rome*. p. 9.

† Fauriel. *Sur les Romans Chevaleresque*.

‡ Mr. Grote has happily remarked how very few of the elements of the *Iliad* are completely separable from their place in the poem.—*Hist. of Greece*, II. 267.

sufficient congruity from the many noble ballads of our own tongue.\*

But the time comes, in every nation which emerges from its primitive simplicity, when both the taste and the genius for ballad poetry is cramped and at length destroyed by advancing civilization. Comparative researches, the studied expression of complex forms of thought, the lingual refinement incident on a high culture of the intellect, all tend to blunt the sensibilities to the rude impressiveness of intuitive utterances. "The Minnesingers," as it has been well expressed, "in Germany, as in all other countries, gave place to the Didactic; for Literature ceased to be a festal melody, and addressing itself rather to the intellect than to the heart, became as it were a school lesson." And poetry seldom fares well in an age of speculative investigation, any more than in times of such prosaic hankering for the practical as is the mark of those wherein we live. It did not in Germany, as any one may discern who will take the "Historic Survey" of her Poetry, as William Taylor of Norwich misnamed his three volumes of notices, criticism and translations, after a separation from the country—and one might imagine from nearly all its recent literature, for more than forty years. It was, however, just during those forty years—from 1790 to 1830, that the German mind made such unexampled progress no less in poetical than in every other ideal conception—the era of the Schlegels, of Schiller, of Goethe, of Richter and Novalis, of Tieck—and—not least to be honoured among this galaxy of worthies, of Ludwig Uhland.

We do not mean to say that Taylor was quite unacquainted with all these worthies. On the contrary, in some of his later pages, we have some depreciatory remarks on Schiller and Goethe as compared with Kotzebue—three pages of criticism, in our opinion, enough to ruin the authority of the whole book. Of the other names, as far as we can find, no notice is taken throughout this "Historic Survey." Now it is as the reviver of the romantic poetry of Minnesing-

\* Mr. Macaulay ascribes a higher degree of excellence to the English and Lowland Scotch ballads of the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries, than to the Castilian; and suggests that there is little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart.

ers, those tender, delicate and impassioned ballads which prince and peasant, knight and lady, clerk and laic, old and young sung or listened to with equal purity and delight, that Ludwig Uhland is to be especially loved and honoured. We claim not for him so high a literary rank among the worthies of his era as Professor Wolfe has recorded. But we do profess that this partial friend's panegyric on his character\* is placed beyond all doubt by the gentleness, the good feeling, the delicate beauty of his writings. He has not much of the directly religious element in his compositions—and yet there is such a stream of latent piety—such a love of God and God's creatures—such invariable purity—such chaste sensibility—such child-like simplicity, without sickly sentimentality—( we speak of the general quality of his poems—for like the English "*Naturdichter*" of the same era and very much the same tone, our "*Lake School*," he does now and then tarnish his page with a whine and a conceit);—that one cannot doubt that he has a heart redolent of piety and peace. The world, it may be, has lost much by the admirable amenity and amiability of his nature. For the last thirty years, he has done little or nothing as a poet, having been called to occupy a seat in the house of representatives at Württemberg, where, according to Goethe's prophecy, the politician and the patriot have "swallowed up the poet." This is so far to be lamented; for, as the same great genius remarked, "Swabia has many men able and eloquent enough to conduct public business, but only one poet like Uhland."

Such is the man to the development of whose genius, as far as our slender appliances and slenderer powers admit, we shall devote some pages; sincerely trusting that we shall render no unacceptable service to many of our readers, if we can succeed in transposing even a very moderate portion of the kindliness of our author. We have constructed our versions with a design to make them, on the whole, as correct transcripts of the original letter and spirit, as under all the limitations we have imposed on ourselves, we are able to do. But translation,

\* "I could write of him through whole pages, and yet not praise him thoroughly to my own satisfaction for his patriotism, his love of mankind, his noble nature, and all the beautiful qualities of his character. Never has a man been so universally beloved and revered in Germany; and I never read or heard his name mentioned, without demonstrations of respect, and declarations of sincerest affection."



at best, is but a very imperfect means of representing genius ; and although we are persuaded that the restrictions under which we have laboured are necessary ; still they are severe, and we are well aware have constrained us to many inelegancies, and rhythms which will often fall unpleasantly on such "*limatæ et teretes aures*" as we may well be proud to know they will be submitted to. And so, in extenuation, we may be allowed to say that we have endeavoured to accomplish a correct syllabation of the exact metres of the original, without any violent mutation of its tone and language. And this we believe all who will attempt similar operations on the metres of Uhland will find practicable only by a sacrifice of some elegance. For a very large portion of his writings are composed in the *redondilha*, and other trochaic measures ;—and it is well known that the English language, from a deficiency of final-vowel syllables, does not easily take a trochaic accentuation. However, believing with Sismondi that "the structure of verse, that mechanical part of poetry, is singularly connected, by some secret and mysterious associations, with our feelings and our emotions, and with all that speaks to our hearts," we have considered that, upon the whole, the method we have adopted may be that whereby we shall do least violence to the contour of our poet.

What German minstrelsy had grown to be, between the decline of minnesong, and its revival under Frederic the Great,—what were the trite apologues and laboured moralities with which the heavy reign of the emergent understanding supplanted the gentler dynasty of the fancy, may be learned from the elegant allegorical ballad with which we open our specimens.\*

#### A LEGEND.

The legend of the lady  
Can scarce be strange to you,  
Who deep in green-wood slumbered  
Some hundred summers through ;  
This wondrous lady's title  
May somewhat stranger be ;  
For I but lately heard it :—  
'Tis "*German Poesy*."

Two mighty fays approached her  
Aechild, like princess fair ;  
They halted at her cradle  
With birthday presents rare.   
And nimbly spake the first one,  
" Ha, babe ! but smile on me :  
For I with prick of spindle  
Give timely end to thee."

\* In this poem, and this alone, we have been compelled to a slight metrical liberty. Finding it impracticable to construct a version so literal as we wish, with two rhymes in every alexandrine couplet, we have omitted the cæsural assyllabation which has place in the original.

Then straightway spake the second,  
 "Ha, Babe! but smile on me;  
 To heal her mortal puncture  
 I bear the spell to thee;  
 And thus my spell shall guard thee;  
 Thy slumbers pleasant make  
 Till, past four hundred summers,  
 A prince's son thee wake."

There was a solemn mandate  
 Proclaimed the kingdom through;  
 In every street 'twas posted,  
 It menaced death the due  
 Of him who kept a spindle;—  
 "Let each deliver *his*,—  
 To burn them in the market  
 Our royal pleasure is."

So this fair babe's instruction,  
 Of formal prescript bare,  
 Was not in musty chamber,  
 As erst where spindles were;  
 No! but in bowers of roses,  
 In forests fresh and cold,  
 She plied with buxom comrades  
 Her pastimes free and bold.

And when advanced to woman  
 She was of fairest hue,  
 With flowing golden tresses  
 And eyes of deepest blue,  
 Discreet in gait and gesture,  
 In converse frank and free,  
 And deft at every labour  
 But spindle-work was she.

Her gentle service never  
 Of stately knights did lack,  
 Heinrich of Ofterdingen,  
 Wolfram of Eschelbach;  
 They went in steel and iron,  
 They bore the harp of gold;—  
 All glorious was the princess  
 Such vassals who enrolled.

Their arm was ever ready  
 Or lance or sword to raise;  
 They honoured gentle ladies,  
 They chanted rival lays,  
 They chanted *Öve* celestial,  
 And heroes mettle gay,  
 The bliss of gentle amours,  
 The pleasant bloom of May.

The walls of ancient cities  
 Responsive echoes rang;  
 The burgher and the peasant  
 Arose and blithely sang;  
 And sang the merry shepherd  
 Amid the clouds who looms;  
 And pealed a mellow measure  
 Within the mine's deep wombs.

The stars, one eve of May-tide,  
 Were blinking wondrous bright,  
 And all to meet our lady  
 Upon the turret's height;  
 The roof she nimbly mounted,  
 That fair one, all alone;  
 When lo! from out a chamber  
 A lamp's sad glimmer shone.

A crone with snowy tresses  
 There fast her distaff span,  
 For nothing had she heard of  
 The solemn spindle ban;  
 And as our lady never  
 Had seen such art till now,  
 This beldame's room she entered  
 With "pry thee who art thou?"

"My little love," she answered,  
 "I *Closet-Musc* am light;  
 For ne'er from murky study  
 I wander forth to light;  
 I love the homely settle  
 Where I my distaff ply;  
 And spins old blind grimalkin  
 Upon my lap hard-by.

Long, long didactic poems  
 I spin with steady zeal;  
 And flaxen old heroies  
 I flipp off my wheel;  
 Grimalkin mews the Tragic,  
 The ode my axle creaks;  
 'Tis fæce to make you caper  
 Whene'er my spindle speaks."

The lady paled at hearing  
 The name of spindle dropped;  
 Away away she rattled,  
 Behind the spindle hopped;  
 And on the mouldered threshold  
 As down the lady tripped,  
 The spindle pressed upon her  
 And in her heel it slipped!

At greeting-time of morning  
 What cause had all to weep!  
 They could no more arouse her,  
 She slept a charmed sleep:  
 In knightly hall was ready  
 The couch she long must press;  
 The cloth of gold was o'er it,  
 And roses numberless!

So, richly dight, the lady  
 Reposed her in the hall;  
 And soon an equal slumber  
 Entranced her vassals all.  
 A time in dreams the minstrels  
 Awoke a joyless lay;  
 Till in the castle's chambers  
 The last note died away.

Still in her closet, early  
 The old dame span, and late;  
 And span in every cranny  
 The spiders, small and great;  
 And span the haws and briars  
 Where erst was prince's room;  
 And span athwart the heavens  
 Vast clouds of raven gloom.

But, past four hundred summers,  
 There rode a princely wight  
 With troops of forest-rangers  
 Adown a wood-clad height:  
 "Why o'er the lofty forest,  
 Doth top the tower of gray  
 And battlement entangled  
 In yon so strange array?"

A greybeard with a spindle  
 Before him straight did wend:—  
 "Illustrious Prince, your favour,  
 I pray my words attend;  
 The cannibals romantic  
 Carouse within this wall;  
 Fiends who with blade barbaric  
 Can butcher great and small."

Still drew the prince adventurous,  
 By three stout jagers backed,  
 And to the castle ward-mote  
 A way their falchions hacked;  
 The bridge was rimbly lowered,  
 The portals open flew,  
 And ere another second  
 A pricket sprang in view.

For in the palace chambers  
 Grew bush and brake renewed,  
 And thousand finches carolled  
 Within that wild green-wood:  
 No more the jagers tarried,  
 But lustily they make  
 For where a columned portal  
 Appeared beyond the brake.

And lay two giants sleeping  
 Before that columned door,  
 Who crossed upon their bosoms  
 Their gleamy halberds bore;—  
 In concert all the jagers  
 A dauntless foray led,  
 Until with step unblenching  
 The spacious hall they tread.

And there, in lofty niches,  
 Lay many a tired maid,  
 Each next a knight in armour,  
 Who golden harp had played.  
 Each figure bore it proudly  
 Though mute and locked their cyne;  
 They seemed sepulchral statues  
 That o'er old tombs recline.

But in the midst there glistened  
 In cloth of gold arrayed  
 A couch where, richly tired,  
 Reposed a beauteous maid;  
 With wreaths of freshest roses  
 Was clad this maiden meek,  
 And played a mellow rose-hue  
 About her mouth and cheek.

The prince's son, to gather  
 If lived the image yet,  
 With kiss approached her mild  
 mouth,  
 And, as her lips his met,  
 "She gives!" he cried with rapture;  
 "Her breath is sweet and warm."  
 She started in her slumber,  
 And clasped him in her arm.

And off her lovely forehead  
 The golden locks she threw;  
 And heaved in sweet amazement  
 Her cyne of lustrous blue;  
 And then in all the niches  
 Awoke both knight and maid,  
 And through the spacious palace  
 The ancient chorus played.

A ruddy morn and golden  
 Hath brought us in the May,  
 The prince stepped with his charmer  
 From forest-night away ;  
 The master-singers chanted  
 A measure proud and strong ;  
 They seemed like giant spirits  
 Of strange and wondrous song.

The valley steeped in slumber  
 Woke to their pleasant lore ;  
 And who within his bosom  
 A spark of youth yet bore  
 Deep-stirred, the jubel sounded ;  
 "Thanked this bright morn shall be  
 Which thee to us restoreth,  
 Thou *German Poesy*."

Still sits the crone, as ever,  
 Within her murky cell,  
 And patters down the rain where  
 Its shrunken shingles fell ;  
 But as their fall has lamed her,  
 She spindle-work must cease ;  
 Then mercy grant till Doomsday  
 That she repose in peace.

We have selected this allegory rather as a lively and pertinent description of historical eras to which we have had occasion to refer, than for its artistic merit, or for any illustration it affords of Uhlend's revival of the manner of the Minnesingers. It is playful and correct, and we think, to a German ear, which naturally loves the rehearsal of recent progress most honourable to the national genius, will both account for, and sustain the general popularity which Uhlend has in his native land ; where we find from the copy before us, that ten years ago, his works had reached the eleventh edition. But as a pure offspring of the fancy, it seems to us far surpassed by the next little ballad which we present—which, in the original, we conceive to combine high excellencies in the four grand elements of the beautiful in poetry ; form, proportion, feeling, and sound.

#### THE WREATH.

A maid there was in meadow bright  
 A-gathering flowers of various hue,  
 And straight from greenwood came  
 In sight  
 A lady fair to view ;

And when, at length, her bride-  
 groom bland  
 She inly locked with yielded arm,  
 Did instant from the bud expand  
 A flower of wondrous charm.

And to the maid tripped cheerily,  
 And cast a wreath upon her hair ;—  
 "It blooms not, but will blooming be,  
 Then cease to wear it ne'er !"

A pleasant child was nursled soon  
 Upon her breast right motherly ;  
 And then, within the green festoon,  
 You golden fruit might see.

And when the morn to wo man grew,  
 And roamed the summer moon beneath,  
 And from her cune fell sweet, soft dew,  
 Then burgeoned forth the wreath.

And when, alas, her Love was laid  
 In dusky deep of churchyard drear.  
 The wreath her tangled hair arrayed  
 In yellow leaf and sere.

And soon she slumbered, blanced in death ;  
 Yet still the treasured boon she wore  
 And wondered all to see the wreath  
 Both fruit and blossom bore.

As we have before alluded to the impression we receive of Uhland's piety and fervour, from the tone of his poems, we shall here, perhaps, not improperly insert two short pieces in which the religious element is more marked than is usual in his writings.

#### THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

I am a very poor old man  
 And all alone I go.  
 Time was when I right cheerily  
 With joyous heart did glow.

While lived I with my parents dear  
 A happy child was I ;—  
 But bitter grief my portion is,  
 Now in the ground they lie.

I see the rich man's garden bloom,  
 I see the golden grain ;—  
 But mine's a very fruitless way  
 Beset with toil and pain.

Yet linger I with grief subdued  
 Where merry mortals swarn ;  
 I greet them each "good morning,  
 Sir,"  
 With right good will and warm.

Oh God my King ! Thou leavest me  
 Not all withouten mirth ;  
 A comfort sweet for all the world  
 Distils from heaven to earth.

There's not a hamlet but doth rise  
 Thy holy temple there ;  
 The organ and the choral song  
 Are tuned for every ear :

And shine the sun the moon the  
 stars  
 Suffused with love, for me ;  
 And when the evening curfew tolls  
 Discourse I, Lord, with Thee.

To all the good, sublime reveals  
 Itself thy pleasure-hall ;  
 There sit I down in raiment gay,  
 And keep my carnival.

#### THE NUN'S HYMN.

Ye sisters holy ! rise supernal  
 To highest heaven, in pure desire,  
 And to the cloud's bright path aspire ;  
 There shines the sun in purest  
 splendour ;  
 And we in spring-tide joy will render  
 Our hymn to Thee, Thou Love eter-  
 nal !

Though every tender flower must  
 perish,  
 The warmth of earth no more to  
 share,  
 Thy vernal beauty fadeth ne'er.  
 Thou art our bosoms' Bounty stable,  
 The quenchless Flame which we are  
 able  
 In hearts, on altar, aye to cherish.

Thou camest down, Thou Bliss  
 abounding ;  
 Thou laughing lay'st, a heavenly Child  
 In arm of Virgin sweet and mild !  
 And on Thy radiant eye she beamed  
 And drank their glow divine, till  
 seemed  
 Thy Glory's self herself surrounding.

Thou wouldest with compassion godly  
 For us on cross Thine arms ex-  
 pand :—  
 Then spake the storm, then groan-  
 ed the land, [ye ;  
 Approach, approach, where'er repose  
 Ye dead ! your graves' dark gate  
 uncloze ye ; [broadly.  
 His arms to meet you spreads He

Oh marvel dear! Oh love entrancing!  
 If this life be but sleep for me,  
 I'll anxious dream of none but Thee!  
 And so shall I awake from sorrow,  
 And, lost in Thee, effulgence borrow,  
 Like sunbeams from the full orb glancing

We will now proceed to that class of Uhland's poems on which we conceive his reputation is best established—his revivals of Troubadour minstrelsy. From these, in our present number, we shall extract pretty liberally; hoping next month to give a more general notion of the variety of styles in which he has been more or less successful. The first three of the poems which follow are in that peculiar trochaic flow which the Spanish and Portuguese minstrels generally employed in their romances, songs and dramatic dialogues, technically known as the "*redondilha*," the laws of which have been accurately defined by Sismondi in his dissertation on the Literature of the Troubadours. They are selected from a series of five ballads described collectively as "The Loves of the Poets;" the two now omitted from their greater length we may perhaps find a future occasion of presenting to our readers.

## DURAND.

Straight for Balbi's lofty castle,  
 Blending music, Durand hieth;  
 Full his breast of pleasant carols,  
 Now the happy goal he nigheth.  
 From aloft, a gentle maiden  
 To his lute's enchanting measure,  
 Downward gazing, inly breathing,  
 Listens mute with glow of pleasure.  
 Neath the palace linden's shadow  
 Hath his chaunt begun already,  
 There he sings in accents mellow  
 Lays the sweetest ever made he.  
 Sees he now from roof and lattice  
 Many a flowret friendly bendeth;  
 But the lady of his lyrics  
 Now no more his gaze attendeth:  
 And there passes from the palace  
 One who whispers broken-hearted  
 "Harrow not the dead's composure;  
 Lady Blanca hath departed."  
 Ere the youthful minstrel, Durand  
 Hath a word of answer spoken,  
 Ah! his eyes are dimmed already.

Ah! his very heart is broken.  
 Yonder in the castle chapel,  
 Where are countless flambeaux light-  
 ed,  
 Where the gentlemaiden rests,  
 Dead, with blooming chaplets dighted,  
 Seizes there the people all  
 Fright, and stare, and glad amaze-  
 ment,  
 For they see the Lady Blanca  
 Heaving from her cold encasement.  
 From her deep and death-like slum-  
 ber  
 Blossoming she reappeareth;  
 Steppeth forth in cerement sheet,  
 Which like bride's array she wear-  
 eth,  
 Wissing naught of the adventure,  
 Yet to dreamy phantoms clinging,  
 Fondly asks the gentle maid,  
 "Hath not Durand here been sing-  
 ing?"  
 Durand here hath sung indeed,

But his singing all is over ;  
 He the dead hath reawakened ;  
 Him from death shall none recover.  
 To the land of the transfigured,  
 Lately reawaked, he bore him ;  
 Foudly there he seeks the mistress

Who, he deems, hath gone before him ;  
 That 'tis Heaven which spreads  
     around him  
 By the spangled halls he wisses ;  
 Yet with passion, Blanca ! Blanca !  
 Calls he through those desert blisses.

### DON MACIAS.

Don Macias of Galicia,  
 Surnamed El Enamorado  
 Plaining for his true-love, sate in  
 Tower of Arjonilla's chateau.  
 With a rich and mighty noble  
 Lately they to wedlock brought her ;  
 Haunted the bard to distant durance  
 Long whose trusty love had sought her.  
 Often would some Wanderer listen  
 As his plaintive lay he uttered ;  
 Often from his grated window  
 Leaves of tender lyrics fluttered.  
 Say I not if passer sung them,  
 Or the Zephyr bore them to her ;  
 But too well the minstrel's loved-one  
 Learned the plainings of her wooer ;  
 And too well her jealous consort  
 Marked it with discerning anguish :--  
 " Shall I cower before a songster  
 Who doth in a dungeon languish ?"  
 Swift across his steed he swung  
     him,  
 Lance and shield in battle order,  
 And for Arjonilla's turrets  
 Speeded o'er Grenada's border.  
 Don Macias, the Enamoured,  
 Stood before the grating ready  
 Trilled he of his ardent passion,  
 Graceful on his cithern played he.  
 In his stirrup rose the noble,  
 Ruthlessly his weapon swinging :--  
 Ah ! transfixed is Don Macias,  
 Like a swan, he swooneth singing.  
 Then the earl, secure of conquest,  
 Back to fair Galicia driveth.  
 Empty vision ! falls the poet,  
 But his lay through time surviveth :  
 Winged that, and all melodious,  
 Through the Spanish kingdom  
     sweeping,  
 Trilled as Philomel on others,  
 But on him, as Harpy's weeping.  
 Sudden from the joyous banquet  
 Hath the seeming discord hove him  
 Often from his midnight slumber ;

Would the torturous measure move  
     him  
 Far and near, he heard but citherns  
 In the garden, in the city ;  
 Voices, as of spirits, breathing  
 Don Macias' amorous ditty.

### DANTE.

Seemed it gate of Florence town ?  
 Gate of heaven it seemed rather  
 Where on Spring's serenest morning  
 Throngs in featly guise did gather.  
 Children fair as troops of angels,  
 All with garlands richly dighted,  
 Plied the dance amid the rose-dale  
 Soon as morn their feast-day lighted.  
 One, a nine-year'd stripling, Dante,  
 Neath a bough of laurel leaning,  
 That she was his guardian angel  
 Of the fairest maid was weening.  
 Rustled not the boughs of laurel,  
 By the airs of spring-tide lifted ?  
 Tinkled not young Dante's spirit,  
 By the breath of passion rified ?  
 Yea ! from that blest moment found he  
 Music's wells within him springing ;  
 Found in canzonet and sonnet  
 There was young affection ringing.  
 When the maid, to woman waxen,  
 Came to cheer maturer hours,  
 Ready was the song to greet her,  
 Like a tree which raineth flowers.

Now from out the gate of Florence  
 Once again hath concourse crowded ;  
 But to strains of muffled music,  
 Melancholy, sorrow-shrouded ?  
 For beneath a pall of black  
 With a radiant croslet whited,  
 Bear they Beatrice forth  
 Whom had death so early blighted.  
 Dante sate within his chamber  
 Mute, alone, while twilight glistened ;  
 Veiled his countenance, to tolling

Of the far-off bell he listened.  
 To the forest's deepest shadows  
 Then the noble bard descended;  
 With the muffled peal at distance  
 Purest melody he blended.  
 Naithless in the wildest desert  
 Where he wandered broken-hearted,  
 Came there delegate unto him  
 From the beautiful departed;  
 Convoyed him with trusty hand  
 Down where hell was deepest rented,  
 And his earthly pain appeased  
 By a glimpse of the tormented.  
 Up again to holy light  
 Mounted from the darksome shade  
 he;  
 Then at Paradise's portal  
 Met him his departed lady;  
 Upward, upward soar the twain,

Through celestial raptures stream-  
 ing,  
 She with gaze unblenched behold-  
 ing  
 Light whence suns and moons are  
 beaming;  
 While he peers with tranced vision  
 On the lady's mien ethereal;  
 Tracing there a light sublimed  
 Welling from the fount empyreal.  
 All is forged on Dante's page  
 In divinest music, brightening  
 From the touch of fire as quench-  
 less  
 As on rock ere wrote the lightning:  
 And of right the Bard of Florence  
 Is "the godlike minstrel" rated;  
 Dante, he whose earthly passion  
 Was to heavenly love elated.

Our next specimen appears to us to be a conception of peculiar grace and elegance, a pure embodiment of the elements which are perhaps most remarkable in the romantic poetry, delicacy and tenderness, to revive which in his country appears Uhland's special vocation. . .

#### THE STUDENT.

As I erst, at Salamanca,  
 Early in a garden lay,  
 And to nightingale's intoning  
 Homer's measures trilled away;  
 How in shining garments glorious  
 Helen on the turret trod,  
 And such power of queenly beauty  
 To the Trojan senate shewed,  
 You might hear the whisper circle,  
 Muttered on each hoary beard,  
 "Troth, she is of race celestial,  
 Woman ne'er like her appeared;"  
 Here as I was fondly musing,  
 Only on the tale intent,  
 In the leaves I heard a rustle,  
 Round my glancer, astonished, went  
 To a neighbouring balcony,  
 And what wonder saw I there!  
 Where in shining garments glorious  
 Stood there one like Helen fair;  
 And a greybeard was beside her,  
 Of so strange courtesy,  
 I could swear that of the council  
 High of ancient Troy was he;  
 And myself was an Achaian,  
 Who, since that remembered day,

Of, as near another Ilium,  
 By the guarded villa lay.—  
 Listen to the tale unvarnished;  
 Came I all the Summer long  
 To the garden, every evening,  
 Brought my lute, and brought  
 my song;  
 Of my love's distress and pressure  
 Oft in various measure mourned,  
 Till from out the lattice window  
 Answer sweet I heard returned.  
 Such delights of word and measure  
 Plied we there a full half-year;  
 Each too much to be permitted  
 Save half deaf her guardian were;  
 Heaved he from his bed full often  
 Sleepless, jealous, fraught with  
 fears;  
 Still unheard remained our voices  
 As the music of the spheres.  
 But at length—the night was dread-  
 ful,  
 Starless, dusky as the grave—  
 To my long-accustomed token  
 No one other answer gave  
 Save a toothless maiden olden



Who at my complaint awoke,  
 And this ancient maiden, Echo,  
 To my cry a murmur spoke,  
 That my lovely one had vanished,  
 Bare the chamber, bare the hall,  
 Bare the bloom-enrich'd garden,  
 Hill and dale deserted all;  
 Ah! and I had never learn'd  
 What her rank, and where her  
 home;  
 For with lip and hand she pledged me  
 Plight of both to overcome.  
 Then on travel wild resolved I,  
 Her to seek both far and near;

And my Homer left behind me,  
 Who myself Ulysses were;  
 Took the lute, my only consort,  
 And before each gallery  
 And beneath each lattice window  
 Soft essay'd my minstrelsy;  
 Sang in plain and sang in city  
 Signal to my loved one known,  
 Which in Salamanca's valley  
 Erst would I each eve intone;  
 But the answer, the desired,  
 Sounded ne'er again—and oh!  
 None but Echo, ancient maiden  
 Murmured response to my woe.

The next ballad is characterized by a remarkable peculiarity of the Castilian poetry—being written in assonances, or vowel rhymes. This style of versification is effective only in the open and vocalic languages of the South of Europe—indeed it has been reduced to a system only among the Spaniards. However, as Uhland has several very beautiful effusions constructed upon its model, we have ventured on attempting an imitation of one of them.

#### THE KNIGHT OF SAINT GEORGE.

##### I.

Chariot shrill the trumpet sounded  
 Near Saint Stephen's at Gornetz,  
 Where encamped the proud Castilian  
 Fernand lay, that valiant earl.  
 Almansor, the Moorish monarch  
 Rallied there his mighty host  
 Which, assembled from Cordova,  
 Now the leaguered city stormed.  
 Troops of belted knights Castilian  
 Sit their steeds with lance in rest;  
 Down the rank with searching vision  
 Fernand rides, that valiant earl.  
 Pascal Vivas! Pascal Vivas!  
 Glory of Castilian knights!  
 Ready girl is every champion,  
 Short of thee alone the line.  
 Thou who erst wast earliest mount-  
 ed,  
 Erst the foremost in the fray,  
 Hear'st thou not our present sum-  
 mons?  
 Not the battle-trumpet's clang?  
 Failest thou our Christian armies  
 Now, at this tremendous hour?  
 Shall thy wreath of glory wither,  
 Vanish all thy bright renown?  
 Pascal Vivas nothing heareth;

Far in forest deeps is he,  
 Where from off a grassy hillock  
 Juts Saint George's high chapel,  
 At the portal stands his steed,  
 Lies his spear and steel cuirass,  
 And before the holy altar  
 On his knees the champion prays.  
 Sunken in a deep devotion  
 Hears he not the battle's lar'm,  
 Which, like wrath of tempest, dully  
 Through the wooded mountains bars.  
 Hears he not the chargers neighing,  
 Not the weapons' hollow clang;  
 Waken yet his Patron Saint,  
 Keeps Saint George a trusty watch.  
 From the clouds adown descends he,  
 Girds a knightly armour on,  
 And, on knightly charger flying,  
 Courses to the combat forth.  
 Who like him the Moslems storm'd  
 Heavenly champion, lightning-flash?  
 Swift he wins Almansor's colours,  
 Swift retreat the Moorish bands!—  
 Pascal now his deep devotion  
 Endeth in Saint George's fane,  
 Steppeth from the holy altar,  
 Findeth steed and steel array.

Musing to the camp he rideth ;  
 Naught of the behest he weens,  
 Why the festive song with clarion  
 Soundeth, his return to greet.  
 " Pascal Vivas ! Pascal Vivas !  
 Proudest Knight of all Castile !  
 Praise to thee, the mighty warrior  
 Who Almansor's standard seized !  
 Blood-red sure must be thy weapon  
 Battered well with thrust and dent  
 Pictured o'er with wounds thy charg-  
 er

Who so bold a foray led !"  
 Pascal Vivas vainly checketh  
 Such their song of jubilee :  
 He, his head demurely bowing,  
 Pointeth silent to the skies.

Near her bower the Countess Julia  
 By the evening twilight strays,  
 Fatiman, Almansor's nephew,  
 Captures there the blooming maid.  
 Flies he with his dainty booty  
 Through the forests day and night ;  
 Loyal ten Moorish warriors  
 Weaponed well, career behind.  
 Scarce had broke the third day's  
 morning  
 ere they coursed those woodland  
 deeps

Where, from off a grassy hillock,  
 Juts Saint George's high chapelle.  
 From afar the Countess gazed

On the sacred effigy,  
 Which above the church's portal,  
 Vast, in sculptured marble, gleams.  
 Watching how his sacred weapon  
 In the dragon's jaw he strikes,  
 Pensively the monarch's daughter  
 Fettered to the rock abides.  
 Wringing then her hands and moan-  
 ing

Cries the Countess Julia  
 " Good Saint George, celestial war-  
 rior,

Save me from the dragon's wrath !"  
 See ! upon a milk-white courser  
 Pranceth one from that chapelle,  
 Lifts the wind his golden ringlets,  
 Streams thereto his mantle red ;  
 Featly bath he swung his weapon,  
 Featly pierced the ravening Moor ;  
 Fatiman, as erst the dragon,  
 Crouches weltering to the ground !  
 And amazement wild hath fastened  
 On those Moslem warriors ten ;  
 Shield and lance they drop, and hurry  
 O'er the mountains, through the  
 dells.

On her knees the Countess Julia  
 Dazzled at the portent, bows ;  
 Good Saint George, celestial warrior  
 Praise to thee a thousand fold !  
 Then again her eye she raises,  
 But no more the Saint appears,  
 Hears she but a hollow murmur,  
 " Pascal Vivas fought for thee."

His era too less than his animus has operated to deter Uhland from any considerable attempts at the heroic ballad. The gentle emotions of our nature find their exercise in all ages and moods of society ; but the feelings of the hero resolute unto death must be *learned* to be uttered ; and this education the poet can have only in an age of chivalry, and by experience of joustings and defiances: The heroism of Peter of Arragon and his avenging son, Frederic the Second ;—the indomitable ardour and chivalrous energy of Bertram de Born, would perhaps, even in a pacific period, find an utterance in martial music ; but in Uhland we might anticipate rather the romantic love-longing of Geoffrey Rudel. As far as we have found, there is but one ballad making any pretension to the sublime or the heroic. We present it, and think it far from unsuccessful.

## THE DYING HEROES.

The Danish falchions press the Swedish host  
 To the wild coast.  
 Their chariots clink afar, their steel gleams bright  
 In the moonlight.  
 There, dying on the field of battle lay  
 The beauteous Sweyn, and Ulf the warrior grey !

## SWEYN.

Oh Sire ! that Norna me in youth's array  
 Hath swept away !  
 For me no more the locks which grace my cheek  
 Shall mother sleek ;  
 My songstress vainly from her turret high  
 Through all the distance peers with wakeful eye.

## ULF.

Ah ! they shall wail, to see, at dead of night,  
 In dreams our spirits.  
 Yet comfort take—soon will the bitter smart  
 Break her true heart,  
 And then with smiles thy love, the golden-tress,  
 Shall reach the bowl to thee at Odin's feast.

## SWEYN.

Already I have festive prelude rang  
 With viol's clang  
 To song of Kings and Chiefs of ages gray  
 In love and fray :  
 Now hangs my harp forlore, its moody wail  
 With none to waken, but the billowy gale.

## ULF.

Allfather's palace high doth proudly gleam  
 In the sunbeam.  
 Beneath, a thousand stars career, and fly  
 The tempests by.  
 Carouse we there in peace, our sires among ;  
 May'st thou, then, there awake and end the song !

## SWEYN.

Ah sire ! that Norna me in youth's array  
 Hath swept away !  
 No blazon now of prowess high shall shine  
 On shield of mine.  
 While hold twelve judges dread yon lofty throne,  
 They ne'er shall me at hero's banquet own.

Maint other valorous deeds doth *none* outweigh,  
 As reckon they :  
 Tis *this*—responsive to thy country's call  
 The hero's fall !  
 See—see—we rout the foe !—now watch the glare  
 Of opening heaven—it glints—our path is *there* !

With one other ballad we will conclude for the present—intending—as we said before, to return once again to Uhl-land ; and inviting those readers who are fond of German lore to aid us in further illustration of the present poetical School. Perhaps the ridiculous side of knight-errantry has seldom been more easily or graphically set forth than in—

## ROLAND THE SHIELDBEARER.

King Charlemagne at festive board  
 Sate with his lords, at Aachen.  
 Before them, fish and buck were  
 stored,  
 Red wine their thirst did slacken.  
 In golden bowls of splendour bright  
 The ruby and the emerald's light  
 Adown the hall was gleaming.

Spake Charlemagne, that prince of  
 worth,  
 " This glimmer naught avails us.  
 The rarest gem of all the earth—  
 It still as ever fails us.  
 This gem which as the sunshine  
 glares  
 Upon his shield—a giant bears  
 In deep Ardennes forest."

Earl Richard, Archbishop Turpin,  
 Haimon, Naims of Bavaria,  
 Milon of Anglant, Count Gariu, •  
 Grew all of gladness charier. •  
 In steel cuirass each lord him mailed;  
 Then, " saddle every horse," they  
 hailed,  
 " We'll charge upon the giant."

Young Roland, son of Milon, spake;  
 " Hear, father loved, I pray thee;  
 Thou deem'st me, sooth, too young  
 and weak  
 Gainst giant to array me.  
 I'm not so wee but I may bear  
 Behind, as squire, thy shivering spear  
 And eke thy sturdy buckler."

Away the six companions hied •  
 For Ardennes, together ;  
 But when they saw the wood, they  
 cried  
 " 'Tis time we break our tether."  
 Behind his sire rode Roland near,  
 Right glad, I ween, the hero's spear  
 And sturdy shield to carry.

By light of sun and light of moon  
 With ready falchions bound they,  
 Yet not the doughty giant soon  
 In brake or cavern found they.  
 The fourth day came, and then, at  
 noon,  
 Duke Milon slept as in a swoon  
 Beneath an oak-tree's shadow.

Young Roland in his heart bethought  
 " What cause is here for quaking?  
 Shall I be found from sleep for  
 naught  
 A cherished father waking ?  
 There wakes his gallant charger near,  
 There wakes his shield, his sword,  
 his spear,  
 Young Roland wakes to wear them.

He girt the sword upon his side,  
 Duke Milon's friend in battle ;  
 With lusty arm the lance he tried  
 Till on the shield 'twould rattle.  
 Duke Milon's steed then mounted  
 he,  
 And through the firs rode easily ;  
 His sire he would not waken.

As came he to a ridge of rock  
 The giant gan to rally.—  
 "Thou little loon, thou dost but  
     mock  
 On such a steed to sally. •  
 Thy sword is twice as long as thou;  
 Thou neath thy weight of spear dost  
     bow;  
 Thy shield will clean unhorse thee!"

"A charge, a charge," young Ro-  
 land cried,  
 "Thy banter yet shall rue thee;  
 And if my target be tall and wide,  
 Tis better guard, beshrew thee!  
 A tiny man, a charger strong,  
 A stunted arm, a weapon long,  
 Are aids to one-another."

The giant stretched him out, and true  
 To distance swung his bludgeon.  
 Young Roland round his charger  
     drew,  
 And so escaped his bludgeon.  
 His lance then at the giant swung;  
 From off the wondrous shield it  
     sprung,  
 And back to Roland whistled.

Both hands upon his falchion laid,  
 Young Roland swung it wimply.  
 Then groped the giant for his blade,  
 But drew it not so nimbly;  
 Right crafty blows did Roland  
     wield  
 At his left hand beneath the shield:  
 Fell hand and shield together.

Now melts the giant's heart away,  
 From him the buckler torn; for  
 The jewel whence his mighty sway  
 How could he fail to mourn for?  
 As sprung to grasp the buckler he,  
 Young Roland stabbed him on the  
     knee,  
 And to the earth he tottered.

Young Roland caught him by the  
     hair,  
 And hove his head, and backed it.  
 The blood it foamed as down a wear  
 And through the dell he tracked it.  
 Then from the giant's buckler forth  
 He tore the gem of matchless worth  
 And in it's glint he revelled.

In cloke concealed the jewel rare,  
 He to a fountain hid him,  
 And wiped his arms, and washed  
     him fair  
 From mire and gore which dyed him.  
 Then backward did young Roland  
     bound,  
 And still his father sleeping found  
 Beneath the oak-tree's shadow.

He laid him by his father's side,  
 Himself subdued to sleeping.  
 But Milon, in cool eventide,  
 Awoke, and to him leaping,  
 "Wake up," quoth he, "my Roland  
     dear,                      [spear;  
 And harness thee with shield and  
 We'll out to seek the giant.

Uprose they then, and hurried  
     sore  
 To mount and through the gorse get.  
 Young Roland rode behind, and  
     bore  
 His father's spear and corselet.  
 Away with clinking hoofs they sped  
 To where the combat Roland led  
 And lay the giant weltering.

Young Roland scarce believed his  
     eyes,  
 For now no longer viewed he  
 The shielded hand, the head likewise  
 Which from the body hewed he.  
 Nor sword nor lance was left to see,  
 Nor buckler vast, nor panoply,—  
 Bare trunk and bloody members.

Duke Milon on the trunk did  
     scowl;  
 "Ah! what a corpse is this now!  
 A-gazing on the sundered bole,  
 How vast the oak we wis now.  
 It is the giant—well-a-day!  
 I've fame and honour slept away,  
 And must for ever mourn it."

Sate Charlemagne on Aachen's  
     mound,  
 And plained he all the day long.  
 "Is every champion safe and sound?  
 They seem to me away long.  
 My prince's troth! what see I here?  
 Is yon, with giant's head and spear  
 Lord Haimou pricking to me?"

LUDWIG UHLAND.

Lord Haimon rode in troublous  
mood  
His lance obsequious lowerèd,  
And then the head besplashed with  
blood  
At Charles's feet he floorèd.  
"This skullin tangled hedge I found;  
Some paces off, upon the ground  
A giant's corse did wither."

Straight followed Archbishop Tur-  
pin,  
A giant's gauntlet bore he ;  
Hand stiff and stark was yet within;  
He laughed, and this his story.  
"I bring, my liege, a fair bijou ;  
I've borne it all the forest through,  
Already hacked I found it."

Bavarian Nains the knights among  
Returned, and brought the bludgeon.  
"I've found in wood club stiff and  
long ;  
Then take it not in dudgeon.  
I sweat beneath the heavy pull ;  
My country's beer in tankards full  
Be costly compensation !"

Earl Richard, driving horse ahead,  
On foot behind did labour.  
For bore the beast with heavy tread  
The panoply and sabre.  
"I've brought my load, and well I  
know  
Who seeks the tangled firs thorough  
Will light on wapons plenty."

The noble Garin waving far  
The giant's buckler bright went.  
"He swings the shield, he hears the  
star,  
A crown be his requitement !"  
"The shield, my liege beloved, I wear;  
Right gladly too the gem would  
bear,  
But that is rent from off it."

Duke Milon rode behind the rest,  
And for the castle steerèd.  
No more his harried steed he pressed,  
His head was sadly wearied.  
Young Roland did the last ap-  
pear,  
He bore his father's lusty spear,  
And eke his sturdy buckler.

But racing up before the fosse,  
The gathered nobles viewed he,  
And from his father's shield the  
boss  
With steady hand unscrewed he.  
Then set the giant's jewel there :  
It shone with such a wondrous glare  
Another sun it seemèd.

And when to Milon's buckler good  
The gem a ruddy brand lent  
Quoth Charlemagne in joyous mood  
"Hail Milon, Lord of Anglant !  
The giant thou hast overmanned,  
And hacked his head, and hacked  
his hand  
And wrenched the jewel from him."

Duke Milon seemed as he would swoon  
The glint it well might scare one.  
"Roland," quoth he, "thou tricky loon,  
Who gave thee that, my rare one ?"  
"Your pardon, good my Lord, I pray—  
This clumsy wight 'twas mine to slay,  
The while you sound were sleeping."

ON THE METHOD OF MISSIONARY PROCEEDINGS AND TEACH-  
ING TRACEABLE IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS OF THE  
APOSTLES.—NO. III.

In the Report published by the Calcutta Diocesan Committee S. P. G. F. P. for 1843-45, occurs the following passage :—

“ It would seem a remarkable feature in the extension of the Gospel in our age, contrasted with early times, that, whereas then it so spread and established itself in the cities, the seats of worldly wealth, and knowledge, and power, and splendour, that the very word *pagan*, or ‘ villager, came to signify, as now, an unbeliever, none but the *pagans* are now *believers*. ”

Facts are strangely jumbled into errors in this short extract. It is true enough that, in early times, even in the earliest times, the Gospel had signal success in *cities* : but it is not true that it at the same time failed of success in the *villages*. One would think this must be evident to any reader of the remarkable passages from the early Apologists, and Pliny, Origen, Eusebius &c., which every common book of “ Evidences,” from Paley downwards, gives.

The writer, or compiler, of the Report, must have been led away by the etymology of *Paganus* now commonly received ; but which will hardly stand the test of either classical or patristic Latinity, if by the “ early times ” be meant, as it is natural to understand by it, the times before Constantine’s example and decrees had made Christianity fashionable.

The writer of this present attempt at investigating “ the Apostolic method of Missions ” on the basis of the Book of Acts, believes that the above explanation of “ Paganus ” has Baronius for its chief authority, and has prevailed since he wrote. But he propounded it in writing of the times of Constantine and the effects of his decrees, if the references to him by D. F. A. Wolf and by Gothofried (on Cod. Theod. xvi. 10.) be correct. The writer of these pages has not the means of verifying them. Gothofried, who gives nine different conjectures, sides apparently with Baronius ; but it is evidently for want of distinguishing between the times *before* and the times *after* Constantine’s example and enactments had taken effect. As to the *really earliest* times, the true idea of *paganus* was “ civilian,” and the contrast to it was *miles*, “ soldier.” Hence, in ecclesiastical Latin, believers

being "soldiers of Christ," unbelievers were called "pagani." This, it is submitted, is excellently well established by D. Jo. Aug. Wolf in his "Dissertatio de Latinitate Ecclesiastica in Codice Theodosiano," which treatise being probably but little known the extract given below may be acceptable.\*

Much more might be alleged in proof that the position assumed in the Report above cited is erroneous; and that, contrariwise, in the earliest times, wherever the Gospel was received, "the common people," generally, "heard Christ gladly" (St. Mark xii. 37). But let it suffice, for the present, to ask what, otherwise, will become of such passages as that of St. Paul. 1 Cor. i. 26.

The occurrence however of the error now noted, in such a publication, seems remarkable; and suggests the question whether, as a straw on a stream, it do not show how lamentably little sound learning or knowledge of Christian Antiquities is now a days brought to bear on the subject of Missions to the Heathen.

But, despite the confusion of ideas in the passage quoted, it certainly brings before us a great fact, which we have already noticed in a preceding number, and which does stand singularly in contrast with modern proceedings; the fact, namely, that the first, and to all appearance the main, efforts of the first preachers of the Gospel were directed on the cities. The contrast lies, however and therefore, not so much

\* *Pagani vocantur a religione Christiana alieni, deastrorum ac simulacrorum cultores, qui quasi non sunt milites Christi; Cod. Theodos. xvi. 10. 1-2; atque alibi saepissime. Nam Paganus proprie in antiqua latinitate oppositum militibus, et esse qui non mercent stipendia, luculenta loca Suetonii in Octav. xxviii. in Galba xix. Plin. Epist. x. 18, &c. facile quoniam docuerint. [Add Juv. Sat. xvi. &c. &c. given in Facciolati Lex.]† Itaque scriptores ecclesiastici, auctoritate sacrorum, homines Christianos στρατιώτας Χριστοῦ appellare, et στρατεύεσθαι iisdem attribueret solitorum (2 Tim. II. 3; 2 Cor. x. 3) inducti, eos qui veluti militum Christianae nomen haud dedissent dicere coeperunt *paganos*, h. e. quasi ἀστρατεύου, qui non essent milites Christi. Etenim quod vulgo jactitant id nomen gentilibus ideo datum esse, quod iis, a Constantino Magno Urbe ejectis, non nisi in *pagis* veterem superstitionem persequi licuisset, id profecto vel eo videtur posse refutari, quod jam apud Tertullianum, latinitatis ecclesiasticae velut patrem (de Cor. Mil. xi. 7) appellatio paganorum in eleganti dilogia deprehenditur; ad quem locum vide Della Cerda in Comment. &c. &c.*

D. Jo. Aug. Wolf, ut supra.

Lipsiae, 1774 (In Pott's Syllog. Dissertationum).

† In Smith's recent Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities a reference is given to [the Pseudo?] Isidorus, which the writer of these pages has not the means of examining.



between the reception of the Gospel then and now, as between the methods of proceeding to preach and teach it then and now. It is most true, not only that the Gospel was preached by the first Evangelists, of preference, in cities, but that their preaching was successful in them, and that thence the word flowed, as it were, out and over, into the adjacent parts. St. Chrysostom's remark on Acts xvii. 49. already quoted, (Benares Mag. No. I. p. 77.) records not only a theory of action but a resulting fact. "Again they hasten past the small cities, but press on to the larger, since the word was sure to stream out thence in all directions to the adjacent towns, as it were from a fountain head."\*

It is probable that but few readers of the Acts and Epistles have any idea of the number of incidental proofs of this feature of the Apostolic *method*, and of its *success*, that may be collected out of them. It is not intended now to collect them, but rather to set thinking and devout minds to make the induction for themselves. The most incomplete that may be made can hardly fail to suggest serious doubts whether the now very prevalent notion can possibly be right, viz. that large cities are not the proper fallow ground to be first broken up. If that be true, then how is it that St. Paul bestowed such pains on Corinth, *proverbial* as it then was throughout the Western world for luxury and vice;† and abode, first and last, three years in Ephesus?

It is with the view of exciting attention to this subject, and to the contrast which it presents to the modern method prevalent in India, that the topic has been thus resumed from the first of this series of papers, previously to entering on the consideration of St. Paul's proceedings at Ephesus, where the Gospel took such root downwards, and bare such fruit upwards.

Ephesus combined in an eminent degree all that is, in this our day, considered to contra-indicate a suitable place for the propagation of the Gospel. It was "one of the eyes ‡ of Asia Minor;" the port at which met and touched the commerce from the North and West the South and East; the rendezvous of traffic and travel from the Euxine, Pontus, Macedonia, Greece, Rome, and Alexandria; in short from Europe,

\* πάλιν τὰς μικρὰς παρατρέχουσι πόλεις· ἐπὶ δὲ τὰς μείζους ἐπιέρχονται, καθάπερ ἐκ πηγῆς τινὸς μελλούτος τοῦ λόγου διαίρειν εἰς τὰς πλησίον.

Ed. Savile p. 816. Vol iv.

† That he was encouraged thereto by a vision (Acts xviii. 9. 10.) does not exhaust the question.

‡ Alterum lumen Minoris Asiae. Plin. v. 29.

Asia, and Africa;\* and what is more, a very cathedral of idolatry and magic;† the See whence “Diana of the Ephesians,” that “many breasted” mother of falsehood,‡ spread her worship over all Asia§ to Arcadia, Rome, Marsilles, Spain.||

To this Benares of the West the Apostle of the Gentiles came with Priscilla and Aquila from Corinth, and, leaving them there, proceeded to fulfil his vow at Jerusalem. Which having done he revisited Antioch, Galatia, and Phrygia, and so returned to them. They, meantime, had fallen in with Apollos, and having “*more perfectly instructed him in the way*” had sent him on his way with letters recommendatory to the Church at Corinth.¶

St Paul’s first recorded act on his return to Ephesus we find to have been in the like manner *more perfectly instructing* certain disciples of St. John Baptist. This incident, with his *separating the disciples* from the synagogue, and, having here as elsewhere begun his teaching in it, transferring the same to the *School* of one Tyrannus (Acts xviii. 10) will supply the further matter of our present disquisition.

The “more perfect instruction” of the disciples of St. John Baptist by St. Paul, and that of Apollos by Priscilla and Aquila, furnishes the first mention of *variety* in the preaching of Christ; *variety*, but not yet *dissension*; and the two instances seem, as they stand in so close juxtaposition, (all that St. Paul did at Jerusalem and on his tour to Antioch, Galatia and Phrygia being omitted, though occurring between them) to have been recorded for the purpose of

\* Vide Witsii Meletemata Leidensia. Prolect. de vita Apostoli Pauli; Lect. vii. § xvi.

† ἐπέστια γρῦματῶν Vide Hesych: Lex.\*

‡ πολύμαστος, vide Deyling Observ. Sacrae. Tom. III. Obs. xxxix. Sect. v. Minut. Felix. Octav. 207, 208.

§ Acts xix. 27.

|| Vide Deyling ubi supra, Sect. x.

¶ It is strange that Michaelis, in his *Anmerkungen zu Apostelgeschichte* should have conceived Apollos’ teaching at Ephesus to have preceded Priscilla’s and Aquila’s. The word *καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ* (Acts xviii. 21) shows clearly that they were there before his arrival, and St. Paul certainly taught in the Synagogue *immediately on reaching Ephesus*, and before going on to Jerusalem (ibid vs. 19-21). That they had not taught in the Synagogue is doubtless true, but there is not reason to suppose that Apollos was the first whom they instructed *privately*. St. Paul’s haste and care, by the way, to visit the Synagogue, having a vow on him which he was then going to fulfil at Jerusalem, may probably have prevented the Jews on his return to Ephesus getting up any opposition to him as a despiser of Moses and the Law. The mode of expression in v. 19, is singular. *Where* was it that he left Priscilla and Aquila? Does the expression *ἐκεῖ* denote that he parted from them as soon as they were all landed, *just as they were*?

drawing attention to the care which the first authorized preachers of the Gospel took to secure *uniformity* as an essential to *Unity*. They knew nothing of the modern notion of *union without unity*. The teaching of Apollos, and the tenets of the disciples of St. John Baptist do not appear to have been interfered with on the ground of *error*, but of, simply, *defect*. It was not enough that they were *correct so far as they went*.

This is not what is called a distinction without a difference; but suggests a point deserving particular consideration in these days of not only confusion but much indifference to it. These two occurrences have surely been thus recorded by the Holy Ghost to all time, and at the omission of so much that we should perhaps think more worth knowing, for some special and important end. The common reverence due to Holy Writ requires us to think no less than this. At all events the idea is suggested of the *essential* importance of "the doctrine of Baptisms" as one of the "foundations of Christ" (Heb. vi. 2) the doctrine of *Baptisms*, even of that administered by St. John Baptist, and of that which, commencing from the Day of Pentecost, hath for ever superseded the former.

"This man (Apollos) was instructed in *the way of the Lord* *κατηχημένος τὴν ὁδὸν τοῦ Κυρίου* and, being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently *the things of the Lord*, knowing only *the Baptism of John*. And he began to speak boldly in the synagogue; whom when Aquila and Priscilla had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him *the way of God* more perfectly."

The question has been raised hereupon what can be meant by *the way of the Lord*, and how it differed, if at all, from *the way of God*? It would seem safe to allow that it means every thing relating to our Lord, as far as received, and as understood, up to the sending of the Holy Ghost and the institution thereupon and thereby of *Christian Baptism*.\* More it hardly can mean. It need not mean so much. But, supposing it to mean even so much, it is evident that Apollos was yet *not competent* to "preach Christ"; for the Apostles themselves were not indued with *power* to do that, (although possessed of the *authority* to do it) until the Day of

\* The following passage from Dr. Moberly's "*Discourses on the Great Forty Days*," p. 5. (2nd Edn.) have been met with by the writer since concluding this paper, and suggest, or coincide with, the line of thought which the point in question involves.

"It cannot be doubted that the sayings of our Lord, uttered during these great days, are themselves of special and peculiar importance.

Pentecost brought "the gift." May it not, safely be concluded that that for which they then\* waited is what is now taught and imparted to Apollos? And so, likewise in their place and degree, of the disciples of St. John the Baptist.†

But, whatever the distinction between "*the way of the Lord*" and "*the way of God*" may exactly and in all particulars be—for these essays are avowedly but most rudimentary—may we not, on the assumption that so much as has been thus far advanced is tenable; or even admitting that the expressions are simply equivalent, and only add to the proofs that our Lord is God,—still, may we not gain a hint touching one very painful feature of the Missionary proceedings of our own times? It has been assumed that the distinction between Apollos' teaching and the "more perfect" doctrine to which Priscilla and Aquila guided him, was not of *error*, but, of *defect*. There was difference, but not discrepancy. They were parallel and identical so far as they went together, but the one stopped short of the other's attainments.

Now, let it be supposed\* that the numerous *Societies* which, now a days, besides the Church, send out teachers, differed from the Church only in this way of defect, not error. Unhappily this is anything but the case; still, supposing it and putting it as the least offensive way in which the case can be put,—does not the passage of the Book of Acts now before us suggest that the right mode of procedure would be to try

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\* They were spoken in His glorified body—spoken, as it were, more immediately from Heaven. He seems, if we may so say with reverence, to have delayed His Ascension, in order to speak them. They are the first and great sayings of His new power given unto Him both in heaven and earth. They are, as St. Luke seems to sum them up in the opening of the Acts of the Apostles, I. 3, [comp. xix. 8.] "*the things of the kingdom of God.*" They are, in general subject, manner, and circumstances, strikingly unlike to any sayings which He had ever uttered before." See also p. 16 of the same work.

\* This is a very rough way of stating the case. Apollos *may* have received only Baptism and its attendant gift or gifts. He *may* have been subsequently *ordained* at Corinth. We do not know enough about him to decide how this was. A host of questions are involved. That we cannot answer them all cannot release us from acting on those to which we do see the answers.

† As to the question whether Apollos and they actually received Christian Baptism after being "more perfectly instructed," it seems wonderful that it should have ever arisen. H. Witsius gives both sides of the controversy in his *Meletemata Leidensia* (ubi supra Sect. xviii.). Although he declines to pronounce between them, it is pretty clear which way his judgment inclined. The question is not so old as the Anabaptist troubles in Germany. Lightfoot is the only name of note among ourselves who adopted the new notion. His history perhaps sufficiently accounts for his opinion.

“more perfectly” to instruct, if not them, at least their converts; and *not* leave them to themselves?\* at any rate not their converts? With this passage for our guidance, what is to be thought of that charity, as it is surely miscalled, which will not even leave them to themselves—for that perhaps should be *our* course, seeing that we have to deal not merely with defect but with error—but which fraternizes with them *without* “more perfectly” instructing them?—Which goes so far as to inculcate that where they are, even geographically, there the Church shall not come?†

A multitude of points of enquiry suggested by this first topic must remain untouched, owing to the designedly rudimentary character of these first attempts on a hitherto untold subject, and we proceed to the other two which were proposed for immediate consideration. These are St. Paul’s “*separating the disciples,*” and “*disputing daily in the School of one Tyrannus.*”

Touching which passages, it is, first, submitted that, as “the things *concerning the kingdom of God*” can hardly but be parallel to “*the way of God*” in the former place, (ch. xviii. 26), so there is a close parallelism between the circumstances in the account of which they severally occur. St. Paul was addressing Jews and Proselytes, for this was in the Synagogue,” and Priscilla and Aquila dealt with Apollos who

\* The writer is aware that he may be here thought to propose something very ultra. But the course hitherto pursued has been so ultra in the other direction that it would be scarcely possible to suggest *any* thing *different* that would *not* seem ultra. Let the matter be dispassionately considered. How may the instability and non-reproductiveness of much missionarizing be accounted for? Is it, or is it not, a fact, that, from whatever sect “the way of the Lord” is received, the converts have a sort of instinctive leaning to the Church’s more perfect way? Is it, or is it not, fact, that some, being *rejected* by us, have joined the Romanists? Is *unity* in any way promoted by the plan hitherto in favour? Has the *fraternization* of Church Missionaries with those of other Societies had any good effect? What may be thought its *probable* moral effects on *thinking* men among the converts? How will they answer the question to themselves, “then, after all, *what is it* these men do differ about?” Such are a few of the questions involved.

† “The Missionaries of our Church have no right to interfere with the “missions of other Protestant Christian bodies peaceably established in “other places in their vicinity; any more—and indeed much less—than “an incumbent of a parish at home would have a right to go into another “parish in order to banish and drive away what he might consider ‘erroneous and strange doctrines;’ instead of confining himself in that and all “other respects, to his appointed and authorized province of duty.” —*Calcutta Christian Intelligencer* for October, 1841. p. 465.

was also a Jew and already" instructed in the *way of the Lord*.\*

Secondly, attention is suggested to the phrases "disputing and persuading," (Comp. Act. xviii. 4.) in the Synagogue, and "disputing" (only) in the *School* of Tyrannus.

Of course in the latter place the Apostle did not *dispute* with "the disciples" whom he had separated from the Synagogue. It remains then that the resort to "the School of Tyrannus" was the turning to the Gentiles" which here, as elsewhere takes place only after his rejection by the Jews,† as indeed seems suggested by the result, stated in the next verse, "All they that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the "Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks."

The text does not assert, as it is probably by most readers thought to do, that the school of Tyrannus was the place to which St. Paul withdrew the disciples, so as there to form a congregation of believers. That was his place of *disputation*. He *separated* these. And thus there comes out to view, as Apostolic in the very strictest sense, a practice for which although there is abundant sanction in early Church History, there is very little favour in modern practice, the exclusion of the gainsaying Heathen from attending the public worship of the congregation, and, therefore, the separation in the congregation of Catechumens from baptized persons.

As we are pointing out topics for consideration rather than discussing them, this paper may draw to its close with a brief observation on St. Paul's *disputing* "in the School of one Tyrannus." He not only "separated the disciples" from "the strife of tongues," but the place which he chose for further discussion with the unbelievers was a place of *seclusion and quiet*. Neither was it such a place as a Government College in India or in France, nor a huge boys' school.

It needs no very great amount of Greek learning to know, and to *feel*, as one reads the words,—that it was anything than even a modern *Missionary Schoolroom*, in which the poor few *disciples* are jostled and jumbled amid their unbelieving schoolfellows, not—"separated"\*

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\* Recently in Calcutta, aid was withdrawn from a school, of which the S. P. G. had undertaken the direction, because it was reduced to a small and exclusively *Christian* school, from being one of some 120 heathen and 20 Christian boys.

\* Is there not by the way, a remarkable absence from Missionary Report language in these times, of the expression "*the way of God*?" How may it be fitly accounted for? Is "the word of the Lord Jesus" Acts xix. 10. the equivalent of *the way of God*?

† Was "the multitude" before whom divers of the Synagogue "spoke evil of the way," the *heathen* population of the city?

Whatever may be decided on the various critical Questions which have been raised concerning it, it was a σχολή,\* a place for quiet meditation, or orderly and grave discussion.

St. Chrysostom's remark is "he disputes, having sought out not merely a place for the purpose, but a place where there was quiet and seclusion."†

Michaelis' remark may serve to conclude with on this topic. He says "Such halls of audience were common in the larger "great cities, and were the places in which Philosophers "and other learned men gave Lectures, to which resorted "not merely young students but men of ripe age and in "office: spacious apartments were necessary for this purpose "such as we now have in Universities."

"The Greeks and Latins named them Schools, and Luther has kept the word in this place. But I could not "bring myself to do so, for in German [and in English too.] "School denotes something very inferior to what is here meant. One could not enquire, for "the School" at the "house of a University Professor, without being either misunderstood or laughed at outright." (*Michaelis Anmerkungen in loc.*).

We have got, obviously, but a very little way into the period during which St. Paul abode at Ephesus. We are yet far perhaps from topics suggested by Bishop Jebb in his correspondence with A. Knox (Letter 58): very far from the consideration of the μυστήριον as the ruling topic of his Epistle. But that Epistle must have been written long after the date of the passage of the Book of Acts which has engaged our attention. Whoever may be disposed to investigate that topic will do well first to study the subject of the μαρτύριον contained in the Epistles to the Corinthians, which has been so well dealt with by a writer in the Benares Magazine for June 1849 (Vol. II. No. II.)

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\* Qui locus quis fuerit, et unde origo non fini, planè incertum est. Nonnulli suspicantur fuisse secessum Magnatis alicujus, in quo solitus fuerit otari; quandoquidem σχολή Graecis otium notat. A quo non valdè abaudit versio Αἰθιοπica, quae, (interprete Lodovico de Dieu) habet, "corum praetorio et praesidibus" \* \* \* \*. Calvino credibile est fuisse Gymnasium olim extractum sumptibus tyranni et urbi donatum &c. &c.

Witsii Meletemata Leidensia, Lect. VIII. par. 8.

† οὐχ ἀπλῶς τὸν τόπον ζητῶντας, ἀλλ' ἐνθα σχολή ἦν.—A remark, by the way hardly consistent with his first one on the same words: viz. ἐνθα πιστοὶ ἦσαν, καὶ σφόδρα πιστοὶ. But careful readers of St. Chrysostom will acknowledge that this is just his way, and that there is no doubt which was his deliberate judgment.

## VI.

## THE WORK OF AN HOUR.

"Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede Poena claudo." Hor. III. Lib. 2 Carm.

"Seldom hath punishment, (though) lame of foot, failed to overtake a villain."

SMART.

WHENEVER my Frigate was at anchor in the Harbour of  
\* \* \* \* my amusement on shore consisted in walking  
in the burial ground ; and although I did not consider myself as having any thing in common with the melancholy philosophical hero of the most perfect Tragedy ever written by the greatest of English poets :—yet, like him, I enjoyed holding fanciful conversations with the departed among their graves. Old Shovel, ( as I had nicknamed the Sexton,) was in the habit of holding forth to me, concerning the tombs, as to whether ostentation, mistaken gratitude, or consideration, for the world's opinion, was the cause that posterity had thus marked the resting places of the dead. His funeral orations however were entirely at variance with the inscriptions on the different tombstones.

Passing by the costliest monument in the cemetery, old Shovel would shake his head and say "Under that tomb lies the richest landowner of the grave-yard ! Pity that he himself knows nothing of it !" I smiled and went away ; after giving him the advice to lay out his graves in such a manner as to please the eye.

After a time, he must needs dig up a portion of the old graves, to make room for new ones.

The sight of this shocked me. "Out upon us, for civilized nations !" I cried, "the Savage Tribes in the New World when they move their settlement from one prairie to another, take the bones of their dead with them ; but we throw ours to the winds."

It caused this reflection :—Is it not sacrilegious to treat the dwellings of the dead, as one would those of the living ;—letting them to a second tenant after expelling the first therefrom ? These thoughts I could not rid myself of, they moved through my brain, as if I were turning over the leaves of



a book, and had I been asked —“What do you read?” I should have answered like Hamlet,—

“Words, Words, Words.”

My faculties were obscured. I could regain no clear perception of what was going on before me; for my glance roamed restlessly, from the syllables in my ideal book, to the chaotic mass of bones and skulls which the sexton had disturbed, and was casting out of their cool resting place in the bosom of mother Earth. In the words of the Danish prince I said “This skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the Knave jowls it to the ground as if it were Cain’s jawbone that did the first murder! \* \* \* Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on’t.”

Where are the ideas which formerly had their birth in these skulls and chased each other in rapid succession?

At that moment, my glance fell on a skull just thrown out, still covered with hair. Though not a surprising fact, considering the circumstances, yet, just at that time, its aspect caused me to shudder. An inexplicable desire seized me to pick it up, nevertheless I dared not touch it.

At length I mustered courage to do so. I examined it carefully—my blood ran cold—my fingers became cramped.—

Under the thick hair I had discovered a large nail which reached from the temple to the back of the head.

“Shovel,” I cried, as if with a leaden tongue; though I endeavoured to assume an indifferent tone: “Do you know whom this skull belonged to?”

“Yes, of course! It is Counsellor P——’s. Before I opened his grave I would have wagered that I should find the skull covered with hair, as Nature had gifted Mr. P. with a wig such as few hairdressers could make; nevertheless he was sixty years old at the time of his death.”

“Of what did he die?—Do you know?” I asked in a more collected manner than before.

“Of Apoplexy—suddenly—one night—about five years ago. His death plunged his wife into the deepest grief; for six months she so mourned and lamented his loss,—it would have caused pity in a stone.”—

“And now—?”

“Now she is married again—The way of the world, Captain.”

Married again—murmured I, my blood running icy cold through my veins.

"Her present husband, Major R—is said to have been in love with her before her marriage with the Counsellor," continued the garrulous old man,—“and her first marriage was a forced one.—Every day occurrences, Captain!”

"Enough, enough," I cried, and strode off.

"Hallo! are you going to carry my skull off with you," called out Shovel from the trench.

"All right" I said—"the skull belongs properly to you"—and I threw it towards him after having extracted the nail from it, and ran off.

What do I want, what shall I do with this nail? I asked myself, trembling. I locked it up in my sea chest, with more care than I would a valuable jewel. I fancied that every one who should see it would immediately become aware of the dreadful secret connected with it. Oh! what shall I do with this nail? I repeated over and over again. I am not constituted guardian of the rights of society! No, no, I will never be instrumental in handing over the guilty to a worldly tribunal.

This train of ideas was disturbed by a voice within me uttering, "But repentance, yes, fearful remorse, can you, must you awaken in the bosoms of the guilty, should their conscience even not have stung them yet! You have it in your power, and without doubt it is the will of the Most High.—You can force them to repentance by suspending the sword of the avenger over their heads"—and in a small still whisper the voice added: "It must produce a curious scene, a dramatic scene, worthy of Hamlet, to gaze on the countenance of a woman at the moment that a crime like this, is brought home to her."

The horrible nail would not out of my mind.—By day and by night the phantasies of my brain chased me. At last it became unbearable; and I determined to proceed to the dwelling of the late Counsellor P. (now of Major R.) the way to which I had previously inquired.

Arrived before the house, I stood still—I had to ascend some steps—with severe exertion I accomplished this; for my knees shook so, they would barely support me. On reaching the door a bell had to be pulled to obtain entrance. I had not the courage to seize the handle, and was obliged to support myself by the railing at the side of the steps to prevent my falling. The door opened and a servant came out who asked—"Where do you wish to go?"

At sea I should have compared this question to a night-attack by pirates, it took me so by surprise; and without time for reflection I answering, stammered out, "To Mrs. R."

"Walk in Sir—this way;"—and the servant opened the door of a room, which I was now obliged to enter whether I would or not.

I felt like a condemned man led to execution.

Mrs. R. sat in a picturesque attitude on a couch, with her head leaning on one hand; with the other she played with the curly hair of a boy about four years old. The group appeared to my eyes like a representation of Melancholy playing with Innocence. I had never been introduced to Mrs. R. nor seen her before. Her appearance had an effect on me, which rooted me to the spot where I stood as if by magic. What a lovely figure! What regularity of features! What a beautiful complexion! What a sparkling glance! What bewitching grace in every movement! I beheld before me one of those women, represented by poets as angels.

She sat so abstracted and plunged in thought, that she had not remarked my entrance;—but as the door shut itself behind me, she started up. With her hand she pointed to a chair;—the next moment I sat opposite to her—immoveable—bereft of speech—like an idiot.

The question which I at length put to her would have been absurd and ridiculous in the extreme, had not the dumb answer which I received rendered it dreadful.

In the manner in which one commences acquaintance with a nursery maid, I addressed her:

"A beautiful child, that is Ma'am!"—and then continued with a faltering tongue,

"He is probably by your first marriage?"

The look of astonishment with which she gazed at me; was, as I have said, perfectly dreadful. Unable to find other words for utterance, I repeated the question, the importance, of which, I only then accurately comprehended. Without altering her fixed look, Mrs. R. cried out—"Yes yes" and drew the boy towards her, whom she folded in her arms, to shield herself, as it were, against me.

A silence—a long silence followed. At last the lady in her turn, questioned me.

"What are your wishes, Sir?"

"I have something to return to you" was my answer, and produced a small box from my pocket.

"By whom were you commissioned to deliver it?"

"By the grave," answered I with a hollow voice.

The great scene had now commenced: we had reached the culmination of the drama. *She* was agitated by an indescribable terror,—*I* was equally so.

Notwithstanding, I ventured to present the box to her—she

seized—she opened it—and Oh! a scream was heard in which every thing dreadful, that can pierce the human soul, was combined.

My suspicions had alas! only been *too true*; the crime *had* been committed. That instant, a man in uniform darted in from an adjoining room.

"What is the matter with you Leontine?" inquired the Major of his wife.

Pressing both hands in agony to her forehead, she murmured—"Oh! that nail!" There was an expression in her sigh which I could never attempt to describe. Scarcely had she breathed it, when she fell fainting.

The Major stood immovable as a statue.

The nail had fallen on the floor; from which the child had picked it up, and was playing with it.

On all the previous occurrences, I had looked as calmly as I would on a storm in the Bay of Biscay; but the child's play was more than I could bear. I fled from the scene of horror.

On the stairs the Major seized and forcibly held me back. "Sir" said he "you are in possession of a fearful secret.—Before another hour has elapsed, one of us must cease to live. Judging from your appearance, you are a soldier as well as myself, therefore—."

"Major R." interrupted I—with a mixture of dread and compassion, "You are punished sufficiently, *that secret* shall never pass my lips."

"A captain of a frigate, and a—coward?" he called out with ill-concealed fury.

"Major, in forty minutes I am at your service; take the choice of weapons."

"Pistols!"

"Pistols be it then," said I: and had the place of meeting pointed out to me.

"Serves me right," I soliloquized—as I walked towards the appointed spot. "Why mix myself up with circumstances which concerned me not in the least—what have I, a sailor, to do with the earth and its secrets! What interest could I have in Counsellor P?—Was he my relation, my friend? Curses on my meddling curiosity—I may have to pay with my life for it."

The Major did not keep me waiting. He had no friend, neither had I.—Two soldiers passing that way, were ordered by him to fill the place of seconds.—Retraction, retreat, was not to be thought of. The men loaded the pistols which the Major had brought with him, and measured sixteen paces.

We placed ourselves, after I had made it an absolute condition that the Major should fire first.—The bullet tore away a button from my uniform.—It was now my turn—I wanted to fire in the air. But my antagonist called out “*Shoot at me, if it is not your wish that we commence again.*”—I aimed at his shoulder wishing merely to wound him, not to kill him—Oh cruel fate! my bullet pierced his heart—in a few moments he had breathed his last. Our seconds conveyed the body home. Mrs. R. received it, but knew it not, for—the unfortunate woman had gone mad!!

I flew, rather than ran on board my ship.

*In the course of an hour*—I had killed a man—a total stranger to me—made a lunatic of a woman I had never seen before,—and created a hell in my own breast!!!

Wherever I now land, never again do I enter a graveyard.

(*Translated from the German, for the Benares Magazine.*)

#### THE ECHO-LESS LAND—LOWER BENGAL.

Oh voiceless land! no Echo dwells in thee;

No tale of arms, high love, or liberty;

No mighty ruins, wrestling with decay,

Tell thou hadst great ones who have passed away.

Thou hast no mountains, hills, or rocks, or fells;

No waterfalls, nor brooks astray in dells;

Nor forest nook, nor cave, of thine, rejoices

In the sweet mimicry of wandering voices.

Oh thou dull land! Thus like thee is the race

To which God hath assigned in thee their place;

Within their souls no Echo seems to dwell;

Responseless sounds midst them the God sent Spell;

As, far at sea, the voice of some ship's bell,

It dies, and dies, away, its own lone knell.

Oh Thou! Whose Voice doth shake the wilderness,

Vouchsafe, at length, our darkling toils to bless!

Wake in these souls an Echo to thy Voice,

That they, with us, may in thy Gospel's call rejoice.

## VII.

## THE PROPOSED PUNJAB MISSION.

The advocacy of the *Benares Magazine* has been requested in behalf of a proposed Mission in the Punjab. Our pages are, and we trust we need not add will always be, dedicated with more than ordinary readiness to any scheme of Christian usefulness within those limits to which the polity of the Church of England circumscribes us.

It has been remarked with manifest truth that we are called upon, as a Christian people, to devise some especial and permanent means of testifying the sincerity of the Public Thanksgiving which we rendered unto Almighty God on the 6th of May last, and which was suggested, as our venerable Bishop has well remarked, by the "piety" of our Most Noble Governor General.

In two discourses equally admirable as eloquent homilies and as authentic digests,\* our Bishop and Chief Pastor has propounded "the Duties of British India in return for Almighty God's recent extraordinary mercies" with a force of parallelism irresistibly appealing. The Bishop, comparing the conquests of our armies, and the acknowledgement due from us, to the case of Asa victorious over the hosts of Zerah, remarks the duty, not merely of renewing *national* engagements with the Lord; but also of each for himself considering His goodness as a call to true repentance for sin, lively faith in the sacrifice of Christ, and new obedience to his God. And the effects produced by these determinations, we are told upon the same authority should be "free will offerings of our substance to the God of our mercies in aiding and supporting Christian Education, the Societies for Missions, for the Circulation of the Bible, for providing Additional Clergy, and for Scripture Readers; and in relieving the temporal and spiritual miseries of the Native population."

"We must also" his Lordship adds, "bring, as it were, 'into the house of the Lord our dedicated things,' by aiding in erecting Churches and preparing them suitably for the solemn worship of God."

And therefore we deem it right to say that Christians generally were enjoined by the highest ecclesiastical authority

\* Two Sermons delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta; the one on March 11th 1849, the other on May 6th 1849; by Daniel, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India.

in this land, on the 11th of March 1849, to signalize their "thanksgivings to God for the success of the war in which we have been engaged, and for the restoration to the people of the blessing of peace," by an enlarged liberality towards Missionary enterprizes, as one among many means confirmatory of the sincerity of their gratitude.

At the same time, as public instigators to the decent and orderly doing of all things in our Zion, we feel bound to say that the advocacy requested of us for the particular method which has been proposed, (we are told throughout India,) for testifying our thanksgiving, namely "*a Christian Mission in the Punjab*" will be given much more cheerfully and satisfactorily, as soon as we learn that such method has been submitted to, and sanctioned by him under whom all are in the Church in this land.

The Christian man will not doubt that Israel's failure in discerning the expansive plan which God had ordained for filling the earth with the knowledge of Him has been visited by the terrors of God's indignation from the time of the Jewish Dispersion unto the present hour. Nor will he doubt that these judgments of God upon Israel are full of pregnant lessons for us who occupy, if any can be said to do so, the exalted station to which the Jews were elected in the counsels of the Eternal. For our dominion is mightier than ever was Solomon's when he reigned over all the kingdoms from Euphrates unto Egypt; and *both* are set up on high for the same ends, that God's "Name may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations." Therefore are we called upon to proclaim throughout the lands of our inheritance the essential unity, the spotless purity, the boundless power of the Living God, Who hath made us what we are, and not suffered our enemies to triumph over us. For *this* hath He summoned us to be a Prince among the Powers of the Earth—he hath given us the might whereby we put to naught all those who are arrayed against us,—*in order that* we do our diligence in the accomplishment of those ultimate designs which can have their perfect consummation only in the establishment of His Temple in every land, and the acquisition of the Heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Nor does it admit of a doubt, that if we fail in this our Mission, it will be nothing surprizing if God cast us off, as He did Israel of old;—if He destroy our prestige, and obliterate our rule, and make us as great a wonder for our insignificance as ever we have been for our renown.

Still, as our Bishop has wisely written "we do not suppose that *all* the divine purposes in our being put in possession of the new territory are as yet fulfilled" (or, we feel we may add with equal truth, as yet *to be* fulfilled.) "The *beginnings* of things are all that we see at present, the *preparation* for that full tide of the divine goodness, which *at length* will flow with a more copious and beneficial stream than its five fabled rivers."

These admirable reflections, if not our loyal and affectionate allegiance, would prompt us to examine the volume from which we quote, with minuteness, as our guide on *how* and *what* we should render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards us.

In that volume we are reminded how "we can understand the loving-kindness of the Lord to *the subdued people*. For security of person and property, the protection of equal laws, deliverance from an impetuous and ungovernable army, and a freedom from intestine commotion are great blessings in themselves. Further, an opening is made for the arts of healing, for agriculture, for commerce, and all the branches of civilization. An opportunity is also presented for the education of the young, and for the elevation of the moral and social condition of the people. Above all a way is prepared for their consideration of the nature of moral evidence, and their *due* reception of the history, evidences, and truths of Christianity."

His Lordship continues in similarly enlightened and moderate, though eloquent language: "Let us contrast only what the Punjab has been, under the oppressive Mahomedan and Seikh powers, for centuries, with what it may become under the just and righteous government of Britain, when the Indus shall be crowded with vessels like the Ganges, and the fine manly race of the country be raised to the beneficial and productive activity and energy of the Western world; and we shall feel that it is impossible to dwell enough on 'the loving-kindness of the Lord' in delivering the Punjab from itself."

In these sentences, however, we discern not one syllable to impress us with the idea that it is the Bishop's opinion that *immediate* Missionary operations in the Punjab are expedient, or even desirable. His Lordship appears to us rather, and we judge more wisely, to contemplate preparatory ameliorations in the tone of society, under a Government of enlightened Christian Officials, and by the advancing march



of education, of commerce, of agriculture, of science—and—though last named yet principally—by contemplation of the stately and efficient fabric of our Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

For we observe that in the first of the discourses to which we are referring, the Bishop laments how “inadequate is the supply of Rev. Chaplains in India”—that “the knowledge of the ‘one living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent’ fades from the minds of our young Civil and Military Servants; and the holy, just and good law of God is not enforced or observed, *as they* have no ‘teaching priest’”

Very pertinently then, and with admirable judgment, does the Bishop, observing on “the close connexion between the ‘teaching priest,’ and the knowledge and worship of the true God,” summon us to shew our gratitude for recent benefits by “stepping in to help the administration to our fellow Christians in less happy circumstances than ourselves, of the means of the public worship of God.”

For, as the great Bishop Butler has remarked with equal force and judgment, “Our Lord adds in the text ‘This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world,’ that this should be *for a witness unto them*; for an evidence of their duty, and an admonition to perform it;” adding that “the bare establishment of Christianity in any place, even the external form and profession of it, is a very important and valuable effect;”—that “Atheistical immorality and profaneness, which surely is not better in itself nor less contrary to the design of revelation, than superstition,” must be expected “if our colonies abroad are left without a public religion and the means of instruction;” that “it is wonderful that those people who *seem* to think there is but one evil in life, and that evil, superstition, should not see that atheism and profaneness must be the introduction to it”

On all these grounds—and we might multiply them many fold—our immediate and primary duty seems to us to be the consolidation of the Christian Church and the provision of due appliances for Holy Ordinances to our Christian Brethren in the Punjab. How these may be best provided and sustained it is not for us to suggest. The Bishop “commends to the benevolent support of British India,” for the furtherance of these very objects, The Calcutta Additional Clergy Society. We desire to sustain the recommendation as cordially as dutifully. We most unhesitatingly express our entire conviction that until our holy religion can main-

tain a bolder front in the Punjab, and the present Household of Faith be more visibly cemented, but little will be done by the most devoted Missionary, and still less by the distribution of tracts and portions of the Scriptures through the instrumentality of a Native Catechist." For we believe first, that "nothing of a secondary nature, not miracles, not learning, not individual authority so mould the heart of the Pagan worshipper to a reception of the Gospel, on its first promulgation, as the purity of Christian lives, the constancy of Christian faith." And secondly we are well persuaded that, "*without denying the possibility of any one however plunged in ignorance, yet if stirred by the Spirit of God to search the living Word, being able by the same Spirit to gather out the saving truths of salvation, still neither is this the way in which provision was made for dispensing the Gospel to the world, nor has it any scriptural or reasonable authority in favour of its success.*" See Dr. Grant on Missions. Lects. II. and III.

## VIII.

## THE PAUPER.

Silent amid the city's glare  
 A lonely man bewildered stood,  
 And gazed—alas ! he knew not where,  
 For poverty had chilled his blood.  
 He gazed—and on his throbbing brain  
 The crushing hope oppressive lay,  
 That poverty and hate and pain  
 Might close his bitter course for aye.  
 The wintry wind has swept the street,  
 And trade no longer lures the eye :  
 The hour of rest—that hour so sweet  
 To weary mortals—draweth nigh ;  
 But where shall that sad lonely man  
 Rest, for that night, his woe-worn head ?  
 Has Christian charity no plan  
 Relief on all mankind to shed ?

O'er the dark river  
 He stoops with a shiver,  
 And gazes within—  
 Then shrinks from the sin ;  
 Yet murmuring to Heaven  
 " May I be forgiven ! "

Jehovah ! then cried he, in depth of despair,  
 Oh ! spurn not, as man doth, the voice of my prayer ;  
 I have lived—but have never found blessing in life ;  
 I have loved—but my love ended only in strife ;  
 I have delved in the earth—I have ploughed o'er the sea.  
 But ocean, like earth, gave but labour to me ;  
 And now I am feeble, and weary, and old,  
 And my breath cometh short, and my limbs shrink from cold,  
 And I look, with a sigh, from the earth up above,  
 Where sitteth in power the Spirit of Love ;  
 And despairing I rush from the life that He gave  
 Loving death for the life I discern 'yond the grave !

He sees, he sees  
 An infant there ;  
 The cold, cold breeze  
 Wafts to his ear  
 An infant's cry ;

- An infant, borne on waters by ;
- He dives—he saves—he bears it in—  
 (The victim it of reckless sin ;)  
 He lays it on his rugged breast,  
 And softly soothes the babe to rest,  
 Then bears it thence with anxious care  
 His destiny and hope to share,  
 In trusting faith to find some spot  
 In time to soothe their future lot,  
 His own dark purpose all forgot !

## Extracts and Intelligence.

### THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

We tender thanks for the Report of the Calcutta Diocesan Committee of this Society, embracing an account of Missionary operations to June 30th 1849.

The Report is of various, but we are sorry to add of singularly painful interest. Churches and Chapels weather-beaten and falling to ruin;—Schools abolished; Missionaries seriously sick—or in health so impaired as to necessitate an immediate return to Europe;—most serious obstacles interposed against the progress and development of our holy religion, from lack of labourers, from extent of district, from poor and imperfect means of transport, from accommodation utterly inadequate and inefficient,—these are the sad disclosures of nearly every page. In this immensely wealthy and extensive Diocese, where incomes of a richness elsewhere undervivable by personal application stream in monthly to such numerous professing Christians, for the Propagation of the Gospel in eight different Missions, composed of one hundred and five villages, in twenty-five of which are Churches or Chapels, and in seven of which are Schools, supervised by no less than fifty-four Christian Readers and Schoolmasters, it appears utterly incredible that the whole amount which could be raised—withstanding special appeals and extraordinary efforts—from the 30th of June 1848 to the 30th of June 1849, was under nine thousand four hundred rupees—less than some individuals within this region of selfish satiety either husband or squander every month!

From the extent of our Colonial empire, and the comparative indigence of other spheres of its evangelical labours, the Parent Society, about two years ago, was compelled to retrench its grants to the Indian Mission by the sum of five thousand Rupees a year. Of this due notice was given, and increase of local income earnestly solicited, in an appeal set forth with the sanction of the Bishop in December 1847. It is sad to think of the response made to all this; that the public benefactions in the year ending June 1849 were less by eighty-five Rupees than those for the year ending June 1848!

Happily, the Calcutta committee did not rely on a liberality unvouchsafed, but began the year of retrenchment with a rigid oversight of its disbursements. And true it is that a diminution of expenditure was effected, to the extent of nearly nine thousand Rupees. But at what a sacrifice, the committee's report may declare:—

“The reduction of expenditure has consequently been effected at a painful cost, by the absolute refusal to build or repair Chapels, School-houses, the abolishing of teacherships and the like. It is therefore the more a matter for great thankfulness, and very full of promise, that the spiritual prosperity of the Missions does not, as far as man can judge, appear to have slackened, though the love which is required for its outward support appears to have grown so cold.”

Let us now turn to the more pleasing features of the Report before us ; in gratitude to Him Who alone can establish us in every good word and work, that they are so interesting and so many.

The fact which the Rev. D. Jones announces in the Tallygunge Mission, "of the converts banding themselves together to supply the Society's lack and their own need, and promote the Gospel which they have received, by forming a fund for keeping up their perishable Chapel huts, and providing more substantial structures in which the Name of the Lord may be "great," and "the pure offering" be offered to It among the Gentiles," is a pleasant evidence of their faith and, of their liberality. May it stir up others to contribute of their abundance ; and especially may it encourage the Rev. A. H. Moore's people at Ishoripore to fulfil their contemplated erection and maintenance of a small bungalow to serve as a chapel.

The whole recital of the Rev. Juddoo Nath Ghose, in reference to his most important and interesting field of labour at Bali, near Calcutta, we perused with deep interest, and assurance of its promise. We see no limit to the influence of a zealous and accomplished Native Christian gentleman, prosecuting his work of faith and labour of love in more intimate "contact than has hitherto been the case in Bengal, with the dispenser of this world, with the Brahmin, and the Vedantist, strengthened by that wisdom of this world, which is now being so lavishly dispensed in India, in avowed disconnection from the wisdom that is from above." Mr. Ghose's report cannot be epitomized ; it must be read throughout by those who would properly appreciate his fit education for, and pious enlightenment in conducting, the work of a Missionary to the Hindoos. It is to such men that we look for the permanent success, and final establishment of the Gospel here.

We thank our friend the Rev. H. J. Harrison for his Report on the Dhanghātta Mission. Truly it discloses a state of affairs discreditable to us, as a people to whom much is given—of Chapels much in need of repairs, though miserable huts with but a single window of a foot square to admit the light on the ricketty stand from which the Service is read ;—of "a small trunk, procured for the occasion, which supplied the place of a Communion Table," when "the eucharist was administered to about forty persons :"—of "a narrow plank, fitted in between two wooden pillars, to answer the purpose of a reading-desk :"—of every chapel in his Mission being without a Font for the administration of Holy Baptism :—of "roofs" (and those of holy places) "in such a wretched state as to be incapable of affording any shelter in rainy weather." Still let his many consolatory experiences give him courage.

Vorwärts, fort und immer fort !  
Guter Wind, und naher Port !  
Vorwärts !

We solicit a copy of the document thus handsomely mentioned by the Calcutta Committee.

"A most ably written and interesting Report from the Rev. Mr. Perkins, at Cawnpore, whose return to Europe, on sick certificate, will be the more regretted by all who may peruse it, has already been issued in a separate form, alike from regard to its intrinsic worth, and with a view to its circulation among the local supporters of that Mission."

Also, on its issue, the valuable second Report of the Rev. Mr. Slater on the Calcutta Hindustani Mission ; and the account of the Rev. W.

O. B. Smith's Missionary excursion. These, and all other such documents with which we may be favoured, we will duly acknowledge, and if need be, notice at large.

And now let us earnestly appeal for an increase of Christian liberality on behalf of this oldest of the two great and venerable Missions of the Church of England. The researches of the indefatigable Dr. Alexander Duff in Southern India, as developed in his recent exciting speech at Agra, declare to us the vastness of the wealth which the Heathen lavish on their molten and graven images, which are profitable for nothing. The lesson which we should read from this we should be justly called trite were we to draw out to any length.

#### APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE MISSION OF MEERPUR, AT THE MOUTH OF THE ROOPNARAIN: ISSUED BY ORDER OF THE CALCUTTA DIOCESAN COMMITTEE, S.P.G.F.P.

The aid of all who are desirous for the Propagation of the Gospel is solicited in behalf of the subjoined statement and plan.

The Rev. M. R. De Mello, LL. B., of Jesus' College, Cambridge, the oldest surviving Missionary, in this Diocese, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, being in 1828 in charge of the Howrah Mission, was applied to, for employment in a mural capacity, by some people calling themselves Christians, and saying, that they formed part of a congregation residing in a Hamlet called Meerpur, near Geonkaly, at the mouth of the Roopnarain. They ascribed their origin, as a Christian community, to the labours of some Roman Catholic Priests, and particularly to Padré Simon of Calcutta, by whom most of the then existing community had been baptized. But they had long been neglected. Although attention was thus drawn to them, nothing could be done directly for their benefit. But, subsequently such children as they were willing to send for education, were received into the Howrah Mission School. In November 1833, six families, consisting of twenty-six individuals, men, women and children, came from those parts to settle at Howrah, where they sought instruction from the Rev. Mr. De Mello, and were eventually baptized in the Chapel of Bishop's College, on 3rd March, 1834, after having been twice examined by the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, and approved of by him. About 1838, the Calcutta Diocesan Committee, S.P.G.F.P., enabled the Rev. Mr. Bowyer, then in charge of the Howrah Mission, to pay them an occasional visit in a boat, and two Native Readers were located among them, as appears from the following extract from the Rev. Mr. Bowyer's Report, published in 1841:

"In December 1838, a new congregation was added to those in connexion with the Howrah Mission; viz. at the village of Meerpur, in the vicinity of Geonkaly, opposite Hoogly Point. I had for some time heard of several Roman Catholic Christians there, deserted by their Priests. There were people in the Howrah Mission who came from that part of the country, who with others informed me of this. Mr. R. Howfray, a friend of mine, also urged me to go. Accordingly we went together in December 1838, and found a village of nominal Christians, numbering, the men, women, and children, 97, with scarcely any sign of Christianity, except a few images of the Virgin Mary and Saints, no public worship, no prayer, no Scriptures, no Sacraments. After explanation, we asked them if they would receive instruction from me and from the Native Christian Teachers whom I might be able to send them. They said they would gladly. I then promised to attend to them as well as I could, and

shortly afterwards sent down two Christian Teachers ;—20 of their children were baptized, and provision was made for their instruction. I visited Geonkaly about once in three months myself."

At the end of 1839, the Rev. Mr. De Mello was appointed by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Calcutta to the special charge of these people, and a house having been rented for him at Tamlook, a Chapel was built at Meerpûr, at a cost of 550 Co.'s Rs., having attached to it a small apartment, about twelve feet square—the whole of mats and posts—in which the Rev. Mr. De Mello has since then made it his practice to reside, away from all society and civilized life, during a great part of every year. Tamlook, his permanent residence, being fourteen miles higher up the Roopnarain, his pastoral duties have necessarily been conducted at a great disadvantage in every respect, and he has repeatedly, for several years past, begged to be provided with a residence among his poor and obscure flock. Such a measure, although acknowledged to be most desirable, on the ground alike of benefit to the converts and economy—since thereby the rent of a house at Tamlook, 50 Rs. per mensem, and the keep of a boat and crew fit for the navigation of those parts, 36 Rs. per month, might be saved—has hitherto not been feasible by reason of the oppressed state of the Diocesan Committee's finances. But the recent total destruction of the Chapel and adjoining room, by a storm early in June last, has created an emergency which the Committee is desirous of meeting in the most effectual way as regards both the present and the future. It is proposed to erect on the spot a small Church, with a tower affording a dwelling of two rooms, and necessary appurtenances, for the use of the Rev. Mr. De Mello. The same to be of substantial *pukka* construction, calculated to last as long as the Gospel shall find place in those parts, and remain as a testimony should it ever be overborne. The cost of both is estimated at about Co.'s Rs. (9,000) Nine Thousand—a small sum for such an object—for it is the Everlasting Gospel that is concerned, and many a moderate dwelling house costs more. The congregation, according to the last returns, (1848,) amounts at present to 136 adults and children, of whom 49 are Communicants, and there is one School conducted on the spot.

Although this may seem but a small flock on which to bestow such an outlay, it is to be borne in mind that, whilst it would be sinful to neglect them, their situation is such that no other means of effectually caring for them can be devised but the plan now proposed. Whilst the circumstances, 1st, that Christianity has so long had a name there; 2ndly, that land has been bequeathed by one of the converts for the benefit of the Church; (as recorded by the Rev. Mr. De Mello, in his Report for 1845,) and 3rdly, that a service of Communion Plate was, some years since, presented for the use of this small flock—all seem to indicate, that the Great Shepherd of the sheep watches over this "smoking flax," in this secluded spot, and, by these signs, bids all who hear of them to "feed" these "His lambs."

The Diocesan Church Building Fund having voted the sum of Co.'s Rs. One Thousand for the Church, it is hoped that others will follow their example speedily, for it is desirable that the work be commenced immediately on the close of the present rainy season.

Contributions will be received by the Rev. Mr. De Mello, or by the undersigned, at Bishop's College.

By order of the Committee,

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA :

A. W. STREET,

13th September, 1849.

Secy. Cal. Dioc. Com., S.P.G.F.P.

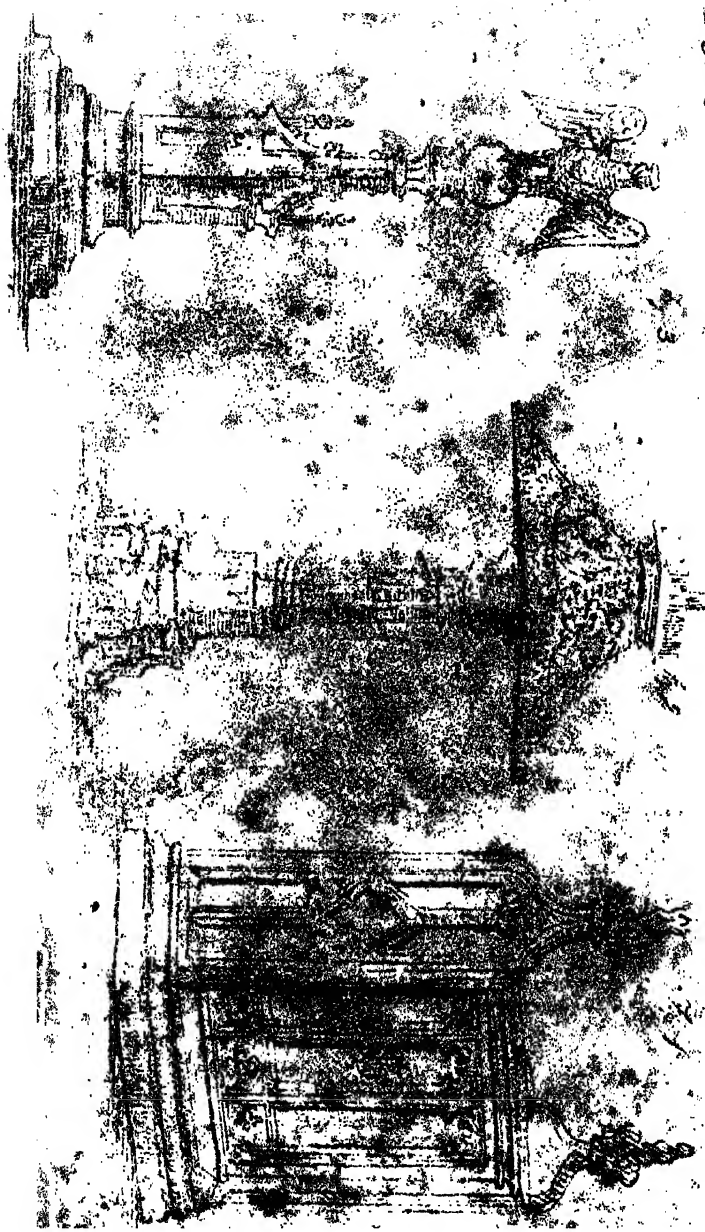




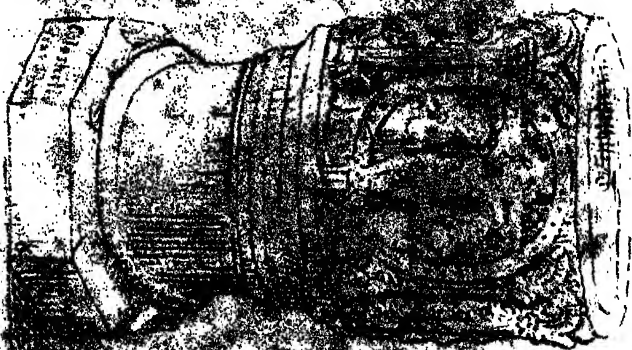
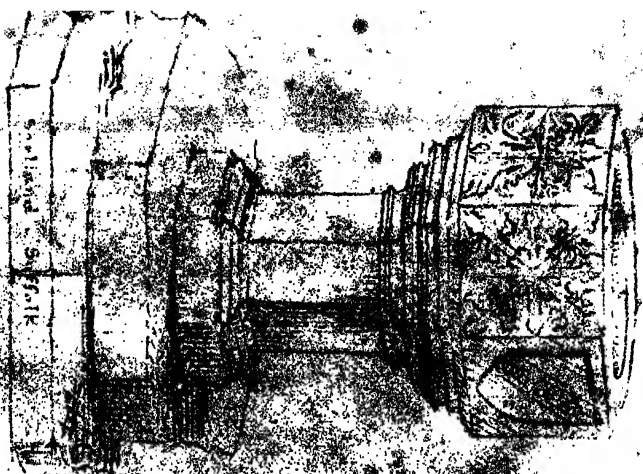




















# THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

## I.

### LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK

[ These papers are now edited with a melancholy satisfaction. They are the productions of a late accomplished member of the Civil Service, who promised to be one of the most valuable contributors to this periodical, in which he took a lively interest. They were given for the present Editor's perusal, with several other valuable historiettes, (now, it is feared, irrecoverable) about the month of September, 1848; and, subsequently, were specifically offered, as contributions to the *Benares Magazine*, with the single limitation that the proofs were to be corrected by their author. When this instruction could no longer be complied with, it became a matter of doubt whether the papers might properly be printed. But as, on consultation with some personal friends of their lamented writer, the Editor is confirmed in a conviction that their publication was definitely contemplated, he hopes that the limitation fixed is not of sufficient moment to oblige him to withhold them.]

DURING the period of this Governor's rule, and for a very long time afterwards, no one was so heartily abused as Lord William himself; and even to the present date, although the ill-will has very much subsided, very many persons can hardly hear his name mentioned with patience. That this should be the case with military officers, and all connected with the army, I do not marvel. His Lordship's name will ever stand connected in men's minds, with the odious half-batta-measure; a measure than which one more mistaken on the part of its projectors, more unjust to those who were its objects, more productive of ill-feeling in all parties, and more destructive to discipline, never was adopted. Sorry am I to say, that this most mischievous order has not, even up to this day, been rescinded. Reverting to our more imme-

diatic subject, however, I have often thought on the fact, strange as it is, yet undoubtedly true, that Lord William, strongly disapproving the half batta, and equally strongly remonstrating against its execution, persisted in carrying it out when so ordered to do. He had, no doubt, peculiar notions of his duty ; and having ascertained to his own satisfaction what that was, he adhered to it with an inflexibility, which some have attributed, perhaps in pleasantry, to his Dutch origin, but which we may, I think, with all justice put to the account of upright conscience, or more properly, a conscience of his own upright intentions. There are some who say that he should have resigned his office rather than have carried out that which he disapproved ; and that his scruples of conscience as to the rectitude of his superiors' orders, should have been paramount to those relative to the obedience due to the express and definitive orders of those superiors. I will not undertake to discuss this knotty point. I will content myself with one observation. The sufferings of Lord William, during the pelting of the pitiless storm of obloquy and abuse which poured on him from all sides, as well as from the apprehensions of a more than possible mutiny (a crisis avoided only by the good sense and loyalty of the officers, as the sepoys were ready to join) must have been extreme, and not less so than the pain he must have felt in enforcing that which he did not approve ; we may thus with some degree of certainty imagine his state of mind. They then, who suffered from his acts, and some too who are even now doing so, cannot but join with others in paying him the tribute due to his inflexible fortitude, and upright mind, while they lament that which to them and others seems to have been an error in judgment.

Howsoever small was the love borne to his Lordship by the military, their brethren of the Civil Service bore him as little, and, as I believe, even less. He was among us the object of unmitigated vituperation and satire. I am free to confess that in this respect few were more violent than I myself ; so much so indeed, that at this length of time I cannot but wonder at the greatness of the excitement. I do recollect, and there are a few others who must likewise do so, a projected and more than half-established Anti-Bentinck club, by means of which it was proposed, under a vow, to exert every means possessed by the members to subvert his Lordship's Government. The principal means were to have been essays and articles freely published in India and in England ; and earnest representations to influential private friends at home :

I do know one member, and he will smile if he reads this, who vowed to blow up, on his first visit to Calcutta, the statue opposite the Town Hall, where the effigy of his much-abused Lordship remains barcheaded in the open air, and where his head and prominent nose are daily defiled by every passing bird which chooses to alight thereon. These anecdotes of past days will serve to shew the degree of love borne to Lord W. Bentinck by the Civilians of Bengal; but whatever that might have been, it did not prevent him pursuing the *uneven* tenor of his way. Despite the club, he persevered in staying in India as long as he pleased, and his statue still looks with pitiful gaze towards the Town Hall as if craving in the midst of the heat the shelter of some friendly chatta.

It may be asked whence this hostility arose, since in the case of the Civilians there was no half batta measure. It originated in many causes. Lord W. B. commenced a system of changes which upset every existing institution; he altered laws, courts, and modes of procedure. At the time when these changes occurred, I myself felt very strongly against the majority of them; there is not one man of experience now alive who will not pronounce them most judicious. But these changes were not palatable to those used to, and educated in, another plan; if they were not so to me, then a very youth, what must they have been to men of twenty or thirty years' standing? At the same time it must be stated, that the Governor-General, in making the mutations of Courts and systems, took occasion of the change to lower infinitely the rates of remuneration, by fixing at a lower rate the salaries of new offices created to supply the places of those abolished.\* It is true, that seldom, indeed, did actual incumbents suffer; they were allowed to retain, in their new offices, their old allowances as a personal favor; their successors were to be appointed on the new scale. Thus, in point of fact, the salaries of the whole Service were lowered; as the juniors could never hope to be paid at a rate which their seniors had

\* It seems fair to note that this "infinite" reduction of the salaries of Civil Servants decreased the net revenues of the Service by less than one-fifteenth; was principally applied to offices requiring but small capacity, and most exorbitantly remunerated; and still left the Civil Service "the highest paid Service the world has ever seen, with more than *ninety lakhs* to be divided among four hundred and sixteen men." See an able article on Lord William Bentinck's administration in the *Calcutta Review* for August 1844.—*Ed.*

obtained, and which they, the juniors, had been all along led to believe that, on being appointed to particular offices, they would receive.

Great, however, as was the pecuniary loss thus inflicted, it was, as far as my recollection serves me, a drop in the ocean of indignation, in comparison to the flood called up by two other causes. The first was his Lordship's personal manner; which was, on occasions, not only the reverse of courteous, but sometimes sneering and overbearing. The members of a Government, for the most part holding situations of high trust and responsibility, have a right to be treated with the ordinary decencies of civilized life. On the other hand, insult from those whose situation places them above the common rules of society, who are in fact irresponsible to personal call, and can in all safety deal out such wrongs, can give no very high idea of the generosity and gentlemanly feelings of him who uses it.\* Secondly, it was more than whispered that Lord William, at his first coming, had a low idea of the activity, and a dubious one of the probity, of many of the Civilian; and he promulgated his Merit-fostering minute, which called for report from seniors of their juniors' conduct. This was an acknowledged method of obtaining information. The sore point, however, was a wide-spread, and, I fear, not unfounded report that his Lordship had secret informants, and that a system of espionage was carried on. This belief created a sensation of disgust beyond all description. Lord William lived to see during his Governorship that

\* From all we have been able to learn, from other sources, of the general demeanour of Lord William Bentinck, we are inclined to hope that those class-prejudices, from which the writer of these papers is generally so remarkably exempt, have here somewhat influenced his judgment. It is undoubtedly true that in official audiences the Governor-General was constrained and over-distant;—that the very suspicion of any meditated remonstrances against his measures was visited with an unmistakable absence of courtesy;—and that he met suggested innovations with a kind of perfidious acquiescence, assumed only to disappoint those whom his Lordship regarded as intruders upon his authority. And, in the natural course of things, such behaviour would be visited most frequently upon the Civil Servants, and produce a contagious disaffection throughout that body. But the fact should not be lost sight of that Lord William Bentinck was in private life the most courteous, the most affable, the most accessible and condescending of Christian Noblemen. No one ever better understood the dignity of *humanity*—none could better abstract the accidents of fortune or of circumstance, or assign its due prerogative to the appeal of a *man*. Never was a man more equitable, more charitable, more urbane to all except those whom he doubted or would put down—sometimes, it may be admitted, with too hard a hand.—*Ed.*

he had originally made a false estimate of the Service; but we never, to the last, could get over the idea that the spy system was not in a state of partial activity.\* If this notion was erroneous, his Lordship has been much belied; but in this idea originated very much of the dislike with which the Civilians viewed him.

In the latter part of the year 1832, Lord William having put to rights every thing in Calcutta, having cut and clipped all on which he could lay his hands, and acquired an unenviable name, (over and above the odium incurred on account of the measures above noticed,) for a bluntness of manner somewhat inconsistent with the polish of a gentleman, by which in his hands a harsh act seemed doubly harsh in the manner of doing it, set his face towards Hindustan, and commenced his journey to the Northward and Westward. Other Governors General had moved about with all the pomp and state of Oriental rank and power. The cortège of no potentate can compete in numbers, splendour and variety of equipage, with that of the chief Ruler of India. With people such as those of India, who see in these costly trappings the tokens of real power, it was not impolitic to deal by investing rank with its appendages. As long as our comparative weakness rendered it desirable to be politic, such things were, perhaps, necessary rather than optional; but when we had grasped

\* Even Mr. Thornton, the most virulent depreciator of Lord William Bentinck, conveys no hint of a suspicion of this kind. His words are "under pretence of improving the character of the Civil Service, and providing for the advancement of merit, he sought to establish a system of universal espionage, better suited to the bureau of the holy office of the Inquisition, than to the closet of a Statesman anxious to be regarded as the representative of all that was liberal. \* \* \* \* *Like most of his Lordship's projects, this plan met with neither approbation nor success, and was soon abolished.*" As to the system itself, it consisted only in subjecting juniors to that revision and report to official Boards which is the main security for the efficient working of a large organized establishment. It can no more be called a "spy-system" than the subjection of military subalterns to the authority and report of their Commandants. If the writer intimates a suspicion that there were hired agents in the pay of Lord William Bentinck, unconnected with the Civil Service, to scrutinize and report upon the movements of that Service, we must express our belief that it is the very last measure that so high-minded a man would resort to. The advanced regularity and morality of the present era of our Indian annals no more surely admits of the modification of Lord William Bentinck's espionage, than did the looseness, ineptitude, and official imbecility in his day—it must be gratefully owned with many honourable exceptions—prompt to such a system as the only means of regenerating the Service.—*Ed.*

substantial power, it is a question whether it was not right to shew the surrounding Chiefs that we could dispense with such accessaries. I am inclined to think that the principle was a good one; though if it be so, I look in vain to our own dear country to see one symptom of its being there carried out. However advanced the age may be, I do not perceive our gracious Queen, during her levees, drawing rooms, or progresses, surrounded with one item less of pomp and circumstance than were her predecessors. Lord William Bentinck, however, was of a different school: he laid aside the Oriental splendour which had been the uniform attendant of former rulers; and astonished India, for the first time, beheld the controller of the destinies of Hindustan, jogged and jolted like ordinary individuals in a common palanquin. His attendants, who accompanied him likewise by dawk, were his private Secretary, his medical officer, and a Native servant.

One of his Lordship's principal objects in taking this tour, as well as in adopting this method of travelling, was in every respect highly laudable; it was that of seeing with his own eyes and of judging for himself. Situated in Calcutta, he could form opinions of the working of the system, and of the conduct of those whose duty it was to superintend it, from written reports only; and to these he was not inclined to yield implicit credit. By personal inspection of establishments, by interrogation of the local authorities themselves, but above all by the facility to complaint against any offending officer of Government, and of redress by his propinquity to the injured party, he hoped to remedy whatever of the rotten was to be found "in the State of Denmark." To this no reasonable persons could in any way object. Every honest man could afford to bear any inspection however close; and it was right that the ignorant and the idle should be brought to task. But I have reason to fear much, that the journey commenced in prejudice; and that his Lordship was prepared to meet with a mass of misconduct, which he, in fact never discovered, simply because it did not exist.\*

At the period of the Governor's advent I was stationed in

\* We may remark that these papers on the Bentinck administration bear date—Simon's Town, Dec. 1845; and that their author had probably not read the article before alluded to in the *Calcutta Review*. At any rate the sheets of that number, in its third edition, were uncut at the time of his decease, in his library copy. Except the individual instances of delinquency there alleged, only of some few of those members who can no longer be wounded by their allegation, or the barest fictions, it appears

the district of Ramgurh, the head quarters of which were at Sheherghatty. The district was the most extensive in India, and contained several little principalities, whose people differed in manners and speech from each other. It has been since broken up, and the more civilized portions of it made over to the Behar district, while the mountainous tracts were put under what is called political control. Sheherghatty was the second district which would receive the presence of this high personage, as Bancorah, through which his route lay, preceded us in this honor. I well recollect the ferment that the announcement of this news created, even in our small town, which indeed bore no proportion to the size of the district. The fame of his Lordship's researches in Calcutta, and of his character for listening to complaints with his own ears, had before reached us; the people were most desirous of seeing any great man, and to behold such a great man excited proportionate curiosity. Amidst all this excitement, however, one prominent feeling had the preponderance; they could not imagine a Governor-General coming up dawk, and unaccompanied by troops, guns, elephants, camels and music. Nevertheless such was the case, and they were to behold the reality. The relays of dawk bearers for four palanquins were ordered, the Court officers were directed to be in attendance on the day of the Governor's expected arrival, the presence of the neighbouring Native Chiefs of rank and respectability was requested, and a notification was issued, that his Lordship would give audience to all who wished to make representations to him on public affairs.

At the time of which I am writing, I was a young man, and I had, as young men will have, peculiar *shouks*.\* I was then very fond of two things on which I much prided myself;

to us inconceivable how any scrutiny could be too severe, or prejudice misdirected, or misconduct exaggerated. And if such gross habits of official turpitude were not common, still if "idleness and neglect of duty had ceased to be the exception;" and "no moral turpitude was attached to such conduct," and "it entailed no dishonor in the estimation of a body which stood too much on the privileges of its order," there was surely abundant ground for all his Lordship's suspicions and resolutions.—*Ed.*

\* *SHOUK*. This word is Arabic. It signifies any particular penchant or pursuit a person may follow in preference to any other—books, hunting, shooting, music. And some there be—lucky is the district which possesses such an individual, whose *shouk* is his official occupation. For a long while it was mine, until in later years, during which I hoped against hope, I found out that zeal, hard fagging, and a decent share of intellect, are not, without the addendum of personal form, the sure road



first; shooting, especially ball practice, and, secondly, a well ordered household of servants; well made, well dressed, and well behaved. My gossip is leading me on, I see, to matters very foreign to my immediate subject; but as I am writing for my own amusement, and as by describing fully these scenes, I am accomplishing my object in giving an idea of India and the Indians, I shall follow wherever my fancy leads me. As to my household, the good conduct and civility of my domestics\* used to be a by-word; but my principal pride (folly

to distinction. Where in official life, one has to come in official contact with so many different persons, collision is sometimes inevitable, and most especially so, where a person will unswervingly follow the strict line of his duty. The enmity or the opinion of one person—such are the ramifications of relation and personal friendships, may, on occasions, by a slight word or insinuation, have not unfrequently a most materially injurious effect, and may blast hopes the most reasonable, and claims the most just. Such things, when they happen, must occasion heart-burning and disgust; they have, too, a more baneful tendency, viz. that of alienating the mind from a due discharge of duty. But here religion comes to aid, and teaches us to do our duty as to God, and not as to man—whatever man may do. It may also be a great consolation to the active officers whose services are not recognised as they deserve to be, that, however the Government may favour other functionaries whose acts are more ambitious, or whose time has been passed in the line of service which has ever of late days been exalted at the expense of the other, yet he will meet with ample recognition at the hands of the people of his district, who most acutely perceive, and repay with gratitude and love, those who exert themselves with diligence and integrity.

\* DOMESTICS.—I consider the servants of India to be equal if not superior to any in the world. We must not form a judgment of the servants, from those who are casually picked up in Calcutta, or in large military stations—or from those who have learnt English for the purpose of serving persons and families ignorant of the native languages. These, I fear, though with some exceptions, are generally rogues. The genuine Hindustani servants, in houses where his prejudices are respected, and he is treated as human beings should be, is honest, sober, well behaved, and attached. I have had almost all my servants, and all my head men, since the time of my first setting my foot in India, and I look on them all as personal friends more than as servants. One singular feature they have, however, in common with many of their fellow-countrymen,—and that is an inability to stand advancement or promotion. It is a common saying, that a servant is spoiled when his pay is raised—and I have seen too many instances of the reality, not to believe that there is much truth in the adage. One of the most active men in my service was thus spoiled. Fyz Oollah Khan was a Khidmatgar, and had lived with me many years, and had ever given me satisfaction by his untiring activity, and readiness to do his duty. When out in tents, or on dawk journeys, he was almost ubiquitous. Mounted on a small tattoo or poney he used to go, unbidden, incredible distances, and do wonders. It has often happened when travelling by dawk in my expeditions about Gya and Sheherghatty, when I directed, about sunset, my

I own it now to have been) was my body-guard, composed of ten as fine fellows, Brahmins, Rajpoots and Pathans, as ever met the eye, and splendidly did they look in uniform. These were, of course, mere personal servants and paid by me; for years did we live together, and there was not one who would not have sacrificed his life for me. Among them, let me here record the names of Fyz Ally Khan,\* once a trooper of the 6th Cavalry, as bold and upright a man as ever stepped; and of Seetuldeen and his nephew Buldeo Misser, two men to whom I owe my life, and without whose aid, I should not have been penning these lines at this moment. As to my penchant for shooting, when I did not go out in search of game, I used to practise ball-firing at a mark; and to this end I purchased musquets for all my body guard. One day in every week was a grand practice day, to which were admitted all the people of the surrounding country; every one who brought his matchlock was allowed to fire, and whoever hit the bull's eye got five rupees. As the neighbouring country abounds

palanquin to be set down, that I might eat my closing meal of cheese and biscuit, Fyz Oollah used suddenly to appear with a bason of soup or a curried fowl. He had calculated the place or station which I should reach by sunset, and had preceded me. These acts were, from their spontaneous nature, as grateful to me, as was the presented luxury. In many similar instances did Fyz Oollah shew his wish to please. He was a man too, who, though not possessed of land, and holding no higher rank than a personal attendant to a Registrar had claim to assume, was of a high though reduced family. In process of time I went to Delhi as Magistrate of that large and important city, and then I had a dispute with my head servant, poor Baboo Khan, the best servant I ever knew, and I was compelled to part, though for a time only, with him. Fyz Oollah had so well ingratiated himself with me, that he succeeded to the much coveted post of Khansaman. It so befel me at Delhi that I became afflicted with that "last infirmity of noble minds"—i. e. love; the quotation originally applies to ambition, but it may serve as well for one as the other. The course of love in this case ran smooth enough in all conscience, contrary to the usual practice; and I was called on to add to my house, and I directed Fyz Oollah to send for masons and do what was requisite. The additions were made, and the cost paid, and for a time nothing more reached my ears. Fyz Oollah continued to give satisfaction; but I was amused at his commencing to assume a certain grandeur and style of dress, which, however unusual with him, was not unbecoming the head of a large establishment. About this time too, he added a second wife to his establishment, which act in him, being a Mussulman, was perfectly legal. I sometimes did think that he was running on rather fast;—but I recollected that my monthly bills were large, and according to custom established in India, left a wide margin for profit. In the end, my services were required for a time in Boondhelcund, and I was ordered to move accordingly. Among other things notice was publicly given to all claimants that they should

\* See foot note—page 91.

with tigers, most people are armed, and thus we used to make a rather formidable muster. To complete my gunnery establishment, I had caused to be cast at Patna and at Monghyr, eight brass pieces, carrying each a two-pound ball; and for them I built a small battery, and erected a flagstaff. Now, will the reader naturally ask, can all these private peculiarities have any connexion with the Governor-General? Why, kind reader, their very existence depended on him.

You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Now it was this very prop, which sustained my house, the taking away of which by his Lordship I feared. My salary was certainly a very decent sum, though not high, considering the duties which I had to perform; and I certainly had,

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send in their accounts. My astonishment may be imagined when I discovered that Fyz Oollah had not only not paid the builders for the work which they had done, but he had kept back the money which had been given him regularly every month to discharge the house bills. The total amount which it became necessary to pay a second time, was about one thousand rupees. This delinquent was, I am afraid, a very proper subject of punishment, and he would have paid a severe penalty, had I prosecuted. I, however, being then Magistrate, I should have been partly Judge in my own cause; and besides former good conduct pleaded in his behalf, and I declined inflicting further punishment than dismissal from my employ, which was of itself a severe infliction. This is a sad instance of the effects of prosperity and advancement on a mind not fitted for it. I have heard of others, but I have not personal knowledge of them. I may, however, safely say that save in this one case, I never recollect that I suffered in any instance from the dishonesty of my domestics. I, of course, except the exaction of dustooree, or a percentage on monies paid, which custom seems to have established; nor do I allude to the lower grade of servants such as syces, or grooms and grass-cutters, and the like; men of low caste and habits, who will rarely abstain from the commission of those acts of pilfering for which they have so many opportunities.

While on this subject, let me pay a passing tribute to the memory of the servant, who for many years was the head of my establishment, and never left me save for a short interval. I mean my Khansaman, by name Baboo Khan. He was a Bengalee, and an inhabitant of Calcutta, both in my opinion against the probability of his being a good servant; yet a better never existed. He entered my service when I came out as a Writer in 1824, and died in my employ, of consumption in 1842. He was honest, faithful and without guile; while, by means of the respect in which he was held by all parties, I was spared much of the vexation usually attendant on a household. He was referee and peace-maker general among the domestics, and while he was present very rarely did any one refer his plaint to me. The cause of dispute must have, indeed, been bitter, which Baboo Khan could not remove. In the mean time he was as charitable as Christian heart could wish. He would ever put the best con-

though the Duke of Newcastle had not at that time propounded the maxim in public, a right to do what I pleased with my own. As I have, however, before said, we had heard, and certainly, as we subsequently found out, not without reason, that Lord William was a clipper of salaries. It naturally, therefore, occurred to me, that if his Lordship were, as he was almost sure to do, to put his eyes on my establishment, my battery and my guns, he would consider the pay of an officer who could thus afford to fool away (I did not then think that word applicable,) his money, a fit subject for curtailment. Having, therefore, held high counsel with myself, I resolved on laying up all my siege ordnance in ordinary, and temporarily disbanding my army. All hands were soon busily engaged in pulling down the guns and stowing them away in my godowns. My orders were precise, that all should be removed; but, as will be subsequently seen, they were not implicitly obeyed. In addition to these arrangements, I directed my men to remain quietly in their houses, while I

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struction on people's actions, and whether as almsgiver<sup>o</sup> in his own person, or almoner on my behalf, he was indefatigable in alleviating the distress of the poor. He lies buried at Azingurli, where a tomb erected by his Mussalman friends marks the spot. I threw the last dust on him. I would notice, too, my old and faithful Blutton, my Sirdar or personal attendant, who has been with me from the first day of my arrival in India up to this day; but he still lives, and I hope he will do so for many a day. He has now two sons in my service.

\* Fyz Ally Khan was the model of a Pathan and a soldier. He had been in the service, and quitted it because he disliked the discipline. Tall and upright, with the Jewish hooked nose, he was not the least handsome of the many Pathans whose families have settled in and about the Sheherghatty pergunna. Among many good qualities, he possessed one rather rare in Hindustan; he never made use of the fulsome language too generally adopted by the Natives, though this habit has of late not only fallen into desuetude, but has given way to one of rather an opposite tendency. Fyz Ally was as open in his speech as ready in his action—and to bid him do anything, was to know that it was as good as done, even though it militated against his own prejudices. An instance now occurs to me, which may exemplify this, and at the same time exhibit some peculiarities of Native character.

In early days, as far back as 1825-26, I had formed an acquaintance with poor Aga Ferhut Ally, one of the illegitimate sons of the celebrated Rajah, or latterly Maharnjah, Meterjeet Singh of Teekaty, a potentate much esteemed by every European functionary. This acquaintance ripened into a kindly friendship, which lasted until death, caused, I fear, by too free living, cut off Ferhut Ally in 1841. The Aga one day invited me to his house to a party, where, as was the custom in those days, some nautch girls were introduced to amuse the guests by their dulcet tones and graceful movements; at least so some used to think them. Although these nautches are given in private houses, and are to all intents and purposes,

contented myself with the attendance of the four official chuprassies allowed by Government, and which were in good sooth as many as I required for the duties of my office. Being thus prepared, and as the seamen say, all snug, I quietly, and, if I recollect rightly, somewhat anxiously awaited the approach of the great man, who was expected to arrive early next morning. My immediate superior, the Judge and Magistrate, (these incompatible offices, subsequently separated by Lord W., were then combined in one) had asked me to breakfast to be introduced to the ruler of our destiny.

The Judge and Magistrate thought it incumbent on him to proceed on horseback to meet the Governor-General at a little distance from the station; and he accordingly mounted while it was yet dark, and set off. He reached the coming palanquins of the illustrious cortége about two miles off a little before day break, and accompanied it in. He was trotting on along aside of the Governor's conveyance, when bāng! was heard a report of a gun, which was echoed among the surrounding hills, and for which a little two-pounder would

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private parties, yet being held in the large hall, the male members of the household assemble to look on and criticize; with them come their relatives and acquaintances, and at last strangers creep in and a motley crowd of by-standers is collected. None of these, however, ventured to be seated, which would have been considered disrespectful to the owner of the house and his company. The privilege of sitting in the presence of a man in authority is not granted but to equals, or by favor; and it used to constitute one of the tests of rank, though this too is in many quarters giving way by degrees. On this evening Aga Ferhut Ally, myself and the other friends were, in the year 1826, sitting at one end of the room on an elevated dais, and the performers were exerting themselves for our amusement, when a movement was seen among the crowd, which presently opened; and from it appeared a Mussulman fakeer, with a green turband shewing him to be a Syud, who at once without asking permission marched up the room, and with the utmost nonchalance set himself down right opposite to us. I was not a little surprised at this conduct. If the stranger was an invited guest, and was of equal rank, he should have had a seat with us; if not, he should have taken his place among the by-standers. To do as he had done was a piece of exceeding impudence, nay insolence. At first I was inclined to think that he was a performer of some kind, such as are frequently introduced to divert the people, and I expected to see him commence operations. Finding that he sat still, and that he was no performer, I turned to Aga Ferhut Ally, who seemed annoyed, and asked him who this person was, who was thus misbehaving himself. The Aga denied all knowledge of him, and said that he was an intruder; to which I replied some words expressive of my displeasure at the occurrence. I saw very well that my friend was a little bit puzzled, and did not well know how to act. The intruder was by his dress a reputed holy man, a fakeer—and also a Syud, one of the holy family, and Mussulmans are bound to hold all such, in high regard. I had lived long enough to know the assuming

hardly have got credit. "Ha, Mr. C.," said his Lordship, "I did not know that you had any troops here," and he popped his face enquiringly out of his palanquin. My superior was obliged then to explain, that the report did not proceed from any military implement of war, but from one attached to the establishment of his Registrar and Assistant. The same report awakened me, who had not seen the necessity of going out to meet the Governor, from my slumbers, and I was no less astonished than was his Lordship. A subsequent explanation with my Commander of artillery, Seetuldeen Misser, above named, informed me how this had come to pass. Seetuldeen, who used always to fire the evening and morning gun, had held that my dignity, or rather that the dignity and credit of his battery, would vanish with the intermission of even one day's firing, and he had ventured on disobedience in consequence. What his Lordship thought of my gun I know not. He stayed with us two days; the gun fired regularly, and my pay was not cut.

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annoyance of these fanatics, and that by far the greater part of them hide beneath this pretended asceticism all conceivable abomination. It was this arrogance alone which had prompted this man to enter unbidden and seat himself in a place where were seated men of rank—and I a Government officer, at a time too when their name commanded more respect than it now does. Aga Ferhut Ally was on the horns of a dilemma—he did not like to offend a Syud, and a holy man—and he was equally unwilling that a hakim, or officer of Government, should be displeased and insulted. I could have cut this knot in no time, as a word to my attendants would have rid us of the nuisance; but in a friend's house this was not my business: it was for him and not for me to take the initiative in such ease. Compelled, though unwillingly to take some step, Ferhut Ally sent one of his servants to the Fakcer begging him to remove from the place, where he had seated himself, and to locate himself elsewhere. I do not think that the offender was surprised at the message, as he must have expected it; and he speedily resolved to continue in the course which he had commenced. He rose, turned round, ascended the dais or platform where we were sitting, and came to the side of the place where Ferhut Ally was, and within four paces of me. This of itself was a most unwelcome trespass on decency, and of itself would have warranted the summary expulsion of the offender; but he apparently knew the ground on which he stood, and that besides being himself a Syud, or descendant of the Prophet, poor Ferhut Ally's title to purity of origin was less than questionable. He assumed, therefore, a most insolent tone, and without using one of the respectful prefixes usually joined to addresses, asked Ferhut Ally, whether it was by his orders, and why he had been removed from the place he had selected. Ferhut Ally was manifestly frightened, and seemed apprehensive that he might incur further odium and insult; it is not also impossible that fear of the Syud's spiritual influence had fallen over him, for men of this kind are generally supposed to have power over demons, and to possess potent spells. Whatever might have been the cause, my friend began to make profuse apologies for what he had done; and

It was on that morning at breakfast time, or rather a little before it, that I first set my eyes on the subject of this paper : I duly repaired about 8 o'clock to the bungalow of my worthy and respected superior, Mr. C., where were assembled all the native officers of the Courts to pay their respects. There were besides these, the Military Secretary, the Doctor, and our own mirth-loving excellent medico, D. W.; and we all awaited the appearance of Lord W. who in due time came forth. He was above the middle size, robust in make, prominent features, and a bright grey eye, which twinkled anon as if its natural occupation were that of piercing into matters of mystery. His dress was of a very ordinary description, and his *tout ensemble* reminded me of a country gentleman of rather ordinary calibre, rather than of a high bred noble. Those personally unknown were then introduced, and we were very graciously received. Before sitting down to breakfast, however, his Lordship expressed a wish to see the Native officers, that they might be dismissed to

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finally, to exonerate himself from being personally the cause of offence, he explained that it was not he who had originated the removal, but the "Sahib-i-Angrez" who were sitting by his side. To most persons this would have been a sufficient and decisive reply—but not so to the fakeer, who was determined to carry on the game. For this I can assign no reason; he had counted on Ferhut Ally's forbearance, and successfully too. Why he should have counted on mine I know not. If he did so, he erred very grievously. Perhaps he thought his sacred character would have prevented any one from laying hands on him, although trespassing as he was against all politeness and decency. Here too he was in error, although it must be allowed, that in very many instances his calculations would have been right, and his assumed character would have carried him harmless. In this case, however, it was otherwise. When Ferhut Ally had done speaking, the fakeer cast a contemptuous glance to where we were sitting, and turning to Ferhut Ally, said, in a loud voice, "I came here to see you—do you think I came here to see these Feringhees?" The term Feringhee is never made use of, save by the most ignorant classes, but as a term of reproach. These words were not only insulting, but spoken in a tone which left no doubt of the intention, as well as that all in the room should hear it. I doubt if our host Ferhut Ally dared to take notice of this glaring behaviour, or if he would have done so or not. At all events it would have been very inconvenient for him to take up the matter; and I was resolved that it should not go unpunished. A personal interference on our part was out of the question. I turned round to the insolent scoundrel and addressed him very coolly:—"It matters very little," said I, "whether you came here to see the English gentlemen, or my friend Ferhut Ally; but as you have misbehaved yourself so grossly, I take upon myself on his behalf to say that you shall stay here no longer, so begone at once and leave the room." He must have seen when I took up the business that I should follow it up—but nevertheless he did not stir for some seconds—but was proceeding to speak again. I knew well that he would have been more audacious than

their respective employments. They were, therefore, arranged in a neighbouring room, and Lord W. entered, attended by his Military Secretary, who did the duty of interpreter in all communications with the natives; all other media of intercourse were apparently considered as tainted. Mr. C. and myself attended as a matter of course, but our services were not put in requisition, save merely in making the formal announcement on presentation of such of the chief officers who were thought worthy of the honor. It has been before said that His Lordship was dressed as a private gentleman; it so happened at the same time that the worthy Secretary, then Major B., wore a kind of de-

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he yet had been, and, perhaps, a worse scene might have been enacted; whereupon, seeing that he would not go of his own accord, I turned to my attendants and desired them to remove him. No demur was made, but no one probably liked to be the foremost in laying hands on the insolent Syud, and a slight pause ensued. I again turned round and uttered the word "Fyz Ally Khan, did you hear my order?" This was all that was wanted. The Mussulman soldier seized the Mussulman Saint, and despite the sanctity of his race and the greenness of his head-piece, catching him behind the neck, shoved him off the dais, and then gradually thrust him all the way down the hall, straight through the midst of the crowd which was assembled at the bottom, and finally out of the door. Immediately that his bluster was of no further use, and that he had met with those who would succumb to his insolence, the business was closed. Right glad was my friend Ferhut Ally that the intruder had been got rid of, and by means which did not compromise himself. I have, however, mentioned this occurrence to shew, how far Fyz Ally Khan set at defiance, in the present instance, all the prejudices of his religion, and the habits in which he had been brought up, in the execution of his duty. Nor was this the only occasion on which he shewed his activity and devotion. Well do I recollect his indignation, which once broke out in no measured terms. In his absence on a visit to his relations, I was very nearly losing my life by the hands of an assassin. The culprit was apprehended and punished. When Fyz Ally Khan returned, and heard the particulars, he was very wroth that those present allowed the miscreant to live, and vowed, that had he been there he would have massacred him on the spot. I do not doubt that he would have done so. Poor Fyz Ally too is dead. I made him a Darogah or Police Superintendent at Delhi in 1833, and he died shortly after.

The name of my poor friend Ferhut Ally puts me in mind of a singular scene, which, in conjunction with him, I once witnessed. It will serve to shew the system of things as it once was in Hindostan; what kind of prejudices were once entertained, and how they have vanished. It was the year 1825 that I went to the military station of Dinapore to see a shipmate, poor Foley of the 10th N. I.; and as Ferhut Ally wished to see the world I took him with me. He was, as I have before said, the illegitimate son of the Hindoo Maharaja Meterjeet Singh. The Native Princes often form connections not strictly warranted by their laws; but the light manner in which offences against morality are viewed by the people at large, renders such cases not uncommon. Meterjeet had two sons thus born, and both were allowed to be-



mi-military dress, the most distinguished feature of which was a red waistcoat edged with gold lace; over it he wore a blue surtout coat. On the entry of the great personage into the room aforesaid, the Secretary closely followed, and ranged himself close to his principal, ready to perform his duty. The Amlahs were all prepared to make their profound salams and their hands were half way to their partly bent foreheads, when they seemed, as if by one accord paralysed; they looked at the two personages in dire and horrid doubt, as to which was the great man to whom the homage was due. How far this was complimentary to him, who, next to the King on his throne, was England's most powerful scion, the reader may judge. Our suspense was not, however, long. The Serishtadar or head man, after having held counsel for one second in his high mind, determined the matter by deliberately making his respects to Major B., instead of to Lord William. I

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come Mussulmans. They were well provided for and brought up, and they ever proved better and more obedient offspring than the two legitimate sons the Rajahs Het Narain, and Mood Narain who now possess the Teckary property. The eldest of the Mussulman sons, by name Khan Bahadoor, received a partial English education, and was much noticed by the families of Europeans and by the British functionaries, to whom he made himself agreeable. In these visits he was often accompanied by his half brother Ferhut Ally, at all times an intelligent, well behaved youth, but especially so at the time of which I am writing.

When we arrived at Dinapore, it so happened that the officers of one of the King's regiments there stationed had advertised an Amateur play: the Rivals; and I, anxious to shew my friend what was to be seen, took two tickets. When the evening came my friend and I took our seats among many persons whom we knew, and who knew us, as they had seen and associated with us. We had not sat long when a man despatched from behind the stage came up to me asking who the Native sitting next to me was. I mentioned his name and my own as a guarantee for his respectability. In a short time the man returned and asked a further question as to the youth's parentage—as to how a Mussulman could be the offspring of a Hindoo. The scene was become painfully embarrassing to a young man and one after all a stranger in the place, when an elderly gentleman in uniform who had seen me at my friend's house during the day, interfered, and told the man to give his name, Major M.'s name, to any one who made further enquiries. I thought this had settled the matter, as we heard no more for a short space. At length the man re-appeared and told me that *the curtain would not rise until the black man had withdrawn*. They discerned that we should have persisted in staying; but so to do would have been to destroy the pleasure of the assembled company, and so, placing Ferhut Ally's arm within my own, I walked out of the theatre. The next day we tried to get at the bottom of the affair, but after doing all we could, got no redress. It was not till some years after, that in relating the circumstance I discovered the real cause of this singular affair. It seems that the regiment in question had just arrived from England, and knew nothing of the

could scarcely forbear laughing outright ; but Lord William past it off in the utmost good humour. After asking some unimportant questions of the people, he gave them their dismissal, and directed that all the native gentlemen of distinction, who wished to pay their respects, should be present after breakfast, to which meal we presently adjourned. His Lordship was pleasant and chatty ; agreeable, and naturally full of inquiries. I recollect relating much to his amusement the outlines of the story, which I some years ago elaborated

manners of the people. The lady of the Commanding officer, seeing a black man seated in the house, deemed her dignity injured, and said she would leave the house if he did not. This lady was a subject of that Government whose present Queen, in the year of our Lord 1842, received with every distinction and without scruple the Parsee travellers and Baboo Dwarkanath Tagore. So much for pride—so much for prejudice. •

MUSTER.—At these musters many curious circumstances used to take place ; and they were very characteristic of the people. On one occasion Baboo Mitterbhan Singh, the son of the Rajah Gunsham Singh, and father of the present Rajah of Deo, came to pay me a visit about shooting time, and I asked him to come out and join in the sport, as I knew that he was a keen sportsman and a good shot. In process of time his gun came, and he fired several times. How it came to pass I know not, or perhaps on that day my hand was in, but so it fell out that all my balls went near the bull's eye, while his were very short of it. The good humoured youth seemed vexed at his want of luck ; but one of the by-standing attendants, a half-servant half-friend, immediately suggested a consolation. "Does not," said he "your excellency recollect that your much respected teacher, from whom you learned the art of handling the gun, expressly forbid your firing at the sun or anything resembling it? See now, look at yonder chaud-mira, or target ; is it not round and yellow, (it happened to be covered with wax cloth) and very like the sun? Can the Baboo Sahib," said he appealingly to his fellow-servants, "expect any luck when he fires at a thing like that?" The bye-standers gave a hum of applause and of consent at the solution of the difficulty. I was not so easily contented, but to express my dissent was not polite, wherefore I fell in with the general opinion as far as silence gave consent, and directed a square piece of board to be suspended from a tree, that we might try our skill at that. But the poor Baboo's luck had entirely deserted him, and here he failed as he had before done. No surprise, however, was in any way excited. The same attendant very gravely propounded that the unlucky shot at the sun had caused the ill-luck, and that it was useless to try any more shooting that day. Not a soul was there on the ground, myself excepted, who did not believe that the true cause of Mitterbhan's want of success was what had been so gravely told them.

On another occasion, among other candidates for the prize, appeared a man whose legs were wholly useless to him, they being bent underneath him, and he shambled along by aid alone of a pair of small crutches. When I saw this figure approach, and rest himself on the spot where the shooters took up their position, I naturally marvelled ; and the more so when I heard him cry out :—"God is great, and merciful ; will any one

into the tale of the "Diamond of Jypore," and published in the Bengal Annual. By the way, I subsequently asked the Serishtadar, a man of great intelligence, how he came to make the mistake of bowing to the Secretary, instead of the Lord. He very frankly told me how embarrassed he felt on the occasion ; " but " said he " though neither of the gentlemen were very well dressed, considering what mighty men they were, I thought I could not be wrong in bowing to him, who was the better dressed of the two." It was in fact the red waistcoat that did it.

*( To be continued.)*

lend a poor lame man a gun, for the love of God?" The appeal was not made in vain. Two or three Mussulmans offered their matchlocks, and he accepted one. It was now time for me to interfere, and I accordingly asked what he was going to do with the gun. " Why," replied he, " to shoot at the mark to be sure." I remonstrated saying " What is the use of this ? You are evidently no huntsman or shooter, what can be the use of your firing ? " " Why " returned he " it is very true that I know nothing about shooting ; but whoever hits that mark gets five rupees ; and if it be God's will that I should have those rupees, I shall hit it ; so here goes." He placed his matchlock on a rest ; and not only did the bullet go wide of the mark, but the recoil of the gun knocked the truster in Providence head over heels. His faith, however, did not go entirely unrewarded ; for though not entitled to the prize, his case excited interest, and he went away with a present which was to him a handsome sum.

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## II.

## ON THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENT OF CHURCHES, AND THEIR FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS.—PART II.

## THE SCREEN, REREDOS OR DOSSEL.

They invariably occupy the end of the chancel. They are sometimes of stone, also of wood, or in lieu of either, tapestry hangings.

The Camdenians are averse to Reredos. They say that they are "fit only for a large church," and again "Reredos for the most part are intolerable;" from which opinion I beg to differ.

According to the 82d Canon it is required "*that the Ten Commandments be set up at the East end of every church and chapel where the people may best see and read the same.*" Again, at an earlier period, in the articles or advertisements of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1564, it is directed "*to set the Ten Commandments upon the east wall, over the said (Communion) table.*" At Badgeworth, Gloucestershire, the table of commandments is of oak, with the lettering cut upon it. Its date is 1595 (see Glossary).

It has been held as doubtful, whether, by "the east end of the church," that of the nave or chancel were meant. If we were to be guided by existing examples we should be rather puzzled to decide, for they (the Commandments, &c.) are found in both situations, and also on the side walls of some churches. My own observations lead me to the conclusion that the original intent and practice was to paint over the "*idolatrous pictures*" on the boarding which usually filled the upper portion of the chancel arch, above the rood screen, and to paint the commandments thereon. The paintings on these boardings usually represented the doom of the wicked; in the expanded jaws of a whale, with flames devouring kings, ecclesiastics, harlots and heretics. In a small church in Essex, I could distinctly trace this picture beneath a thin coat of whitewash on which the Commandments were painted in old letters, perhaps of Edward the Sixth's time. In many places these have been painted over with the royal arms; however it is a matter of taste, and as these most important passages of Scripture can be made to add to the ornament of the Reredos, we may be permitted to make use of them.

When in England, I designed and had executed four such screens, all of Caen stone ; one for St. Lawrence, Ipswich, of five compartments, rich "Perpendicular" work ; one for Coggeshall, Essex, also of five compartments, with less tabernacle work : one for Padstow, in Cornwall, "Transition, Early English to Decorated," very rich, of five compartments likewise ; and one for Helmingham, Suffolk, rich "Decorated," only two compartments or shallow niches with crocketed canopies.

I saw many lately set up. The effect is decidedly good ; the lettering is illuminated, the capitals being of different colors and different degrees of richness of design.

The Coggeshall screen was lettered and illuminated by the rector's lady. The grounding was pale buff : as in the screens of Padstow and Helmingham ; in these latter the lettering was very richly illuminated. In the St. Lawrence screen, the ground-work was frosted, or deadened gold, and the letters shaded so as to give them a raised appearance. Could not amateurs be found both willing and able to render so much service to any Church in India ? It is on such that labor would not be thrown away. Are there not many ever ready to paint a scene for a theatre, a landscape for a lady's album, or a transparency for a ball room ? I am sure that they only require encouragement to render the same aid for a church when called upon.

#### THE BENCHES.

In the olden time oak benches were the fashion in European countries. In India chairs are generally preferred, but good benches, with cane bottoms and with arms to divide off the sittings, [if insisted on] are better than chairs. inasmuch as they ensure a uniform appearance.

Two feet wide by 15 inches deep is the average space found to suffice, and from the back of one bench to the other any space less than three feet is too cramped ; for this country three feet six inches to four feet is nearer the mark, as I have before mentioned. The height should not be above three feet.

I take it for granted that few are now to be found who would advocate pews or railed pews, with doors or gates, such as still remain in some of our churches—Benares and the Calcutta churches to wit.

There are various patterns of ancient benches which all had solid oaken seats. Rattan is easily worked, and is more comfortable, and does not interfere with the general design. The most

elegant pattern is what is called the poppy-head (see Plate). The ends are always solid in old examples, but they can be made up of separate pieces, which, when there is pannel work, reduces the expense and difficulty of execution.

There is an infinite variety of poppy-heads; so that by adhering to the general form and *taille*, a person of taste could find ample scope for design. Next to the poppy-heads come the square-headed ends, either pannelled or plain, with buttresses, and good mouldings to the top rail. Some of late date, particularly in the Western counties, are made of broad and thick oak and chesnut planks, richly carved with basso relievos: one at Padstow in Cornwall for instance, has a carving representing a fox in a Monk's cowl, preaching from a pulpit to a flock of geese. (See Plate). This subject is not an uncommon one, and appears to have been intended as a satire upon the itinerant Monks. Rich groups of foliage and scrolls were common; also escutcheons, with the arms of the chief families who were benefactors to the church. Also rebuses or emblems representing names of persons who owned the benches:—thus *Bolton*; an arrow piercing a cask—*Hammerton*; a hammer and a cask—*Butter* or *Buller*; two butts and an R united with a scroll or a cord,—*Lambird*, or *Lambert*; a lamb and a dove, &c.

In many of the Suffolk churches the backs of the benches are elaborately carved as well as the ends; but this is a waste of labor, for it cannot be seen, particularly with the modern and most necessary arrangement of a book ledge at the back of each seat, for the use of the next range. The foremost bench of all next the pulpit, alone requires an ornamental front; indeed it is no bench, but a reading desk, or book stand. Strong stanchions at every  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet as a support to the back rail and book ledge, where for chairs only; or the same plain pannelled where cane seats are introduced, is all that is requisite. Carved work is not agreeable to lean against, which is a cogent objection.

With square ends, and no poppy-heads, the bench ends can be made wider, and should be divided each into three compartments; two equalling the space of the seat side, and one for the book ledge or back facing, two feet six to three feet is the greatest width required. Poppy headed ends are narrower; few are found as much as two feet wide, except when they have elbows (see Plate). The back or upper rail should be richly moulded, when the funds are not very limited at all times; it is not very expensive, because it can, and ought to be done with planes made up for the purpose,

which any carpenter of moderate ability would use efficiently. The benches should not be fixtures, as in England, but moveable; though sufficiently firm to prevent their shaking or tilting. Saul wood picked, of even grain, is sufficiently good, and less liable to warp than any other except teak, which is the best of all woods, except for carving. Some oily kinds only answer for that purpose; generally it is found too dry and brittle. All straight-grained wood is easier for the plane and less liable to warp than others. Such are sissoo, ton, ber, &c.

#### POSITION OF THE BENCHES.

They should be right and left of the centre and facing the East end, not only that all the congregation may see the minister; but it has been customary from the earliest times for Christians to pray with their faces turned towards the East.

In Reeves' Edition of the Book of Common Prayer, 1801, in the "*Introduction to the Common Prayer*," treating of the Apostles Creed, it is said—"The custom is to turn towards the east for the same pious reasons that are given for placing the chancel there, namely, that from certain expressions in Scripture the east has been deemed symbolically to be the peculiar residence of God." That it has ever been a Christian custom there can be no manner of doubt: therefore, it should be observed, though its origin may possibly be traced to times antecedent to Christianity, and the practice be not confined to Christians. Most heathen temples face the east, and the people face the rising sun when they pray. The Mussulmans face the west, the supposed direction of Mecca; and in Europe, Christians the East, the direction of Jerusalem. Most churches, for the same reason, are built east and west, though not exactly so; indeed it varies from N. E. to S. E., the reason of which is supposed to be, that the direction was fixed by the shadow of a plumb-line or of a pole, cast by the rising sun, and that as it was usual to lay the foundation on the anniversary of the particular Saint to whom the dedication was made; therefore the direction would vary more or less by the position of the sun, south or north, according to the season. Some churches have the chancel at a considerable angle with the line of the nave; and some have the aisles even so placed. Most, if not all of these, have two dedications, such as St. Margaret's, St. Michael and St. Mary, Coddensham, Suffolk, is an instance of striking deviation. In this building the dates of the

chancel and nave are very different, and the great length of the former, together with the difference of level of the buildings, would warrant the supposition of the one having been a separate Church of itself, to which the nave had been added. Stow Market Church, Suffolk, which has two dedications, must have been two churches built side by side, and subsequently thrown into one. But this is a digression my readers must pardon. I will now offer a few words upon

#### STALLS, CHAIRS, &c.

Properly speaking, no stalls could be needed in the chancels of ordinary churches in this country; for, according to the "Camdenians," laymen have no right to seats in the chancel; and as there are not, nor are there likely to be, a sufficient number of ecclesiastics to occupy them, the placing them would seem superfluous. Yet for my own part I should like to see them for the use of the communicants—indeed the wording of part of the Communion Service would seem to imply that they were invited to approach from the body of the Church. "*Ye that mind to come to the Holy Communion, &c.,*" and again, "*draw near with faith,*" &c. Why should not the communicants, upon the exhortation being made, leave the body of the church and range themselves in the chancel as most do now, moving from their own seats to others nearer the altar? In such case, chancel seats or stalls might be used. I am by no means sure of its being an established fact that none but the clergy were admitted into the chancel;\* and be it so or not, it is questionable whether the distinction should still continue to exist.

The stalls were often plain *miserere* seats, with desks before them, and more commonly had tabernacle-work canopies behind or over them. These afford good patterns for chairs (see Plate). The Camdenians say there should be no chairs, but stalls or sedilia, on the south side of the altar, as in olden time. Here I dissent. It is well, perhaps, in England

\* Joseph Bingham, (*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, VIII. v. § 7) makes the following remark on this point. "I must note, that, according to the difference of times and places, different customs seem to have prevailed in this matter; for the most ancient custom was, both for men and women to come up to the altar and communicate there, as it appears to have been in the third century in the time of Dionysius of Alexandria, who speaks both of men and women standing at the Holy Table, and reaching forth their hands to receive the Eucharist there. And the same privilege was allowed the people in France in the sixth century."—*Ed.*



to restore and make use of the sedilia, where beautiful examples remain; but to make in new Protestant churches, arrangements which strictly belonged to the performance of high mass, is surely a questionable act. That the clergy must sit somewhere, and on something, all will allow. Why not then adhere to the custom—prevailing since the Reformation, when the sedilia were blocked up,—of stools? Chairs are the handsomest furniture for the purpose.

The lectern and pulpit both require seats, the former a massive chair, the latter must be attached to the pulpit; a board or cane frame fastened with hinges and clasp.

#### ALMS CHEST.

By the 84th Canon all parishes were commanded to "*provide and have a strong chest, with a hole in the upper part thereof, having three keys \* \* \*. Which chest they shall set and fasten in the most convenient place, to the intent, the parishioners may put into it their alms for their poor neighbours, &c.*"

The existence of alms chests is proved nevertheless to have been far earlier than this Canon; for they are found of date as early as the 12th and 13th Centuries. Some of them were very richly wrought. That at Castle Acre, in Norfolk, which originally belonged to the Abbey, is a very beautiful one. In Bramford, Suffolk, is a box of Queen Elizabeth's reign, over which is a paraphrase in verse of the 17th verse of the sixth chapter of Proverbs,—"*He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord.*" And this was one of the praiseworthy customs of the good times of old, when the penitent and the humbly charitable, who would not "*let their left hand know what their right hand did,*" upon leaving the house of prayer and thanksgiving, dropped their shillings and pence silently into the alms box. And why should we not have our alms boxes in this country too? Some may say, we don't carry money in India. To this I reply, you *can* carry it for any special purpose; and *do so*, when you receive the sacrament. Why then can you not carry your rupees or smaller coins for the alms box? These boxes may be of any pattern (see Plate); and should be fastened to the walls, on which, immediately above it, should be painted the text above quoted, or any other equally appropriate, of which the offertory supplies plenty of examples. The boxes may be of iron or stone, or carved wood, neatly and appropriately bound with iron or brass.

If preferred, these boxes may stand on a stem and be moveable like teapots, ( see Plate). Such admit of a variety of tasteful designs.

#### PUNKAHS.

Having described all the other furniture for both an Indian and an English church, I will mention one which belongs more legitimately to the promised chapter on ventilation— suffice it, therefore, to say that punkahs can be made in some degree ornamental, and should be always slung endways with the building ; otherwise both the view of the minister, and the sound of his voice are obstructed. Punkahs can either be pannelled richly, or framed, and have scrolls with sentences painted on them.

#### SCRIPTURE SENTENCES ON THE WALLS.

On this I may at once offer my suggestions. These are also required by the 82nd Canon to be placed in different parts of a church. "*And other chosen sentences written upon the Walls of the said churches and chapels in places convenient.*" They appear to have been meant to supply the place of the old frescoes representing subjects from the Scriptures, or, more commonly, from the legends of the Saints. I have found them of date as early as the reign of Edward the Sixth ; but I think it is an error to suppose that such did not exist previously, and in the vulgar tongue as well as in Latin. On the rood beam of Eye church in Suffolk, evidently dating earlier than the Reformation, is written in black letter, the passage, "*And Jesus saith, What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?*" On the hammer beams of St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmund, is written alternately "God me guide, God me govern ;" and the whole of the chancel-arch was covered with writing in large letters. It was too much defaced for me to read it.

The sentences can be done on scrolls tastefully wound, or in plain lines on the walls, between the windows ; beside and over the doors ; and round the window labels and arches ; on the beams, and in the cornices, as in St. Mary's Bury, in the chancel, where rows of angels are represented holding a long scroll.

The capital letters should be azure, or any other color but red, which is always used for the words God, Christ, Jesus,

Holy Ghost, &c.; all other letters should be black. Plenty of specimens of this kind of work are now common on most people's drawing-room tables, illumined Keep-sakes, Scripture passages, the Parables, the Beatitudes, &c. To these I am compelled to refer my readers, as I have not the leisure nor ready means of supplying examples here.

The capitals should be scarcely less than six inches deep; and ordinary letters, about three. Black letter or old English is best, though an early type of Roman may be used, or any other ornamental letter, and for this country, even Persian and Deva-Nagree, which admit of tasteful arrangement, would be very appropriate. The latter character is being freely used in the New Benares College, which will be extensively ornamented with passages from Sanscrit, English, Persian and Arabic works.

In connection with the foregoing is another department of decoration, namely,

#### THE PAINTING OF THE WALLS AND CEILINGS IN FRESCO.

This is, perhaps, of all decorations, that which is least needed, and may find fewest advocates; yet, where judiciously employed and not overdone, the effect is good, and it is no very difficult task to perform. Of late years, so much has been done in the decorative line, both in domestic and in ecclesiastical buildings, that many tradesmen have set up as "Decorators." The restoration of the Temple church first gave the impulse which set others to work, and led to a search for old frescoes, long hidden under countless coats of whitewash, in our country churches. To most tastes, the paintings of the groins and other portions of the Temple church are far too gaudy; but after a few years the glare of the colors will be softened down.

From the 12th to the 16th century the art appears to have been in much favor, it no doubt could be traced as far back as the Romans, both in England and in France. In 1821, when I was residing at Rennes in Brittany, some early frescoes were discovered on a wall in an old Abbey, upon its demolition, which took place in my presence. The colors were still bright. Many very curious paintings have been discovered in different parts of England within the last few years. In the ruins of the Chapel of St. Stephen, Westminster, the remains of some fine paintings (of their kind) used to be shewn. They are engraved in Smith's antiquities of Westminster. On the Continent, there are still ma-

ny churches in which examples exist. The roofs of St. Jacques's church at Lieges are depicted in "Weal's Quarterly papers (where also are to be found examples of restorations of the Temple Church)," but they are too gaudy to my taste, therefore I do not recommend them as examples to be followed; for all that may be said in their favor in the "Hints &c.," para. 97:—"But we must not think that stained glass and encaustic tiles are sufficient. The walls and roofs, if this be all, will look unusually bare. The rood screens, the font cover, even the monuments, piers and shafts, should be painted and gilded. So should the pulpit; so may the roof or vaulting. We are not here about to enter into a philosophical discussion as to the propriety of painting stone. It is sufficient to state that it must often be so, if we would have a consistent church." Again para. 98:—"The subject of distemper painting on the walls may either be taken from the most approved ecclesiastical emblems and devices, or foliage, architectural designs, instructive legends of Saints, or representations of sacramental subjects, may be adopted."

Unless the drawing be good, it had far better be left alone. Diaper and damask patterns, with crests, scrolls and foliage, are more easily executed, and are less open to objection. I cannot agree that painted glass, and encaustic tiles, look meagre without the walls being painted, &c. &c.; though, no doubt, the entire extent of decoration has a grand effect. Without painted glass, painted walls would look very bad. I am persuaded that the effect in buildings depends much more than is generally supposed upon the light, which should be a dim religious light.

I must upon the whole confess my partiality for plain varnished wood, of a deep color, in preference to painting and gilding, which, unless very judiciously managed, cannot but have a tawdry effect, particularly in small churches. Most woods can be darkened to a uniform color with lime water and *kuth*, or catechu, and with a mixture of redde and lamp black, or other brown color, where the sap wood is not affected by the lime. A thin coat of size is applied previous to laying on the varnish—but if bees' wax, rosin, and linseed or drying oil be rubbed in, no size is needed.

Simply oiling wood with raw oil is objectionable, as it collects the dust, and soon looks dull and shabby. For the benches, altar rails and other wood work within reach, I prefer using the wax and oil to varnish, unless it be really good. I may here mention that for painting wood with body color,

or for frescoes, mineral colors, are, of course, preferable. All that could ever be required are procurable in any bazar. Reddle (*geroo*) red lead (*sindoor*) blue stone (*tootia*) vermillion (*shungurf*) prussian blue (*vilaiti nil*) yellow orpiment (*hurtál*) yellow ochre (*zerd mutti* or *ramruch*) Indian red (*hiraunjee*) cobalt (*lazwerd*) white lead (*suffaida*). For white chalk (*vilaiti khurri mutti*) is the best material,—for black, burnt cocoanut shell (*narriell ká chhilká*) is better even than almond black. To prepare it, set light to a number of pieces of broken shell and cover them at once with some inverted vessel; or burn them inside a gurrah, or break up the pieces small and put them into a small earthen pot, carefully luted and heap lighted coal over it. A very fine black is also produced from the soot, procurable from inside the thatches of burbujahs' (gram-parchers') shops and called "*Dhooansa*." This is mixed with fine white lime, and retains its deep black color.

In addition to the foregoing I should mention that a beautiful silvery wash, like frosted silver, can be made from mica or talc (*ubruc*). The way this is prepared is as follows:—Take a long narrow bag of coarse gugee or sheeting, into which put about two or three handfuls of pounded talc, along with which a little coarse (bazar) soap. This bag must then be fastened and put into a vessel of water, and allowed to soak, then shake it well in a small tub of clear water, or a *nand*. This will precipitate the talc in very minute particles to the bottom of the vessel—the water must then be run off gently and the talc collected. Next mix this talc with pounded chalk or the very best white stone or shell lime, with sufficient gum or size to fasten the color. This mixture does either as a grounding for foliage or writing, or for picking out ornaments. If mixed with orpiment, it assumes a golden appearance. Scrolls of this, done on an azure or vermillion ground and shaded and picked out with black (if silvery), and with burnt sienna tint, (if golden) has a very rich effect.

For fixing colors, glue size well dissolved and used when putrid is best, but is both unwholesome and very offensive. The next best is babool gum (gum arabic) and other gums of that kind, or rice boiled down to a thin starch, called *maur* by the Natives. The great secret lies in not mixing too much size, for if you do, the color cracks and peels off.

To conclude this branch of the subject—I must remind those who avail themselves of my instructions that red lead, vermillion, cobalt and prussian blue are injured by lime, if the walls are not perfectly dry when painted on.

## EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLE-WORK.

Of late years since fancy needle work has been revived in England, many churches have had, altar cloths, carpets, chairs, &c. presented by the ladies of the parish. From the earliest times, it would seem that tapestry had been the fashion; and altar furniture remained in use, even after the Reformation. The carpet and embroidered coverings of Communion tables still remain, or rather their remnants, in many country churches. In Coombes, Suffolk, are carpets which must have been splendid in their day. In Brintree is a cushion on the reading desk, with the arms of Queen Elizabeth embroidered thereon, in good preservation. In parish accounts the purchase of "a carpet for the Communion table" is often mentioned. The author of "the Few words to church builders" says, under the head "Needle work," para. 90, "needle work and embroidery are wanted for the altar cloth, the corporas or napkin to be laid over the clements, the antependium of the Litany desk, and frontal for the pulpit." To this list I will add (as above named) carpets for the kneeling step of the altar; for the dais itself, and may be, for the whole chancel; and for the step of the font. Here then we have ample scope for the taste, skill and devotion of the ladies of our families and for school children.

But I think I hear it asked "what kind of work shall we do, what patterns? what material? how are we to set to work? Therefore I will here try and answer such queries.

First of all then, the altar cloth. This as well as every other article, may be as expensive as the donor pleases. This expense will rest chiefly in the materials made use of; and on the work too in some degree. The most expensive would be silk velvet, embroidered with gold and silver thread and bullion and embroidery silk. The second, cotton velvet, or broad cloth, embroidered and inlaid with silk and silk velvet. Thirdly, worsted work on broad cloth or on canvass; but this, except it be in form of a carpet, is too paltry, and exceedingly liable to destruction by insects. Indeed this is the great objection to broad cloth; but if a solution of corrosive sublimate be carefully applied, no doubt it would protect it for a long time. Cotton velvet, though good when new, soon fades.

As few calls are likely to be made for the richer work, I will treat of the second named. We have been so accustomed to see the altar cloth hanging to the ground, instead of being what it used to be, merely a "table cover," that we naturally prefer such form. Its ornament may consist of a

halo with the sacred monogram (see plate), and a rich border round the bottom edge, and on the upper part or face of the table, five crosses called *croix pattées* may be worked or not, as may be thought fit.

An elegant halo can be made with yellow silk velvet, and the monogram of white silk velvet, which should be sewn on with embroidery stitch, with floss silk. For the first named, two shades of yellow should be used, one for the dark or right hand edges, of a deep orange; and for the light or left hand, pale yellow; for the monogram, white floss for the light edges, light slate color for the medium, and deep slate color for the deep shades or dark edges—the stitching should be uniform and slanting.

To prepare the figures, first of all, stretch your velvet (floss downwards) on a clean board with tacks; then with a brush lay a thin coat of paste over the back of a sheet of silver or overlaid paper, which must be first rubbed with paste also, so that it shall adhere evenly to the velvet. When dry, take it off the board; and if not immediately used, roll it up and keep it so. When required, first of all draw the pattern on the paper thus pasted on the velvet: for the halo, it matters not, but the letters or other figures must be drawn reversed, or it would be reversed for the fair side.

Having drawn your pattern, carefully cut it out with scissors or with a very sharp penknife. Then having fixed on the exact spot it is to be sewn, and the cloth being duly stretched, apply paste to the papered side and carefully lay it on and press it with a folded towel, or better still, a cushion made up of cotton, for the purpose. Put a clean sheet of paper over it, and then a board or large book, and let it remain till dry. Before commencing to sew, it will be necessary to paste the whole, and whip the edges even, to keep them in place; as the paste is apt to yield by the crumpling and moving of the cloth during work.

The object of pasting the silver paper, is to prevent the velvet from flaying and unravelling whilst being sewn; also to render the drawing and cutting out easier; without it the labor would be great, and the work indifferent.

The stitching on with embroidery stitch will be understood by what I have said above. If carefully done the effect will be very good—at a little distance nearly as good as gold and silver embroidery. The halo looks best when made of four distinct pieces united, by which means the floss of the velvet lies in equal proportion radiating, as it were, instead of being all one way. The effect produced is that of revolv-

ing rays—every third one of which should be waved, the rest straight, with a proper proportion of fine rays of a single thread of loosely twisted floss silk drawn through the web of the cloth just sufficient for it to hold firmly.

The letters, if the cloth be of a deep color, may be laid direct upon it; or if it suit the fancy, a darker colored grounding can be let in, within the circle of the halo, which will throw the monogram out more. A deep crimson or purple shews off this kind of work best.

For the border, take a strip of white cotton velvet (or white satin) three to four inches wide, and the length of the skirt of the cloth; paste stiffened long cloth at the back of it to make it firm, then with narrow black velvet head-ribbon, of different widths (from half an inch to one-eighth) form letters in the "black letter" or old English character and work any appropriate sentences from the Scriptures. The capital letters should be cut out of light blue velvet, or fine broad cloth or merino and sewn on, as pointed out for the halo, &c. The formation of the letters is a very simple operation; they should be carefully told off and marked in pencil on the satin or velvet beforehand; the effect is very striking and elegant. When finished it should be carefully sewn to the cloth so as not to bulge and pucker. A worsted, silk, or cotton thread fringe may be sewn to the lower edge, and for the top it should have a narrow yellow cord edging; immediately above this, a running pattern. The Tudor flower for instance, or vine leaves and tendrils, may be worked with yellow silk braid (see plate). The altar cloth of Copdock church, Suffolk, was worked under my instructions by a lady of my family as here described. The color of the cloth was deep crimson. Another was worked by the same hand but without the border, for Helmingham; and a third was worked by some ladies for a church at Norwich from the same designs.

Good silk braid not only looks much richer, but outlasts worsted.

For the antependium of the desk, (i. e. the cushion flounce as some call it,) and the pulpit, the best velvet might well be used as so little is required. This may also have the sacred monogram, with or without the halo for its device. The Dove with rays, &c. is another, but unless very well executed it looks absurd. A floriated cross for the centre and a gracefully twisted scroll with an appropriate sentence such as "Go ye and preach the Gospel unto all nations," &c, is both elegant and appropriate.



For the carpets and kneeling cushions, designs from encaustic tiles (see plate) worked in squares is, perhaps, best, certainly so where several ladies of different families engage to work them; in this case, the canvass is marked off and distributed, as much as needed, from the same piece, so as to ensure uniformity of stitch and size of patterns; without such precaution, the work would not only look bad, but be very troublesome to put together. Next to encaustic tile patterns, damasks are handsomest. A deep maroon grounding with stone colored scroll or damask work has a fine effect, or a red and blue damask pattern as a grounding and foliage patterns in white and slate colors thrown out with black shading. Bugles may also be used with advantage. However, as patterns are so easily procured either from London or from Berlin at the worsted and fancy-work shops, it is needless my entering more minutely into the subject. Where there is a will, with the few hints here thrown out, ways and means will soon be found to attain the desired end.

I have now described all the items of church furniture, and pointed out the proper position of each in its turn—indeed the length of this article has greatly exceeded my expectations. The subject is one that might be still enlarged upon. I trust, however, that I have explained as much as will be needed in this country for some time to come. I must, therefore, take leave of it. I should properly have introduced painted glass and glazing in the category of “decorations,” but as it is a subject that requires particular attention and many illustrations, I intend it, D. V., for a separate article.

M. K.

The author of these remarks will always be ready and happy to assist those who may need it with patterns, and by giving any information in his power, when application shall be made to him, care of Editor, *Benares Magazine*.

III.

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD.

NO. VI.—*AT WHAT DO SLEEPING INFANTS SMILE?*

At what do sleeping infants smile  
Amid their breathless slumber ?  
What can their souls to joy beguile ?—  
Know they of weight or number ?

Or height, or depth, ere eye or ear  
Hath learnt or space or sound to know,  
Or sight or thought of joy or fear  
Amid things here below ?

Philosophers will tell us aye  
All knowledge is experience,  
Gained in the change of night and day  
By thought reflex on body-sense.

At what, then, doth the infant smile,  
Ere it be three days old ?  
Can aught thereto its soul beguile  
That is of this world's mould ?

This world to which they're hardly come,  
And have not learnt to measure ;—  
Where sorrow aye doth joy benumb ;—  
Hath it their sweet thoughts' treasure ?

Oh ! surely no ! whate'er it be  
Which makes their slumbers bliss,  
'Tis nought *we* hear, or know, or see  
Except (may-hap) their mother's kiss.

Oh ! *where* is it their spirits roam  
Amid their breathless sleep ?  
What is it is their thoughts' sweet home  
When sunk in rest so deep ?

Sec ! there—'tis come—and gone again ;—  
'Tis joy's own self that blushes ;—  
The smile of one that knows not pain  
O'er all its features gushes.

All in another world they dwell  
 When sleep has shut out this,—  
 Nor heart nor tongue of man can tell  
 The things which make their bliss.

Philosophers may have their talk,—  
 Say and unsay their fancies ;—  
 With them, my soul ! eschew to walk ;  
 Heed not their folly's trances.

For, surely, there is ONE hath said  
 That Angels hold o'er infants guard,  
 And see the face of Him who made  
 These objects of their holy ward.

Amid their sleep babes' spirits walk  
 With servants that are Kings ;  
 And with them hold a holy talk ;  
 And with them see most blissful thing:

Oh ! deep, and long, then, be the rest  
 In which yon infant slumbers ;—  
 And may its sleep still thus be blest  
 When years—not hours—it numbers.

23d November, 1849.

#### VII.—LINES SUGGESTED BY A BAPTISM.

Oh ! my bright child !  
 The dews of Hermon linger in thy tresses,  
 Pearl-like.—The wild  
 Field flower retaineth thus the rain-drop in its chalice.  
 Be still, nor shake it off ! the dew whereby God blesses  
 Thine infant soul, and in the amice  
 Of His own Spirit's purity thy spirit dresses.  
 Therefore\* no niggard sprinkling did I give,

\* The rubric allows only *immersion* or *affusion*. It may not be commonly known that the Roman Catholics, although they, equally with ourselves, acknowledge the validity of all Baptism administered with the proper matter and in the proper form, yet commonly rebaptize, at least conditionally, persons who join them from our communion. The reason they allege is, that the sprinkling, common in our practice, is so slight, that it is often a matter of uncertainty whether any of the element has fallen

But from full palm affused thee thrice.  
 Abundant thus, and thus abiding, may it live  
 In thee, thy Baptism's resplendent grace,  
 Nor may the world it's benefits efface !

Sportive thou wast, until I siezed thy hand,  
 And bade thee stand ;  
 Then, solemn earnestness came o'er thy face,  
 In every feature's line,  
 As the dread holy sign,  
 Whereat all evil trembleth, I impressed  
 Upon thy brow.  
 Go forth, then, now,  
 And be for ever blessed,  
 So may God's grace for ever with thee dwell,  
 And be of life eternal in thee the fresh-springing well !  
 To sin be dead,  
 Life's radiant chaplet ever resting on thy head !  
 Yea ! my bright child !  
 Thou art this hour blest,  
 And pure as is the flow'ret wild  
 Within whose leaves the dew drops have their nest.

27th June, 1841.

SPHYNX.

on the infant's face, which is usually the only part exposed. It will not, of course, do to plead our *intention* that it should. The Baptists commonly suppose that *sprinkling* is enjoined by our rubric ; which it certainly is not. *Trine* immersion, or affusion, is certainly of the first antiquity, and most prevalence ; although the single is also ancient and sufficient.

S.

## I V.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A MAN WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S  
SISTER.

There are many subjects on which it is difficult to speak or write, without treading on ground from which feelings of delicacy would rather lead one altogether to keep clear. Such a subject is the marriage contract; around which there has ever been, in the minds of Englishmen and English women, a sort of sacred halo through which a stranger may not gaze. No feelings of delicacy, however, should ever really make any one ashamed to stand forth in the defence of any time-hallowed law, be it regarding marriage, or any other solemn contract, by which society is governed, and its harmony preserved. If there be guilt attaching anywhere, in the canvassing of questions which involve the dearest interests of life, that guilt must lie, not at the door of those who defend, but of those who impeach, the soundness of the law concerning which those questions are raised. If in consequence, anything is offered, in what is now about to be said regarding the marriage of a man with a deceased wife's sister, that may, in the least degree, wound the feelings of a pure mind, it must be alleged, in our excuse, that the matter has been brought forward by others; that it is a subject forced upon *all* for grave consideration; that the discussions which have already taken place in Parliament, and, above all, the decisions in English Courts of Law, have made every one who is, or has been, or may hereafter be married deeply interested either in the support, or the abrogation, of the existing law upon this subject.

In the outset, we are sorry to confess ourselves to have been unable to obtain a sight of various pamphlets that have recently been published in England\* bearing on the point now to be discussed. If there be any new arguments for the maintenance, or repeal, of the existing law, they would no doubt, in these pamphlets, have been carefully and elaborately ex-

\* Marriage with a deceased wife's sister prohibited by Holy Scripture as understood by the Church for 1500 years. By Dr. Pusey, of Christ's Church, Oxford.

Letter to Sir Robert Inglis. By an Englishwoman.

Against Profane dealing with Matrimony. By the Rev. J. Keble.

amined. We must rest content with arguing the subject on general grounds, and so leave it with our readers.

It is constantly affirmed by those who advocate Mr. Wortley's views, and affirmed as though there were no kind of doubt about its truth, that, amongst the poorer classes in England, the marriage in question is most common ; or, that where the marriage is not accomplished, a worse state of things ensues. In short, that the non-abrogation of this law has been instrumental in increasing fornication.

Now this we very much doubt. It is one of those assertions which, when confidently made, few like confidently to deny : because its denial pre-supposes an accurate knowledge on the part of him who denies it, with the state of thousands of poor families in England's large commercial cities, as well as in her quiet rural villages. And very few persons in India have had the opportunity of acquainting themselves with the state of poor English families, either in cities or villages. Of course books may supply what personal examination cannot. But, so far as we know, no *careful* examination on this point has ever been instituted. Some ingenious folks, who professed to have made enquiries upon it, gave in a report that about 36,000 marriages of the kind in question had taken place in the 12 years between 1835 [when Lord Lyndhurst's act passed] and 1847 ; averaging 3,000 each year : a statement the utter untruth of which Mr. Goulburn [the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of Mr. Wortley's most strenuous opponents] exposed so completely as to prevent its ever being broached again. The office of the Registrar General of marriages would manifestly, were it examined ever so carefully, be unable to decide this point. It would give the average number of widowers, who had married spinsters, which, in the year 1847 numbered about 12,000 ; but it would not designate those spinsters who married their deceased sister's husband. And it would be utterly useless, in discovering the number of those families where the father was living in fornication with the sister of his late wife. Yet this is the *real* point to be ascertained, before the statement to which reference has been made could be made on the least authority ; and which, we may add, could not be ascertained without every parish clergyman and every parish doctor throughout England being forced to give their evidence respecting those who were living in such a way.

So that when any one begins an argument for the law, as it at present stands, being altered, *because* it inflicts so great a hardship on thousands of poor families, it is but fair that

his proof for such an assertion, should be demanded. Let us for a moment suppose that *full* proof did exist of this: that some Argus eyed censor, having gone through the length and breadth of the land, had discovered the names of hundreds, or thousands, who were living in a state of adultery with—*because they were prevented marrying*—their deceased wife's sister; ought the law, on this account, to be altered? Were it solely a human law, gathered from no Scripture injunction, either positive, or *to be inferred*, the constant infringement of it *might* be some reason for its abrogation. But to urge against any law that rests on higher grounds for its foundation, its frequent infraction, as a good reason for its being annulled, this were a most unsafe and wicked course. The moral and human and Divine laws against fornication are all insufficient to stay its practice. Yet what Englishman or Englishwoman, save some few profane socialists, would dare to contemplate a legalization of that or any other vice?

The question then now to be examined is this. The marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister being forbidden by the law of the land, on *what* grounds does that law stand? Are they tenable, or are they not? and, at present, no allusion will be made to the view taken of this matter by the English Church: for we design not the remarks here made for English Churchmen alone. If a man in India, not opposed to this marriage on grounds of expediency, starts by confessing himself not a member of the English Church, but an Independent, or Baptist, or Dissenter of some other name, it would be useless to hand him the Prayer Book, or the Canons, in order to prove to him that the English law is not at variance with the decision of the English Church. To the Bible he will appeal; and if God's Word supports it not, he will triumphantly demand a repeal of the law. *There* gladly do we accompany him: since well-assured we are, that if our Church has forbidden anything, *because* it is forbidden "in Scripture,"\* she must have had some grounds for so doing.

Now in Holy Scripture, it is certainly remarkable—with all humility be it spoken—that so very little is to be found respecting prohibited degrees of marriage. The well-known chapter—the xviii<sup>th</sup> of Leviticus—and a part of the xx<sup>th</sup>

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\* See the heading to the Table of Prohibited Degrees of Marriage at the end of the Book of Common Prayer: which Table is ordered by the 99<sup>th</sup> Canon to be "in every church publicly set up, and fixed;" and which order it were to be wished were followed in all our churches in India.

(in which latter, however, we find no additional prohibitions) are those pieces of Scripture to which all Christians have alike to refer. If there be any who deny the application of these chapters to Christians, from regarding their injunctions to have been intended for the Jews alone, then Holy Scripture would cast no ray of light on our course ; we should be left with reason and conscience alone for our guidance. Quite certain we are that our Lord did not come into this world to abrogate one *moral* precept. He came to confirm and amplify, never to weaken or do away with, any direction given by Almighty God to man for the regulation of his moral well-being.

And here we cannot altogether agree with what has been advanced by one writer on this subject, whose name will ever be held in respect for his deep learning and his consummate wisdom on subjects of morality and philosophy—we mean, Dr. Whewell. In his “Elements of Morality” (Book V. Chap. xiii.) he thus writes:—“On this we may observe, that though much argument on the subject has been drawn from the law of Moses, such argument is of *no direct force*; since, as we have said, one Nation is no Rule for another; and the habits of society, and the relations of families, on which the Rule ought to depend, were very different among the ancient Jews, and in our own country at present. So far as the Jewish law has been the basis of the Rule hitherto received, it has weight; since, as we have also said, an existing rule is entitled to great respect.” He then proceeds to speak *on the expediency* of the prohibition to marry with a deceased wife's sister: thereby (we apprehend) disposing altogether of the Scriptural argument against it. But *why* is the argument from the law of Moses to have “no direct force” *for us*? It is quite true, generally, that one nation is no rule for another. In matters of polity or government, for instance, two nations may be governed by very different laws, yet those laws be framed on the best consideration for the respective well-being and happiness of those two nations. But, supposing that the Jewish law, or, as we prefer calling it, *the law of God*, forbids marrying in certain degrees, the question is:—is this to be considered a part and parcel of the *moral* law, or not? In other words, was it given to the people of Israel as being Jews; or as being a portion of the human race? Now we most decidedly consider the latter of these to be the true state of the case. Is there one single reason why a Jew might not marry his brother's wife, or his wife's sister, or his aunt, or his own sister, or his own daughter, which does not equally



apply to a Christian ? It is in this way, we apprehend, that all the laws given by the Almighty to the Jews are to be tried. Wherever our Saviour's coming has not repealed, or altered them, let not those who profess themselves His followers dare to do so either. None of "the habits of society" (of which Dr. W. speaks) can ever warrant a breach in any Law of God, (whenever, or to whomsoever, it was first given), *till it can be shewn that the particular purpose for which that law was made has ceased to be in operation.* Human society will do well to frame itself after the model of the Divine law—not to allow a change in its own habits to be made the excuse for its disregard of such law.

How, further, does Holy Writ give its sanction to the present state of the English law, in the matter now for consideration.

The two verses of the xviiiith chapter that appear to bear on it, are the 16th and the 18th. But to the latter of these verses, various explanations have been given. The marginal note unfortunately does not throw much light on its meaning ; and whether it alone forbids the marriage of a man with the sister of his wife, *whilst the latter is living* ; or has a closer application to the case in point, it is not very easy to decide. It would seem to imply that as in those days (for the hardness of men's hearts) more wives than one were permitted, yet that no one was allowed to take two sisters (as, for instance, Jacob did). But the words "in her life-time" will *not* bear the inference which has been sought to be put on them, namely—that, on the death of a wife, her sister *may be* lawfully married. The Jewish Talmudists indeed gave them this explanation, "but the Karaites, Mr. Selden observes," (we quote from a note in Patrick and Whitby's Commentary on the Bible) "thought it expressly unlawful, as it is directly against the scope of all these laws which prohibit men to marry *at all* with such persons as are here mentioned, either in their wife's life-time, or after. And there being a prohibition (ver. 16) to marry a brother's wife, it is unreasonable to think Moses gave them leave to marry their wife's sister." So that if this verse does not prohibit, it yet cannot be understood to allow, or give the least countenance to, the marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

The 16th verse expressly forbids the marriage with a deceased brother's wife. The same is repeated in the 21st ver. of the xxth chapter ; a prohibition, however, which, as we learn from other sources, was dependent upon the brother's leaving issue. If he died childless, in order that the family

might not be lost out of the genealogical records, it was the duty of a surviving brother to marry the widow. This latter injunction manifestly was given to Jewish families alone. It can have no reference whatever to the state of Christians. Whereas the *prohibition* most certainly has, and our law has been made exactly following this prohibition. It has also gone a step further, and—the marriage of a man with his deceased brother's wife being so decidedly forbidden—it has, by analogy, decreed the prohibition of a marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The *affinity*, in both cases, is alike; and hence, the Divine law prohibiting the one, is supposed equally to prohibit the other.

Now, unfortunately, this question is often argued as though *consanguinity* was the only thing to be considered in the matter of prohibited degrees: as though *affinity* had nothing, or ought to have nothing, to do with it. But in the law of God, affinity most certainly has a great deal to do with the question. What relationship of blood, for instance, can exist between a man and his father's brother's wife (ver. 14), or between a man and his wife's daughter by a former husband (v. 17), or between a man and his wife's grand-daughter under the same circumstances (ver. 17)? It is, therefore, quite idle to argue:—"If a man may marry his cousin who is a distant relation by blood, he may surely far more marry his wife's sister, who is no blood-relation at all"—because such an argument assumes that the Divine prohibition only extends to relations by blood. But, that it does not, is clear as clear can be. Further, let any one consider the reason that is given for the various prohibitions, in verse 17: "*for they are her near kinswomen*;" and must it not be perfectly evident, that the Divine law goes altogether on the understanding that marriage unites *two* persons as "*one* flesh:" and, in consequence that a wife's *relations* immediately become her husband's relations also: her father becomes his father, her sister his sister, her daughter his daughter?

When, therefore, in the House of Commons, during one of the discussions on this subject, it was asserted by one of Mr. Wortley's opponents that it was "a question for the women of England to decide," we greatly doubt whether this would be taking proper means for arriving at a right decision. Not that there would be the very smallest fear in leaving the matter in such hands. There can be no doubt that an immense majority of English women, in whatever part of the world they live, and whatever be their state, would at once, without a moment's hesitation, decide against any change of

the law. But if what has been above said is the *true* statement of the case; if the Divine injunctions have been given, recognizing a wife and her husband as "one flesh," and *thereupon* have proceeded to forbid a man to marry with his wife's, as with his own, near relative; then, with all respect for the women of England, the matter is decided without their assistance. They may thankfully and gladly *add* their voice to the testimony of Holy Writ. They may raise an indignant cry, when they see rash men, for any purpose whatever, endeavouring to throw down the fences, and break through the guards, that are placed round the holy estate of matrimony. But their strongest argument against such endeavours will be—not their own pure feelings, or their fear lest the breath of shame should pass over their names; but—that a change in the present state of the law would be a direct infraction of what is believed to be the Will of the Most High God.

'There is little need to pass to any other considerations, if assent be given to what has been already adduced. But that there are excellent *private* reasons, if such an expression may be in such a way applied, for the prohibition of a man's marriage with his deceased wife's near relations, or of a woman's marriage with her deceased husband's near relations—there is no doubt whatever. The very circumstance of the sister of a wife becoming, from the moment of her sister's marriage, the sister also of her husband, admits her into the closest possible intercourse with him, as a dear and beloved friend. Thus families are knit together. The husband's and wife's relatives themselves become as though they were part and parcel of but one large family. But, alter this law, and you would in a great measure separate the families of every husband and wife, where the wife has sisters, or the husband brothers. In other words, you would quite alter the relation in which by far the larger number of English families (for of these alone are we able to speak from experience) in all parts of the world now stand to one another. No wife could desire the *frequent* presence, in her home, of one who was very likely to become a rival in her husband's affections. No husband could pay the attentions he now pays to his wife's sisters. They could not be what they now are. And though there are many cases in which this might not much matter, there are also many in which it would, most materially. Take the case of any family, deprived of its parents, in which there are two or three daughters. The marriage of one of these affords a protector, in many cases, a *home*, for the

others. If not a home, at least a house where they are ever welcomed; where their sorrows or their joys will always be kindly shared. Their sister's husband becomes to them often more than a brother; for brothers are proverbially strangers at home. They are at School, or at College, or perhaps far away in India. And—as India is mentioned—let us add, that in this country, there seem particular reasons, on the grounds of expediency, for not altering the present state of things. Young unmarried ladies are constantly dependent on the kindness of a sister's husband. Even had they, in England, equally near relatives, who would be glad to have them there, the distance may render an immediate return most difficult. The expense often makes it impossible. As it is, they are welcomed by their sister and her husband. It would not be so—however much the partizans of Mr. Wortley may declare it would—in the case of the wife being obliged to think it more than probable, that her sister would some day take her place. The door would at once be open for numberless petty jealousies and heart-burnings, which, were the unmarried lady rather better looking than her sister, would require a very remarkable degree of caution, on the part of the husband, to keep in any bounds at all. Therefore, by the holy law of God, by the ties of relationship, by the bonds of friendship, by the love we have for kith and kin, by all that is held sacred amongst men and women, we implore each one, for himself and herself, to protest against any change in the existing state of things.

There is good reason to hope that, after all, Mr. Wortley may *not* carry his point. Heaven and earth, if the expression may be allowed, have been moved to get every body to think as he does. We well remember *anonymous* pamphlets being circulated to, as we believe, every resident clergyman in England—and there are many thousands—strongly advocating an immediate repeal of this law, and earnestly imploring them to use their influence in bringing it about. Some six or seven years have rolled away, since we had an opportunity of seeing one of these anonymous pamphlets. And through the whole of this time, exertions and struggles, worthy of a better cause, have been going on. A strong, but in great measure an invisible agency has been at work, seconded by considerable aid in the shape of money, to prepare people out of, for all that has been done in, Parliament. But still, we expect, Mr. Wortley will not pass his Bill through both Houses of Parliament. The feelings of thousands upon thou-

sands are against it. It is a question moreover in which politics, (in the common acceptation of that word,) have nothing to do: therefore it is to be hoped its consideration will be by all approached with unprejudiced minds. All such as do thus examine it will, 'we firmly believe, arrive at the conclusion, that the law of the land, and of the English Church, is sound:—and good, *because* founded upon the Word of God.

Much need not be said on the decision of the English Church, as given in her highest Ecclesiastical Court, by Sir Herbert Jenner Fust,\* because there could be no doubt as to the decision which could be given in such a Court. But we must remind our readers that not the English Church alone, but the Roman Catholic, and the Greek Church; as also the Established, and what is called now the Free, Church of Scotland, *all* denounce the marriage in question, as *forbidden in Scripture* and improper. True, the Roman Catholic Church gives dispensations to parties to marry in this prohibited degree: but the very circumstance of a dispensation being necessary, we presume, is sufficient proof of that for which it is 'given being contrary to Ecclesiastical law.

In conclusion, it has been our wish, in discussing this subject, to say nothing that might in any wise unnecessarily wound the feelings of those who have taken a different view of the Divine Will in this matter; no, nor even of those (of whom it has been said there are many in this country,) who have been rash enough to proceed with the marriage in question. We very much doubt, however, whether the number of these persons is at all large. For their own sakes, it is to be devoutly hoped not: the English law being—according to the unanimous judgment of the four Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench—that the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is *no marriage at all*:\* and, that if the man be base enough to proceed with another marriage, he is not guilty of bigamy! Therefore we sincerely trust, few here or elsewhere who are amenable to English law have contracted this marriage. Occasionally a layman, or a Dissenting Minister, may have been found to officiate under such circumstances: but, as no licence could have ever been granted without a false oath being taken; and as no Chaplain, or properly ordained Missionary, could have ever know-

\* In the celebrated case of Ray v. Sherwood, where the marriage of Thomas Sherwood with his deceased wife's sister was declared incestuous.

ingly solemnized such a marriage, we apprehend the number of such marriages, in British India, is very small indeed.

It might, however, be a public testimony against any alteration in the English law, were a petition from British residents in India, were the thing possible, to be forwarded to Parliament, deprecating any change. If Governors and Councillors, Bishops and Judges, Magistrates and Officers, Clergymen and Laymen, thus raised their voices against the change of a law, by whose good effects families have so often, in this land of exile, been knit together, and the bonds of society strengthened, and the most wholesome effects produced:—it would, at least, show that a residence in India, though it may injure the health of the body, has not yet impaired that sound and healthy tone of mind, with which English shores were quitted.

P.

## V.

## LUDWIG UHLAND.

We resume our promised selections from this poet; arranging them chiefly with the view of determining the flexibility of his genius. We say *flexibility*; distinguishing it from that higher poetic quality, *versatility*; a much rarer acquisition, and more transcendent endowment. By versatility we understand that creative power which produces variety in the gem; by flexibility, the artistic ingenuity which counterfeits the riches which it hath not, by variety in the setting. Their versatility enabled Homer and Shakespeare to elaborate *real* impersonations on their ever-shifting page; their flexibility has thrown a charm over the comparative uninventiveness of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and their brother poets of the Lake School. And though we must allow, from the many splendid creations of modern times, a mere allusion to which will recall them to every student, that the past age has been far from an uninventive one, yet is it very certain that eras of refinement and progress *must* be rather imitative than creative, elaborate than luxuriant. For each new pattern which genius develops diminishes the number of *possible* originations; and so abridges the scope for the creative faculty, that at length even the "*egregie cordatus homo*" reconciles himself to those lower flights of the imagination which appropriate and embellish materials which it finds existent. Such, and only such, do we profess that Uhland is. He has nothing of the power which is indispensable for *production*; but much of the observation, and method in treatment, which throw a pure and classic gracefulness over literary *revivals*.

As we were upon the ballads, it may be as well to proceed with the same series. The one we first present has a breadth and interest which reminds us of some of Scott's happiest adaptations from the German—the "Wild Huntsmen," or the "Noble Moringer."

## THE BLACK KNIGHTS.

Whitsuntide's a season festal,  
Woods and groves are featly drest  
all.  
Then began the monarch speaking;  
"Now in each story  
Of Hofburg's castle hoary  
Is the Spring-tide's foison breaking."

Drums and trumpets loudly vaunted,  
Crimson banners cheerly flaunted,  
Sate the King on dais rais'd.  
In tilt of lances  
How foiled each knight's advances  
'Gainst his stalwart son he gaz'd.

But at length a coal-black warrior  
Pranced before the tourney's barrier;  
"What's, Sir Knight, your name and  
blazon?"

"That say I never  
What prince of high endeavour;  
Feats like mine might well amaze  
one."

As the courses up he galloped,  
Dusk the vault of heaven envelop-  
ed,  
'Gan the castle walls to tremble.  
Never lance crossed he,  
But knight so near unhorsed,  
he  
Scarce could to his pummel scramble.

Fife and viol called to dancing,  
Flambeaux in the hall were glancing,  
Reeled a mighty shadow in now;  
And soft besought her,  
That monarch's queenly daugh-  
ter,  
"Come—with me the dance be-  
gin now!"

Danced he, mailed in coal-black  
casement,  
Danced, in mood of wild amazement;  
Coldly did his limbs enwreath her.  
From breast and tresses  
Each beauteous flowret presses  
Withered to the earth beneath her.

Now to sumptuous table bade they  
Every knight and every lady.

'Tween his son and daughter seat-  
ed  
With spirit failing  
The aged king them hailing,  
Each with courteous distance greet-  
ed.

Blanched the children both appearing,  
Charged his bowl the guest, and,  
cheering,  
"Golden wine revives," he haileth.  
The children drank they;  
With grace the black knight  
thank they;  
"Thy cool bowl our hearts regaleth!"

Wildly both the sire embraces,  
Son and daughter—from their fa-  
ces  
Fast the jocund bloom is flying.  
Wherever lighted  
The old man's gaze affright-  
ed,  
There beheld he offspring dying.

"Woe! aye children twain beloved  
Thus in joy of youth removed?  
Take me too—my comfort cldses."  
Then spake the fearless  
In murmur hoarse and cheerless,  
"Eld! in spring I pluck the ro-  
ses."

We have the pleasure of transferring to our pages a very elegant version of this fine ballad by Professor H. W. Longfellow, of the University at Cambridge, U. S., which an American friend has obligingly pointed out to us. And side by side, for the gratification of those students of German literature who may not have an opportunity of consulting Uhland's works, or forming their measure of his style, we reprint the original.

### THE BLACK KNIGHT.

### DER SCHWARZE RITTER.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of gladness  
When woods and fields put off all  
sadness.

Thus began the King and spake:  
"So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant spring shall break."

Pfingsten war, das Fest der Freude,  
Das da feiern Wald und Haide.

Hub der König an zu sprechen:

"Auch aus den Hallen  
Der alten Hofburg allen  
Soll ein reicher Frühling brech-  
en!"



Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly.  
From balcony the king looked on ;  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable knight.  
" Sir Knight ! your name and  
    scutcheon ? say !"  
" Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;  
I'm a prince of mighty sway !"

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with  
    mists,  
And the castle 'gan to rock.  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls  
    glances,  
Waves a mighty shadow in ;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around.  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every knight and every dame.  
'Twixt son and daughter all dis-  
    traught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient king reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took :  
" Golden wine will make you  
    whole !"  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank :  
" O, that draught was very cool !"

Trommeln und Trommeten schallen,  
Rothe Fahnen festlich wallen.  
Sah der König vom Balkone :  
In Lanzenspielen  
Die Ritter alle fielen  
Vor des Königs starkem Sohne.

Aber vor des Kaisers Gitter  
Ritt zuletzt ein schwarzer Ritter.  
" Herr ! wie ist Eur Nam' und  
    Zeichen ?"  
Würd' ich es sagen,  
Ihr möchtet zittern und zagen,  
Bin ein Fürst von grossen Reichen."

Als er in die Bahn gezogen,  
Dunkel ward des Himmels Bogen  
Und das Schloss begann zu be-  
    ben.  
Bei'm ersten Stosse  
Der Jüngling sank vom Rosse  
Konnte kaum sich wieder heben.

Pfeif' und Giege ruft zu Tänz'en,  
Fackeln durch die Säle glänzen ;  
Wankt ein grosser Schatten drin-  
    nen.  
Er thät mit Sitten  
Des Königs Tochter bitten,  
Thät den Tanz mit ihr begiunen.

Tanzt im schwarzen Kleid und Eisen  
Tanzet schauerliche Weisen,  
Schlingt sich kalt um ihre Glieder.  
Von Brust und Haaren  
Entfallen ihr die klaren  
Blümlein welk zur Erde nieder.

Und zur reichen Tafel kamen  
Alle Ritter, alle Damen.  
Zwischen Sohn und Tochter in-  
    nen  
Mit bangem Muthe  
Der alte König ruhte.  
Sah sie an mit stillem Sinnen.

Bleich die Kinder beide schienen,  
Bot der Gast den Becher ihnen :  
" Goldner Wein macht euch gene-  
    sen."  
Die Kinder tranken,  
Sie thäten höflich danken :  
" Kühl is dieser Trank gewesen."

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter ; and their faces  
Colorless grow utterly.

Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
Take me, too, the joyless fa-  
ther !"

Spake the grim guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast :  
"Roses in the spring I gather !"

An des Vaters Brust sich schlagen  
Sohn und Tochter ; ihre Wangen  
Thäten völlig sich entfärben.

Wohin er graue,  
Erschrockne Vater schaue,  
Sieht er eins der Kinder sterben.

"Weh ! die holden Kinder beide  
Nahmst du hin in Jugendfreude :  
Nimm auch mich, den Freudenlosen !  
Da sprach der Grimme

Mit holl'her, dumpfer Stimme :  
"Greis ! im Frühling brech ich  
Rosen."

Our next specimen is quite of a different order :—simple, even to affectation—and yet with a certain delicate tinting, in which it is impossible not to recognize the truthfulness of nature ; or to dissolve that ideal group which is apparent to the imagination, on the most cursory perusal.

#### THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A goldsmith at his counter stood,  
'Mong pearls and jewels rare.  
"They've brought me many gems  
and good,

But thou'rt the best, dear Helen,  
My little daughter fair !"

[ spake,  
Then entered comely knight, and  
"Dear maid, I greet thee well ;  
And thou, good goldsmith,—prythee  
make

For me a costly circlet  
To deck my bonny belle."

And when was set the dainty rim,  
And rich with radiance shone ;  
Sweet Helen, grown with sorrow  
dim,

Hung on her arm the circlet  
When she was all alone.

"A wondrous happy bride is she  
Who this fair crown shall bear.  
Ah ! would such comely knight on  
me

Bestow but wreath of roses,  
How full of joy I were !"

Full soon the knight returned and  
spake,

"Thy circlet like I well ; [make  
Then come, good goldsmith, prythee  
An annulet of diamonds  
To deck my bonny belle."

And when was set the dainty rim  
With precious diamond stone,  
Sweet Helen, grown with sorrow  
dim,

Half fixed it on her finger  
When she was all alone.

"A wondrous happy bride is she  
Who this fair ring shall bear.  
Ah ! would such comely knight for  
me

One little curl but offer,  
How full of joy I were !"

[ spake,  
And soon the knight returned, and  
"Thy ring, too, like I well,  
And thank thee, goldsmith—thou  
dost make

Fine gifts of grace surpassing  
To deck my bonny belle."

"But here, fair maid—for I would know  
 How seemly they will be.  
 Then prove the bride's array, and shew  
 How bright shall shine my loved one  
 For she is fair like thee."

And flushed she with a virgin's glow  
 Before the knight to stand.  
 He set the circlet on her brow,  
 And as the ring he fastened,  
 He pressed her gentle hand.

'Twas early on a sabbath morn,  
 And did the maid, that day,  
 With artful heed herself adorn,  
 Within the Church to enter  
 In comeliest array.

"My Helen sweet, my Helen tried,  
 Enough of dalliance now.  
 Of all art thou the fairest bride ;  
 For thee's the golden circlet ;  
 To wear the ring art thou !"

"Thou grewest here, mid pearls and gold,  
 And gems most fair to see.  
 In this an earnest now behold  
 That thou to highest honour  
 Shalt be advanced with me !"

• Here again is a very trifle, light as air ;—and yet with the same characteristics, and the additional charm of a versification and treatment, in the original, most admirably toned to the sentiment. • With not one of the æsthetic elements of high art ;—rather stippled than broad ; and highly, than boldly wrought ; there is a certain finish about it which pleases even the connoisseur ;—because, as Schiller has properly remarked, *the stamp of completeness* is to be honoured, even in the smallest sphere, beyond the attempt to comprehend the universe with an insect's eye.

#### THE NUN.

In cloister-garden stilly  
 There sate a maiden wan.  
 Pale light the moon did render,  
 And her eyelashes on  
 Hung tears of passion tender.

With faltering step she lowly  
 To Mary's image pressed :  
 With mellow light 'twas gleaming,  
 And on the pure, the Blest  
 Like mother mild was ber'ning !

Ah well-a-day ! departed  
 Is my true-love from me ;  
 And yet affect him dare I,  
 An angel he will be,  
 Affect an angel dare I !

Then with repose like Heaven's  
 She sunk at Mary's feet ;  
 Gazed upwards, until blended  
 In death her eyelids meet ;  
 Then down her veil descended !

Roland, the hero of the next ballad we shall introduce, and also of the longest and best conceived of the poems in our former article, was, as the readers of Turpin's Chronicle, and of Pulci and Ariosto, will be aware, a famous traditional character, son of Milon, and nephew of Charlemagne, as our poet has represented him. The serious and the facetious are

strangely mingled in his legendary history ; and although our small library does not introduce us to the actual source of these two ballads, we have no doubt, from the union of the romantic and the pathetic which so strongly characterizes them, and the touches of humour which hang about them both, that Uhland has derived them from existing traditions. A short sketch of the adventures of so celebrated a hero of mediæval romance may not be unwelcome or out of place.

Roland, a Paladin of Charlemagne's court, left it in disgust and annoyance at the intrigues of the wicked Gano of Maganza, brother-in-law of Charlemagne ; and set out in quest of adventures. Approaching the Spanish border, he halts at a convent which suffers from the unpleasant proximity of three giants, who are constantly battering the walls with enormous stones. Two of these he slays ; the third, Morgante, he converts to his service, and finds a squire of extraordinary prowess and devotion. Being missed from his uncle's court, he is pursued, and brought back by his cousin Raynault, and two others of the most redoubted champions ; and assists Charlemagne in his enterprise against a certain Saracen King of Denmark. But his feud with Gano breaking out afresh, and not receiving that countenance and protection which he thought due from his uncle, he quits the court again, wanders eastward, and after numerous conflicts with the Saracens, is captured and condemned to death. The Parisians, chagrined at Charlemagne's complacency to Gano's party, incite Raynault against it ; and, after his victory over it, they desire to set him upon his father's throne. But Raynault, hearing of his 'cousin's perils, again restores the sceptre to Charlemagne, and sets out to the rescue of Roland. They encounter a thousand romantic adventures in their wars against the King of Babylon.

Here Morgante, who had lingered behind, joins his master, pulls down a tower single-handed in which Roland is confined, and proclaims him Sultan. They hear of Gano's interminable plots, and of his seizure by a tribe of giants ; and, in the true spirit of chivalry, hurry back to Paris to his rescue. On the way, the strangest accident removes poor Morgante. On landing, a crab bites his heel—the wound mortifies, and he dies.

The ungrateful Gano is incorrigible. He pursues his treachery in all directions—invites Marsilius, King of Spain, to invade France, and Charlemagne to appoint him Ambassador to Marsilius ; and agrees with the latter to ensnare Roland in the defiles of Roncesvalles, and there have him

cut to pieces by the Saracens. But the very elements shudder at the traitorous compact—the heavens are rent—the storm rages—the thunder rolls—water tinged with blood boils up from the earth—the trees sweat gore, and wither under the scathing blast.

But all is too little to deter Gano from his villainy. He feigns a tale of Marsilius's obsequiousness to his brother-in-law, and counsels him to send Roland as a homage to the Spanish monarch. All is ready for the ambuscade; but the traitors have a high impression of the knightly valour of Charlemagne's army. They hear that Roland will be the marshal of twenty thousand of the flower of France, and prepare to receive him with a hundred thousand Saracens, with two reserves of double and treble that number respectively!

Raynault, who has gone back to the East, a certain Magician named Malagigi wishes to bring to the scene of Roland's trial. But time presses, and how may it be accomplished? He presses his most tricky familiar, Astaroth, into the service; who enters the body of Raynault's famous horse Bayard, and urges him to Roncesvalles in three days.

Here, at length, the cousins meet again. The battle rages; Roland perceives his danger, but strings himself for a noble struggle. The advance is vanquished, the second army charges to the rescue. The French hosts are mown down by sheer disparity of numbers; Roland, though among the few last survivors, abates nothing of his animosity to the traitor and the infidel. His good genii protect him from an ignominious end—and such he would have deemed a thrust from a Moorish spear. The enemy retire, deeming the battle fully won; Roland, faint and thirsty, trails towards a forest spring; his faithful steed, over harried, still presses to his side; but soon sinks to rise no more. In the violence of his emotion the Christian Knight would break his sword against a rock. But it may not be—the winner of so many conflicts must remain as a monument—the rock splits, and the weapon is preserved. And now he is met by Raynault and Archbishop Turpin, and confesses, and is shrived, in the true spirit of the Church militant. The angel Gabriel appears to him, and tells of the bliss prepared for him in his Father's mansions. The Paladins surrounding him, he rises slowly, leans on his victorious sword, crosses his arms devoutly, and voices of heavenly melody chaunt his dirge.

Such is the Roland of whom Uhland sings—a Christian Knight, reverent, loyal, brave, and generous—the champion

of the Cross for which he was baptized in blood. Whether Pulci's most epic of romances have a historic element, or be purely mythic, it is hoped this imperfect outline of a noble theme will give an interest to the ballad which follows it; in which, if we mistake not, there is much of the pathos, without the fire, of a chivalrous era.

## CHILDE ROLAND.

In rift of rock Dame Bertha	Around the court, in close ar-
lay,	ray,
She moaned her bitter lot.	The beggars sate to dine;
Childe Roland pranked in open	Small heed took they of the viol's
day,	play,
Of dole he little wot.	But more of the meat and the wine.

" My royal brother, Charles the	The monarch at the revel peered
Great !	Full through the open door,
That e'er I fled from thee !	When a winsome boy in the crowd
For love I honour left and state,	appeared,
Now chaf'st thou sore at me.	And bore him fast before.

Oh Milon mine ! thou consort	Of four-fold tin <sup>d</sup> the boy's ar-
kind !	ray,
The billows o'er thee hove.	He wears a wondrous guise,
And I, for love who all resign-	And through the beggars he makes
ed,	his way,
Am now resigned by love !	And up the hall he spies ;

Childe Roland, come, my darling	Then up the hall, as 'twere his
son,	own house,
My love and honour now !	The Childe tripped merrily ;
Childe Roland, hither fleetly	And snatched up a bowl from the
run !	king's carouse,
My comfort all art thou.	And dumb to the door flew he.

Childe Roland, down to the city hie	What's here, what's here ? thought
And beg thee wine and meat ;	Charlemagne,
And he that gives thee stint sup-	A fashion strange as new.
ply	But as his voice he did restrain,
A God-speed on him greet."	His Lords were silent too.

In gilded hall, his knights among,	It halteth now a moment's space ;
Regaled him Charles the King ;	No Roland they behold ;
Nor stop nor stay the menial	Then back to the king the Childe
throng	did race
Who bowls and beakers bring.	And snatched at his cup of gold.

And viol, flute, and voice's clang	Heida ! hold back ! thou saucy
Each heart with joy imbued ;—	Full loud the king did say.
Yet naught of sprightly measure	Childe Roland he held the beaker
rang	tight,
In Bertha's solitude.	And shouted again—" Heida !"

King Charles essayed a withering glance,  
Yet only laugh he could.  
"Childe! thou in gilded hall dost prance,  
As in the merry green-wood.

Dost hale the bowl from prince's board,  
As apple from the bough;  
And quaff, as from a fountain poured,  
My red wine's foam dost thou."

"From fountain fresh draws the shepherdess,  
And apples plucks from the tree:—  
But my mother's dish is buck and fish,  
The red wine's foam loves she."

[race  
"Thy mother sure is the dame of  
Thou boastest, boy, to me;  
And holds, within a pleasure-chase,  
Her stately hostelry.

[where?  
Declare, declare, her henchman  
Her cellarer tell me who?"  
"This right hand here is her  
henchman rare;  
And this left her cellarer true."

"And say me too, her warder  
who?"  
"My own blue eyne all day."  
"And her mellow minstrel say me  
who?"  
"My ruddy mouth is he."

"The dame has gallant serving-boys,  
Yet loves she dainty dress;  
Thy livery rare, of motley dyes,  
One might the rainbow guess."

[ed I  
"Eight stalwart youths belabour-  
In our town's every ward,  
Who brought me, for my livery,  
Four pieces of cloth ell-broad."

"Gramercie then, the dame's I ween  
The choicest crew of all;  
And she the very beggar-queen  
Who pranks in open hall!

It meeteth ne'er that dame so rare  
Without my hostel be;  
Three knights! Three dames! Hurrah!  
Hurrah!  
Straight speed her here to me."

Off with the bowl Childe Roland hies  
To the state saloon away;  
And off, at beck from their king's eyes,  
Three knights and ladies gay.

A moment's halt—the king looks out  
The widening scene to track.  
But the knights and ladies wheel about,  
And instant prick they back.

And ere a second the king did call  
"Help, Heaven! see I clear?  
Then have I bantered in open hall  
With mine own kinsman here!

Help, Heaven! Sister Bertha pale,  
Gray-amiced, pilgrim-rayed!  
Help, Heaven! thy beggar's staff  
I hail  
In state saloon displayed!"

Dame Bertha sank his feet before,  
That pale femininity;  
The while on her with the wrath of yore  
Did shoot his wild red eye!

[gaze,  
Then swift Dame Bertha sunk her  
No word to speak dared she;  
And bright Childe Roland his eyes  
did raise,  
And "UNCLE" aloud cried he.

Then spake the king in gentle tone,  
"Sweet sister! rise and live!  
For him, thy darling and thine own,  
I frankly thee forgive."

A joyful heart does Bertha heave;  
"Dear welcomes, brother mine!  
Thou shalt from Roland back receive  
The goods I share of thine!

He gallant like his liege shall	Stand	Shall snatch from many a royal	board
A hero-chief revealed ;		With hand thou know'st how free ;	
And quarter the colours of many a	land	And his sighing Motherland resto-	red
On his good banner and shield ;		To wealth and honour see.	

One other little poem, from the series styled by Uhland "Ballads and Romances," is so *nüive* and touching, and in metre, so peculiarly appropriate, that we are tempted to produce it, though it has been often and well translated, and is, possibly, known to many of our readers. We mean

#### THE HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

Three youngers hied o'er the Rhine away,  
And there to a hostess turned in they.

"Hostess, hast thou good wine and beer?  
Where is thy maiden daughter dear?"

"Fresh and clear is my wine and beer ;  
In her funeral shroud is my daughter dear."

They entered her chamber, and then they troved  
The maid lay there in a sable shroud.

One youngster aside her veil did roll,  
And eyed the damsel with glance of dole.

"Ah, beauteous maid ! didst thou but live,  
My life-long love to thee I'd give !"

The second her veil did o'er her sweep,  
And turning away, he thus did weep ;

"Ah, that thou liest on thy funeral bier !  
I've loved thee well for many a year."

The third he lifted back the veil,  
• And kissed the maid on her mouth so pale.

"I loved thee ever—and love I thee—  
• And love thee will to eternity."

Here are the suggestions of simple nature, the impulses of love as pure as *ford*, sorrow without simpering, deep pathos, without the slightest dash of effeminacy. We cannot conceive a more perfect illustration of the "*si vis me flere*" which Horace has so elegantly put. .



We now turn to Uhland's *songs*, as he calls them—why we discern not, as there is hardly a song among them. The greater part of them are mere embodiments of a transient thought, riveted to verse at the moment it seemed hurrying to escape. That there should be some conceits in such a collection is not to be wondered at:—that we may be quite just to our author, we select two from a far too copious multitude. Most of them, however, are in a degree redeemed by some small ingenuity; as the first we present, by the thought, and the second, by the versification.

## JACKY AND PEGGY.

Jacky.

Ogling will you *not* forbear  
Wheresoe'er you find me?  
Of those little eyes beware!  
Glance of me may blind thee

Peggy.

Sure 'tis you who ogle so,  
Or you ne'er would spy it;  
Of your neck beware, or oh!  
You may chance to wry it.

## THE SMITH.

I list to my Sweet!

He swingeth his hammer,  
The roarer, the slammer!  
Which troll thro' each chink wil  
Like merry bell's tinkle,  
In alley and street.

The chimney is black,  
And there sits my Dearest,  
And I approach nearest,  
While bellows they whistle.  
And up the flames bristle  
As round him they crack.

It may, however, be candidly said that Uhland generally paints with healthier colours; that the number of such mere *nugæ canoræ* as these is comparatively small. The *melange* which we group below presents a fairer view of his lyrical tone. The first and the last of these we reckon to be quite gems in their way—which will bear comparison with the happiest imaginings, the one of Wordsworth, the other of Moore.

## WRITTEN AT A FERRY.

Years ago, to cross the ferry,  
Boatman, once I took thy wherry;  
Here's the fort in evening's gloaming,  
Down, as erst, the wear is foaming.

Then were in thy boat defended  
Comrades twain who with me  
wended;  
Ah! the friend, like father seemed  
he, [beamed he!  
And the youth, with blithe hope

That, nathless he stilly journey-  
ed,  
Hath unto his earth returned;  
This 'yond all in brawn arrayed  
him,  
Yet hath strife and storm allayed  
him.

So when I, of fortune fonder,  
Dare on vanished days to ponder,  
Feel I all of friends forsaken,  
Friends beloved, whom Death hath  
taken.

But sweet friendship well unites it,	Take then, Boatman, take the bounty
If to spirit spirit plights it.	Which, well pleased, I three-fold count thee.
Spritely then my moments found I,	Two, to spritely natures married,
And to Spirits still am bound I.	Once, with me, across were carried.

## A RESOLVE.

She comes to yon sequestered val- ley ;—	I oft to heaven my moan have wailed
I'll break it with cool heart to-day.	At noon of night full bitterly ;
Why quail before a maiden shall I?	Yet have not on my heart prevailed
She harm for none could e'er essay.	To lisp one accent— <i>I love thee.</i>
It joyeth all to greet her cheer- ly,	Beneath the tree I'll fondly lin- ger
Yet pass I by, nor risk the chance ;	By which my fair doth daily rove ;
Nor on the star which shines so clearly	And there as in a dream I'll sing her
Presume to raise my countenance.	<i>My Life art thou, my own sweet Love !</i>
The flowers which bend their cups beneath her,	I will—but ah ! what throbbings shake me !
The little birds of joyous lay,	She comes—she comes—she will me spy ! [me,
All dare their vows of love to breathe her ;—	To yonder bush I must betake
Why only I so scared away ?	And hide me while she passes by.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I seek' the mead, at twilight hour,	I know not how—upon a day
And o'er the bridge I lie.	I kissed her long ago.
She watches me from garden bow- er	I craved it not—she said not <i>yea,</i>
Which stands my way hard by.	But yet she said not <i>no.</i>
And neither aught of passion wis ;	When loving lip with lip is blent,
But such the world's way always is. •	It seemeth right—we ne'er pre- vent. •

The Zephyr dallies with the flow-  
er,  
Yet naught of love doth wot ;—  
The rose-bud cools 'neath dewy  
shower,  
Yet "give me" saith it not.  
So I love her, and she loves me ;  
Yet mooteth neither, "I love  
thee !"

## GREETING OF SPIRITS.

*First Spirit.*

Loosened are the ties terrestrial,  
 And again my pinions free, &  
 That I in a home celestial,  
 Lady dear, be joined with thee ?  
 Yea ! thine happy exaltation  
 Long to heaven my gaze inclined.  
 Now in light, in animation,  
 Find I her I ne'er resigned !

*Second Spirit.*

What attend I ? Art beguiling  
 Down, or upward mountest thou ?  
 Is again an earth-spring smiling,  
 Or doth here a fairer blow ?  
 Yea ! in this ethereal dwelling  
 Joy was short alone of thee—  
 Come ! of thine approach the feeling  
 Quickens heaven itself for me !

## ON A FAIR MORNING.

Oh after gloom thou sky of azure,  
 How can'st thou still my cries with  
 pleasure ?  
 Tis he who at the shower sickens  
 Who brightens when the sunbeam  
 quickens !

Oh after gloom thou sky of azure,  
 Thou yet may'st still my cries with  
 pleasure ;  
 Thou in my heart doth longing  
 brighten [lighten.  
 That heaven's full joy shall sorrow

## A NIGHT SCENE.

I gaze upon the house of peace  
 Set neath a tree's repose,  
 Where lies my Love in beauteous  
 ease,  
 And with sweet fancy glows. •

Then up to Heaven I gaze—with  
 shroud  
 Of gathering storm 'tis light.  
 Ah ! yet beneath the sable cloud  
 Shines forth the full moon's light !

## THE POET'S EVENING SONG.

Home musing leave at light of  
 eve,  
 It is the hour of poet's pleasance ;  
 And up to heaven thy vision  
 heave,  
 Where glows the sunset's glorious  
 presence.  
 A festal swing thy spirit feels •  
 As in the temple's halls thou peer-  
 est,  
 Where all that's pure itself re-  
 veals,  
 And forms celestial shine the clear-  
 est.

But when around the heavenly,  
 ground  
 Her dark pavilion night hath roll'd  
 The scene is o'er, thou wendest  
 round  
 By radiance wonderful insoul'd.  
 And thou'lt depart with spirit  
 quell'd,  
 The spell of song within thee bear-  
 ing ;  
 The light which thou hast there  
 beheld  
 Thy darksome journey mildly cheer-  
 ing. •

## THE MINSTREL'S EPITHALAMIUM.

• Festive through the palace high  
 Floats the sound of joy exalted ;  
 And a hollow answering cry  
 Quivers up from caverns vaulted.  
 Fair's the night of Jubilee,  
 But the father—museth he !  
 Mighty deed his song engages,  
 Gathered from the gray of ages.

Oft have twinkled lamps enow  
 In this hall, at feast-tide lightsome ;  
 As, when spring returns, the bough  
 Beams with ruddy chaplets blight-  
     some,  
 Ah ! who here with happy love's  
     hand  
 Plighted troth of true love's band  
 Slumber in the crypt beneath us,  
 Only pledge of rest bequeath us.

Man the path of life adown  
 With the speed of tempest chas-  
     eth ;  
 Friends he now may trusty own  
 He but little while embraceth.  
 Kinsmen, good in days of yore,  
 Line the hall in stone and ore ;  
 Yet no eye upon us heave they,  
 Nor the voice of greeting give  
     they.

Not the deed which glows for  
     aye  
 From sepulchral night releases ;  
 None hath tracked the thunder's  
     way,  
 Or the flight of mellow breezes.  
 Eye upraised, thou scarce hast blest  
 God, or hand of friendship prest,  
 Or with kiss thy fair one greeted,  
 Ere, with life, they all have fled.

Child, then, who, with laughing eye,  
 To thy mother's arm thee lockest :—  
 Graybeard, who right pleasantly  
 On thy breast thy grandson rock-  
     est :—  
 Bride, in bloom of youth carest,  
 Hanging on thy true-love's breast :—  
 All who live the life of pleasure,  
 All should swell the joyous mea-  
     sure.

We regret that Uhland has done so little as a sonneteer. The few sonnets which he has written, or published, (about twenty) all seem to us to shew that *here* is the line in which his genius would have found its most complete development. He is, perhaps, deficient in that power of synthesis essential to the execution of a long and sustained effort ; but in grasping the fleeting fancy ere it flies, and setting it to dulcet words and blended harmonies, we have not found that he has a superior in above twenty sonnetteers of Germany from whose works Dr. Wolff has made selections in his *Poetischer Hausschatz*. The six following, which we have attempted, not because they are the best, but because we have thought them the most translatable, display a considerable gift of analytical expansion, and a combined sweetness and intensity of feeling.

#### TO PETRARCH.

Of Laura if thou truthful lays hast sung,  
 Of aspect high, and countenance divine :—  
 And distant ever be the thought indign  
 That unresponsive to the soul thy tongue !—  
 A branch was she, in Paradise which sprung ;  
 An angel shrouded in an earthy coil ;  
 A tender stranger on a barren soil,  
 Who swift to home on plumes returning swung.  
 And oft I fear that in the golden star  
 Where now in glorious garb thy sprite appears

The prize of thy desires thou ne'er may'st gain ;  
 For she to loftier realms hath flown afar ;  
 Transported she to heaven's diviner spheres,  
 Thou still of blighted love must wake the strain.

TO THE INVISIBLE.

Thou Whom we seek thro' many a darksome way,  
 Yet not by scrutinizing thought can hold ;  
 Thou once Thy sacred dimness did'st unfold  
 And visibly Thee to Thy race display.  
 To press Thy form what rapture sweet had they !  
 Upon thy lips' pure words to hang entranc'd !  
 What blessing theirs, who to Thy feast advanc'd !  
 What blessing his, upon Thy breast who lay !  
 That old desire can ne'er my marvel move,  
 Of pilgrims without count who crossed the sea,  
 Of hosts upon remotest strands who strove,  
 And all to pray on Thy memorial sod,  
 And kiss the ground in pious ecstasy,  
 That sacred ground where erst Thy feet had trod !

Say, who can tell how feels the dying man ?  
 I had a wondrous seizure in the night ;  
 Seemed all my limbs already in Death's might,  
 To beat its last my flickering pulse began,  
 And through my spirit unwonted tremors ran ;—  
 That spirit, of such high assurance erst,  
 Now felt expiring, now a glimmer nurst,  
 Such languorous spark as winds might quench or fan.  
 How ? did a dreadful dream my senses thrall ?  
 Sweet sings the lark, and ruddy glows the morn,  
 And new ambitions forth my vigour call.  
 Or how ? was't Death's weird angel past who sped ?  
 Each flower last eve which bloomed, of lustre shorn,  
 Droops on its sapless stem a withered head.

THE NOSEGAY.

If various hints from shrubs and flowers we glean ;  
 In wreath of rose if love itself reveals,  
 To memory if "forget-me-not" appeals,  
 Or laurel, fame, and cypress, sorrow mean ;  
 When silent other signs, if much we wear  
 From hue and shade ; and nice expression see  
 In yellow buds, of pride and jealousy,  
 Of hope fast flickering, in the bough of green ;  
 'Tis well, dear maid, that in my garden spring  
 Flowers of each hue and kind, which thee I bring  
 Fresh from the stock, and strung in artless wreath.  
 My joy, my hope, my pain, is all in thee,  
 My love, my truth, my fame, my jealousy,  
 And consecrate to thee my life, my death.

## AN APOLOGY.

The boast I've written in so many a glee  
 Of kisses in the hour of eve's affiancé,  
 Of arms entwined in rapturous alliance,  
 Alas! tis all but dream and poesy.  
 And yet to thy reproach thou doonest me,  
 And fretful, of my braggart mouth dost taunt,  
 Which ne'er of bliss vouchsafed indulg'd a vaunt—  
 Such bliss vouchsafed would pledge to secrecy.  
 Dear heart! thy wrath allay, forgive the wrong,  
 And on a poet's lightsome faucies smile,  
 Anticipated joy, and shadowy song:—  
 As slept thy minstrel in cool eventide  
 Beneath the tree where hung his harp, the while  
 Its strings among the murmuring zephyr sighed.

## SPIRIT-LIFE.

Apart from thee, as buried deep am I,  
 Nor heaves the breath of spring-tide me to greet,  
 Nor song of lark, nor scent of balsam sweet,  
 Nor beams of morning sun new strength supply.  
 When wrapt in slumber all the living lie,  
 And mount the dead their grave's cold bosom over,  
 Then dreaming past the heights and depths I hover  
 To break our wonted tryst which fain would try.  
 And through those bowers forbidden dare I go,  
 And travel through those doors, once barred to me,  
 And e'en thy beauty's sanctuary seek.  
 Thou gentle bloom! at spirit's breath dost shriek?  
 What round thee floats is love's soft lullaby.  
 Farewell—I'll to my grave—those cocks—they crow.

On the whole, our estimate of Uhland is, that although his works will not bear the test of the higher critical rules, yet there is a friendliness, a sincerity, and a purity about them, which gives him an indefeasible right to claim rank among the poets of his country. Poetry, with him, has been more a pastime than an effort; the *recreation* of a youth in earnest training for those engrossments of the political jurist which are alien to a very high poetical cultivation. It would be unjust to submit such fragments of his genius to any severe æsthetical standard; for Uhland never studied that they should endure it; and he must be judged by what he is, and not by what he is not. His poems are, most of them, as thin and delicate as the gossamer—the lithe tenements of supervenient imaginings—

Trim skiffs on lakes and rivers wide,  
 Which ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 And fear no spite of wind or tide.

His ladies, it is true, are more "*incarnate moonshine*," as one of the critics of his country has observed ;—his knights rather tinselled wax-work, than the braw old cavaliers of southern song ;—the tint of his landscapes fascinates the eye ; but in a moment it looks but filmy and superficial, and soon melts and melts—till it vanishes into nothing. Still we think he will enjoy a lasting popularity. For we know not a correcter index of chaste and elegant susceptibilities ; and though he be but a very child in strength and robustness, and modulate incessantly to an unblended treble, yet there are hours and moods in which it is more comfortable to be lulled with sweet whispers than to wrestle among the intricacies of manly rhetoric ; and to hear the breeze creeping through the reeds, than the master expounding the full compass of the diapason.

## Extracts and Intelligence.

### THE PRIMARY CHARGE OF THE MOST REVEREND JOHN BIRD, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; DELIVERED IN HIS GRACE'S CATHEDRAL, Nov. 1849.

MY REVEREND BRETHREN,—The subject to which I should naturally turn on my first address to you as your Diocesan—the subject to which I am sure that your own feelings would expect me to advert, is the loss which you have experienced in the removal of my venerable predecessor; and the reverence in which his name is held by you. Were I to dwell ever so long or so warmly upon the liberality, the courtesy, the wisdom, which distinguished his archbishopate of twenty years, I should not go beyond what is due to his memory, or overpass the feelings of those especially who meet me to-day, and had constant opportunities of witnessing those qualities which raised him to so high a place in general esteem. But this my natural theme has been anticipated, as is well known to most of you, by one who from circumstances was best calculated to do it justice, and whose performance of the duty devolving on me has been so complete as to preclude any attempt to follow him in the course which he at once began and finished. Nothing, therefore, remains for me except to endeavour that during the much shorter career which I can expect to run, I may act in the same spirit and acquire the same confidence of the clergy over whom I am placed, by a faithful attention to the great interest which we are all concerned to maintain.

Turning, then, from this the first object which presented itself to my thoughts, I look towards the different matters connected with our Church, and by which our minds have been occupied during the past year. Prominent amongst these is the question concerning the management of schools and the terms on which public assistance may be obtained. But I am unwilling to re-open a discussion which has been long embarrassing us, and which I hope is now finally concluded. I could have wished, indeed, that the views of the Council on Education had accorded more fully with the desire of many of our valuable friends; but I cannot refrain from expressing my own conviction that, practically, the government of the school will be in the hands of the clergyman wherever he applies himself to the government of the school. Should a case occur in which this duty is neglected, he cannot complain that it should be taken up by others.

On another subject, by which the minds of many are deeply agitated, it would be easy to add a volume to the thousand treatises which already crowd our shelves and perplex our views. I allude, of course, to the interpretation which is to be given to our service for infant baptism. Here, however, my mouth is necessarily closed by the circumstances in which this important matter is at the present moment involved. We can



only pray that the spirit of a sound mind and a right judgment may be granted to all who are concerned in the determination of so intricate a question, and that the differences which, practically considered, are in a great degree verbal, may not be permitted to disturb the unity of brethren, or dissolve the bond of peace in our Church.

The recent Parliamentary session has introduced another subject which materially affects the Church, in the alteration of the laws relating to marriages. It would be a waste of time to discuss the question here on which there is little difference of opinion among the clergy, and concerning which they can do little except what they have already done, very generally, protest against the projected innovation. Leaving, therefore, all topics of this kind, as more fit for other occasions, or as not likely to promote what ought to be, and I pray God may be, the result of our assembling together, godly edification, I turn to a subject of permanent and universal interest, and shall draw your attention to the ministerial office considered in its various branches and momentous consequences. Momentous, indeed, they are. We might well be surprised at what has been committed to the ministry of the Church. What God has intrusted to it, and made, as it were, dependent upon it, might astonish us, were it not a part of the general system on which the Almighty carries on his government, to fulfil his purposes towards man through man's instrumentality. Still it remains an awful truth—awful through the responsibility connected with it, that the vast mystery of redemption—the mighty objects of Christ's incarnation, and atonement and resurrection, are to be completed and made effectual through the agency of human ministers—of ministers, indeed, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, but still of human ministers.

So the Lord first said to his Apostles, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you; go, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And in like manner the Apostles afterwards, in the exercise of the office committed to them, no sooner formed congregations of Christians, than they ordained elders, who should watch over their souls, as those who should give account. And St. Paul enjoins Timothy to provide that there should be a constant succession of faithful men to preserve and hand down the doctrines which they had received. No other means are appointed by which the Gospel should be taught or diffused throughout the world. Our Church, therefore, may well exhort us to remember how weighty an office and charge we are called to, who are the constituted messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord. These offices are combined. As they are united in the same person, so their duties run closely into one another. It may, however, be convenient to consider the exercise of these duties separately, and the offices as distinguished from each other.

And first, of the message. In this, its character, St. Paul represents himself. "We are," he says, "ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us. We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God." And the substance of the message—the word of reconciliation committed to us, and to be delivered by us, we know from the most indisputable authority, even from Him who brought it into the world, and then intrusted it to His Apostles. I allude to that memorable passage of His life when entering upon the synagogue of Nazareth he selected from the prophecies which had been written concerning Him, this description of his purpose:—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor—He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive and recovering of sight to the blind—to set at liberty them that are bruised—to preach the accept-

able year of the Lord." All these, we observe, are words of gracious invitation. They do not condemn the world, however deserving of condemnation; but they offer restoration. The poor are to hear glad tidings—blind eyes are to be opened—the penitent are to be comforted—those whom Satan has led captive at his will, those whom sin has bruised and wounded, are to be delivered. Proclamation is to be made that the type of the year of Jubilee is fulfilled—that God has reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and has given to the Apostles the ministry of reconciliation.

Here, then, we catch the tone in which our message must be delivered—a tone of tenderness and gentleness suited to the purport of the message. More especially is it the tone in which they must be addressed; for it is the only tone which is likely to affect them who, in the midst of Christian light, are living in heathen darkness, not less aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, than if they had never been enrolled in it—not less without God in the world, than if they had never been dedicated to His Service. Too many such, we fear, are found in every parish even of limited extent and population. Still more in those widely-spread and closely-peopled districts which many of our parishes contain. The sinful neglect of parents—the bereavement, perhaps, of their natural guardians or instructors—early bad companionship, and consequent early depravity, have kept them at a distance from all religious knowledge. They have no sense of sin, because they have no acquaintance with the law of which sin is the transgression, or of the Judge by whom the law is enacted. They bear, indeed, the name of Christians, but practically, they are much in the state of those to whom Saint Paul first carried the Gospel Message at Corinth or Philippi. They are the sheep of Christ, and bought with His blood, but they have strayed from the flock, and are scattered abroad in the midst of this naughty world, and if not reclaimed and brought back, must be lost for ever.

Now the problem is, and I am sure it has been felt by those of my reverend brethren who have had experience in these matters—the problem is how to act as messengers to these lost wanderers. They will not make the first advance and come to us that they may hear our message. The little which they do know concerning it alarms and deters instead of attracting them; for they are well aware that it reproves their lives and habits. The only hope is that we carry our message to them. Such, however, it must be admitted, is the proper character of a messenger, who is not sought but seeks—by soothing language, by words of compassion rather than of condemnation—and their state is such as may well excite compassion,—their minds may be so far softened as to consent to listen to the truth when brought nigh them, and made of easy access. Especially when, in the first instance, they are not required so completely to change their habits as to join the public congregation, but opportunity is taken of a cottage or a school room to expound to them the truth as it is in Jesus, and to tell them words by which they and their house may be saved. The tenor of Scripture greatly favors such exertions. The prophet, or rather he who spoke by the prophet, is severe against those shepherds who suffered their flocks to wander on every mountain and every high hill, and to become prey unto the beasts of the field, because none did seek or search after them. Indeed we may appeal to the highest of all example—he, whose message we convey, did not wait till mankind should seek him, desiring either redemption from death or instruction in righteousness. But for the very reason that they desired neither, he had compassion on them, and was found of them that sought him not—

"He came to seek and to save that which was lost."

I might mention another consideration why efforts of this kind are often unexpectedly successful—though all must be referred to the Spirit of God. The Spirit acts through the operations of the human mind; and the mind is excited and affected when unlooked for proofs are given of interest in the welfare of another. Now, we clergy take our station in the church on Sundays in the regular exercise of our office. We do it not grudgingly, but of goodwill. Still it is not a duty concerning which we have a choice whether it shall be performed or not. But when opportunities of instruction are afforded, to offer which there is no legal obligation, and which involve also personal sacrifices, as they often must if made available to working men—indeed which promise no other return than that which attends the work of faith and the labor of love,—then the thoughtless man is led to reflect—the hardened sinner can hardly escape from the inference that there must be importance in the message which is brought at the expense of unrequited pains, must be danger in that state which there is such real anxiety to relieve.

Such thoughts may be as the rain and dews of Heaven which prepare the ground to receive the seed and nourish it when sown. And the ultimate reward realised from the message may be, that sinners are turned from the error of their ways—"they that were dead are alive again—they that were lost are found."

And is there not a cause? Who can reflect without deep and serious commiseration on the life of the peasant who has no hope beyond this present world—nay, for whom there is only "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation?" His mind scarcely raised above the ground he treads upon—his thoughts not extending beyond the things which his eyes see and his hands handle—his desires, his gratifications hardly higher than those of the beasts that perish? Surely he is one to whom the words apply—"The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live." Our message to such must be—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." It is a new light which is let in upon the soul—it is a new life which animates the man, if it please God through the ministry of the Word to rouse him from this lethargy, to shew him his present wretchedness—to open before him a better hope, so that the language of St. Paul to his heathen converts may be transferred to him—"Ye were some time in darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins—ye who were the slaves of sin and Satan, are now become the servants of God, having your feet unto righteousness and the end everlasting life."

If there could be this change among the idolaters of Ephesus or Thessalonica, need we despair of seeing it in any of our villages and towns? We have the same embassy. Our commission is from the same Lord. The Holy Spirit is not withdrawn. "In due time we shall reap if we faint not and are not weary in well doing." "He that now goeth on his way weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

But the messenger is also the watchman of the Lord. The figure is taken from the prophet Ezekiel to whom we must resort for the application of the term:—"The word of the Lord came to him saying, O Son of Man, I have set thee a watchman over the house of Israel—therefore hear the word of my mouth and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man thou shalt surely die, and thou speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man, shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless if thou

warn the wicked of his way to turn him from it, if thou do not turn him from his way he shall die in his iniquity, but thou hast delivered thy soul." The business, therefore, of the watchman is to declare and to maintain the truth—to lay before the people the Divine will as regards mankind—the total ruin in which they are involved, through the sin of our first parents—the only mode of restoration through reliance on the atonement made for them on the cross, and the sole proof of an interest in that atonement, a holy and obedient life. These are truths, which in their plainness and simplicity they have seldom the willingness to hear—rounded off and polished down, and covered by a cloud of words, they fall gently on the ear and more gently still on the mind. The frailty of nature and the consolations of the Gospel are phrases which create no disturbance and excite no cavil. But when the watchman fulfils his duty faithfully his language will be too plain to be heard without emotion. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe." "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." This is the first note of warning which the watchman will continually sound. There is destruction—there is a refuge. If thou disregard that refuge thou shalt lie in thine iniquity; but thy blood shall be upon thine own head. "I have delivered my soul." But, further, the watchman will warn those of his people who profess to be living in the faith of Christ against that which our corrupt nature strongly pleads for, and countenances a worldly, prayerless, unreflecting manner of life, instead of that anxious, vigilant, and self-denying which is alone the consistent profession of one, who acknowledges that his nature is corrupt, and that sin into which he is liable to fall, is ruinous.

Scripture represents our state on earth as a warfare in which we have a perpetual contest to maintain against enemies without, and enemies within. It represents the kingdom of heaven as a treasure, which, when a man has found, he gives up every thing to secure it. It represents the gate of that kingdom as narrow, and not to be entered without pains. Who would suppose this, when observing the lives of too many who profess and call themselves Christians, walking rather as if they could not miss the gate of mercy, or fail to obtain "the pearl of great price," than as if it were their chief and first concern to walk worthy of their high calling, and so attain that world, and the resurrection from the dead? Here, therefore, the watchman will give his warning with no uncertain sound. The enemy is sure to come. We are not ignorant of his devices, and he will strive, when he cannot deter the man from religion altogether, to mar the work, and quench the Spirit of God. He will suggest the danger of being righteous overmuch, and the folly of doing more than others. He will use the sacrifice of Christ as a ground of security, rather than as a motive to diligence and exertion. The people, therefore, must be constantly admonished of the necessity of acting up to the engagements belonging to a member of Christ—must be reminded that they alone are the sons of God who are led by the Spirit of God—that they to whom there is no condemnation are those who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit; but they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts, and by patient continuance in well-doing, not as though they had already attained, either were already perfect, are seeking glory and honor and immortality.

Thus we find St. Paul, the great example of ministers, constantly on the watch, whenever danger threatened the infant charge. Did the Judaizing teachers corrupt the simplicity of the Gospel, and desire to add the merits of ceremonial obedience to the finished work of Christ? "I tell you," he said, "ye are fallen from Christ; Christ has become of no effect unto you." There were others who would deceive their hearers with vain words, as if men might continue in sin, that grace might abound. "Behold," he said, "I told you before, and now tell you again, even weeping, that such are enemies to the cross of Christ; for, on account of these things, the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." Did he find that the truths of the Gospel were neglected or misrepresented? He did not hesitate to lay again the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. It was not grievous to him to repeat the same things, and for the people to hear them. Was the danger lest the Hebrew Christians should turn aside like their forefathers, through the tediousness and difficulties of the way? He reminded them of that history, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief, and showed them, like his brother Apostles, that it would have been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they had known it, to turn aside from the holy commandments delivered to them.

"All this is the language of one who knew the need of a watchman's eye to perceive the coming danger, and of the watchman's voice to sound the alarming tidings. The nature of man is the same—the nature of Satan is the same—the kingdom of heaven must still be taken by earnest determination and continued perseverance, and the watchman's warning is ever heard, lest the Son of Man, when he appear, should take us by surprise, clothed in no wedding garment—our lamps gone out—no preparation made for the coming of the Lord.

Thus far have I spoken of the clergyman as the messenger and the watchman. There still remains his more regular and habitual office as the steward of the Lord. This, also, is one amongst the titles by which St. Paul designates himself. "Let a man so account of us," he says, "as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God"—as those to whom is committed the sacred trust of unfolding the councils of God regarding man, and of dispensing the truths of Scripture according to the wants and circumstances of those over whom they have the oversight, giving to each his portion in due season. And here let me remark that he who would not be found faithful as a steward, who should take on himself to reserve what he was intended to dispense, under the notion that his people were incapable of receiving what is without controversy the great mystery of godliness—"God manifest in the flesh"—an idea of this kind could never have prevailed, unless our only sure guide, the Scriptures, had been neglected or abandoned. If there is in Revelation what may be justly termed a mystery, it is the atonement made upon the cross—it is the purpose of that atonement, "God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

But what says the great Author—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and what is the message but the glad tidings of reconciliation," "mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissing each other. The Apostles, instead of keeping back this mystery, begin with it—make it constantly the foundation of all their arguments. If the disciples are to be warned against the deceitfulness of sin, it is because Christ once died for sin. If devotedness of heart is to be enforced it is because one died for all—"that they which live should not henceforward live unto themselves but unto him who died for them." If love or

charity are recommended, it is because God loved us and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. And, indeed, to what purpose should we insist upon the precepts of the Scripture without the doctrines by which they are sanctioned? It is no small thing to enforce these precepts—to, for instance, require a man to sacrifice the sin to which his heart is enslaved—to abandon the unlawful gain by which, it may be, his family has been supported—to deny himself the gratifications on which his heart is set and which he may have been long accustomed to enjoy. Such sacrifices must sometime be made if a man is to become anything but a Christian in name; and will such sacrifices be made, such self-denial consented to without a motive, without a true and cogent motive, that “the end of these things is death;” and to ransom you from this death the son gave himself to death that he might “redeem you from all iniquity and bring you to everlasting life.”

Reason, therefore, concurs with Scripture, and experience with both, in shewing that it must be the ruling principle of the faithful steward to withhold none of the council of God—not to attempt to separate what his Word has uniformly joined together—repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Reliance on the salvation which Christ has wrought must be the basis of repentance towards God. It is a pregnant sentence of the Apostle Peter—“Christ once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.”

This is not the time for proving the connexion between the death of Christ for sin, and the conversion of man to God; otherwise it might be easy to point out how that vast and mysterious evidence of the nature of sin as separating man from God—that revelation of the nature of God as a God of holiness and justice as well as of mercy, when he spared not his own Son but gave him up for us all—it might be easy to show how this is the true argument by which the purpose of God is effected—the mercy of Christ is made available, and man is not in word only but in deed and truth brought to God—brought to him as the Father whom he must love, as the Governor whom he must obey, as the God over all whom he is bound by every tie to serve, and please, and honour.

It is the intent of the Gospel to create this state of heart, but we cannot produce the effect without the means. We cannot influence the soul thus to cast itself on God in repentance and submission without displaying in all its fulness the great and powerful motive that Christ gave himself for us that those who otherwise would be dead unto God and living unto Satan, might die unto Satan and live unto God. This, therefore, must be the first test of faithful stewardship, that nothing which God seems fit to reveal should be withheld from those for whose instruction it is revealed, and who are to seek instruction from the lips of Christ. He is to keep knowledge for use, not to store it for reserve. Among the means by which knowledge must be dispensed, the pulpit stands most prominent, and is commonly the most influential. It is, indeed, a wonderful provision that in every parish there should be a weekly delivery of Christian doctrine by one who has been studiously trained and learnedly educated for the purpose, strikingly fulfilling the prophecy—“the poor have the Gospel preached to them.” We have too much reason to regret that the result is inadequate to the means. Much is taught but little learned—many hearers, but few take heed to what they hear. Neither can this be solely ascribed to the hearer’s carelessness or stupidity. The same class, not differing in vocation or education, which in some places hears as though it heard not, in others is stirred up to attention and interest; and often led on to a new life, following after the

commandments of God. Unquestionably the power of so speaking as to rouse the feelings and move the hearts of those to whom we speak, is a gift, or talent, which, like others of our faculties, is not uniformly bestowed, and belongs to some men in a far greater degree than others can ever attain. But there are principles universally applicable; and whether the observance of them be generally successful or not, the neglect of them will certainly be fatal to usefulness.

The first thing essential is that the people feel themselves to be addressed, appealed to by one whose business it is to instruct, rebuke, exhort and reason. They are to be discoursed with, not read to. Originally what we now call a sermon more resembled conversation. A discussion upon Scripture and the inferences to be deduced from it—an oration, however elaborate—an essay, however polished, is a bad substitute for a pointed address to the heart and conscience in which the truths of Scripture are brought to bear upon the ordinary life and conversation of the individual hearer. In the one case the effect is that of an event read as a matter of history—in the other, an event related by one who has just witnessed it. Some have supposed that this difference depends on extemporary delivery. The contrary is proved by the practice of many living and influential preachers whose discourses are uniformly written. It is rare, very rare in our country at least, that there is that self command, that fluency of words, together with soundness of judgment, which makes it safe habitually to preach without written preparation—though, wherever such gifts exist, they may be blessed to special usefulness.

But the real advantage of the extemporary preacher is that which every preacher may attain. Instead of reading to his congregation, he speaks to his congregation—instead of repeating sentences which are often drawn out into many clauses, and of which the beginning is forgotten before the end is reached, he finds the necessity of being clear and simple, or he loses the attention which it is indispensable to maintain. In short he finds the necessity of being understood. But if this object is kept in view it may as easily be effected in the written as in the unwritten sermon. If only we address our people as the advocate who is anxious in behalf of his client addresses the jury on whom his cause depends, with such arguments or in such language as he finds they can comprehend, and with such earnestness as shows that he has a purpose to effect, one cannot be satisfied without attaining it. Much advantage sometimes arises from varying the modes of preaching and exchanging a regular sermon for an exposition of Scripture. Scripture, indeed, appears to have been so indited as to invite this method of instruction. The history and biography of the Old Testament—the parables and narratives which abound in the New, furnish a perpetual source from which such expositions may be supplied, especially to one of the day's services. I regret, however, to perceive that, notwithstanding the strongly expressed wishes of my predecessor, there are still many parishes in the diocese where only one sermon prevails on the Sunday. This is a remark which scarcely applies to those whom I am now addressing, as many of them are persons of authority, and can, therefore, use that authority for the enforcement of the advice which it may be so useful for them to give. When we consider that the majority of our people are incapable of deriving any real instruction from reading and depend mainly for their religious instruction on what they orally receive at church—when we are aware that there are always some members of every family who, however willing, can in such a case hear only one sermon a fortnight, we can hardly think it consistent with that desire of the people's welfare, which ought to be uppermost in every mind, to miss any oppor-

tunity by which their understanding may be opened or knowledge increased, their hearts affected, their thoughts raised to things above, especially when we know that, however mistaken some may be, the service is rarely well attended when a sermon does not succeed the prayers.

Leaving the pulpit I descend to that which deserves the next place in our stewardship—the management of the school. The prophecy concerning him who was to come, foretold of him as one who should gather the lambs in his bosom; and it was an affecting exhortation that he left to his beloved Apostle—“Feed my lambs.” Indeed we cannot contemplate a child in any situation in life without a strong emotion of sympathy, and anxiety. Here is a being endowed with immortality—an immortality which may be miserable or may be happy, beyond what the imagination of man can conceive. This awful alternative depends upon the use made of a few fleeting years. The child has indeed been dedicated to God in baptism and enrolled amongst his children, and we trust the Holy Spirit dwells in him. But how great is the danger, that the Holy Spirit may be grieved, may be quenched through the corrupt nature which still remains within—through the temptations which abound on every side, and the bad example which too often invites the young to yield to sin. Here, therefore, is the place of the steward’s care—that good principles should be implanted where bad principles would otherwise take hold, and that the child, from its earliest years, should be taught to know its condition in the world—should learn alike its state of danger and its way of safety. The Roman Catholics are able almost with the mother’s milk to instil into the infant mind a belief that the eternal state, the salvation or perdition of the soul, depends upon the curse or blessing of the priest. It ought not to be more difficult to imbue the child with a knowledge of what he owes to his Divine Redeemer from Satan and from sin, to set evidently before him, Jesus Christ and him crucified, as the Guardian in whom he should trust, the Lord whom he should obey, that he may become, not in word and name only, but, in deed, a faithful soldier and servant of Christ in the warfare which lies before him. But it can hardly be expected that he will learn this from the master of the school. However valuable in other respects, we seldom find in these persons the ability of communicating to their scholars that practical acquaintance with religious truth in which religion really consists. The language and the facts of Scripture may be impressed on the memory, may be ready on the lips—and this is no slight advantage. But the doctrines which bear on the heart and lead to practical godliness must be inculcated by those whose office it is to expound the Scriptures and apply them to the duties of life. The literary character of the school depends on its master, but the religious character of the school must depend upon the clergyman; and there are few of his hours which would be so usefully employed or so well repaid as the hours which he occupies in the religious instruction of the young. It may be worth remarking that he thus acquires a habit which may be profitable elsewhere. He learns the art of familiarly explaining spiritual things, which may be brought to bear on the children of a larger growth with whom also he has to deal, and who are as often uninstructed in the principles of the gospel, as the pupils of the school. The facility of illustration, the power of adapting language to the capacity of the hearer, a habit of so speaking as to be clear, simple, and therefore intelligible, may be incidentally cultivated while among them in the school, and from thence transferred to the pupils in the church—the nourishment given to the lambs of the flock may be extended to the sheep also. I am not insensible of the great difficulties under which in many portions of this diocese the clergy labor from



the impossibility of supporting schools, through the small amount of population. Against this, as against other obstacles which on every side obstruct our path, we must struggle as best we may. Sometimes the union of two or three neighboring parishes may support a school. Sometimes an infant school may take in the younger children, while the older children go elsewhere. But I rejoice to find the clergy are becoming daily more and more convinced, that without a school their parish can make but little advance towards improvement; and I gladly embrace the opportunity of acknowledging the obligations we owe to the Diocesan Board for its unwearied exertions in promoting the cause of education throughout the diocese; for the example which they have set the people, of really good and effective instruction, and for the assistance which they have afforded both in the erection and maintenance of schools, which could not exist without it. The necessities of the case enforce them to do more than the exhausted funds in hand allow, anticipating that fresh supply, which, through the exertions of the clergy and the influence of the laity, they are hoping ere long to obtain. I trust the clergy of the diocese will earnestly promote the cause in their respective parishes, and induce their people to contribute towards the accomplishment of an object in which the whole community are alike concerned.

Important, however, as is the religious education of the children, it must never supersede the instruction of those advanced in years. We sometimes hear it said by clergymen who look with despair upon the ignorance, the hardness of heart, the utter recklessness of too many of their flock, that their only hope is in the young. This idea must not be indulged too far. Too many of the adults are ignorant, and, consequently, indifferent; but have the likeliest means ever been used to instruct their ignorance, and so to awaken them to a spiritual sensibility? Had the Apostle listened to reasons of this kind, the heathen must always have remained heathen. It was said of the nation that adhered to the idolatry in which it had been brought up—that the people had known no other gods than those made with hands, and, therefore, could never come to worship Him who was invisible. Having been long dead in trespasses and sins, they could never be brought into the ways of righteousness. It might have been asked, as in the vision of the prophet, “Can these dry bones live?” Yet they did live. Breath, heavenly breath, came into them, and they rose up a very great army. Now, the hand of the Lord is not shortened, neither are we without experience that many who have long lived without God in the world, may be turned from the errors of their ways, may be led to redeem the vows of their baptism, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. But the means must be taken by which, under God’s blessing, these changes can be wrought. The heathen—it is sad to think that we must refer to their example when speaking of any inhabitants of this land—the heathen went through a regular course of instruction. Those who had themselves become acquainted with the truth, made it their business to convey the same truth to others. They did this by a mode which exercised the understanding, and impressed the doctrine taught on the mind—by conversation, both hearing and asking questions—that is, by what they term catechising; which, however, was as unlike what we sometimes practise as catechising, as the repetition of words is unlike the interchange of ideas. Similar means may possibly prevail among the ignorant, the careless, and the thoughtless. Even if they attend the church from time to time, the discourse of the pulpit is little likely to come home to them whilst the soil is utterly unprepared. But conversation, repeated conversation, not in the tone of rebuke, however well deserved,

but of kindness and compassion, may sometimes awake dormant feelings, and lead to that desire of spiritual knowledge, which, when once excited, never fails to attain its object, and realise the promise—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Nothing less than this is anticipated in our ordination service. When the demand is made, will you be ready to use both public and private monitions and exhortations as well to the sick as to the whole within your cures? And here we must observe that the order which in practice is too common is reversed. Attention to the sick is made, in this passage, secondary to attention to the whole. Truly it is grievous when that renewal of the heart which must be found in every one of whom we have good hope, is deferred to a season when all experience tells us it seldom takes place at all, and when there can be no test or proof of its reality. The visitation of the sick is the most painful of all clerical duties, and too often we fear the most unprofitable. The minister is summoned, perhaps for the first time, when recovery seems hopeless, and it is expected by the patient himself or by his friends that the holy Sacrament will be administered to him. Yet nothing is less countenanced in the Scriptures than the practice of administering the Communion in their dying hour to those who, during their past lives, may have exhibited none of the faith which leads to that Communion. This is unquestionably a relic of the superstition which once pervaded the whole Church, and there is still reason to believe that the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ is popularly considered as the conveyance of pardon—or as it were redemption by the forgiveness of sins. The Sacrament is the means of grace of which every Christian will avail himself—the participation of it is an evidence of faith which every Christian will exhibit. To think of it as more than this, would be to go beyond the revealed Word.

But in proportion as it is distressing to witness the spiritual ignorance of those who are entering upon eternity, it will be gratifying to attend the death-bed of the humble cottager, who, through the pastoral instruction day by day bestowed on him, has grown in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. To such a one the flesh of Christ is meat indeed, and the blood of Christ is drink indeed; and the minister who consigns his body to the grave, in sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life, perceives the fruit of his labor and is doubly requited for his pains.

These, my reverend brethren, whom though not the only persons present, I thought the most concerned in my address on the present occasion—these are the principal thoughts that have occurred to me with regard to those divisions of the ministerial labor which our ordination service, no less than the reason of the case directs us to observe. I have laid them before you, not as things either new in themselves or new to your own sentiments or habits, but as important things concerning which the occasion of our assembling together seemed a proper season to stir up your minds by way of remembrance. We constantly need, in a world like ours, to be reminded of what manner of men we ought to be in all holy conversation and godliness—we to whom such mighty interests are committed, and who are bound by such weighty obligations. For, after all, it is the personal character that avails us, and on which usefulness in the ministry depends. It is sometimes surprising to see the personal influence possessed by one who perhaps has few gifts to boast of, natural or acquired, yet whose flock show evident signs that the word has taken root among them; because, whatever may be his deficiencies, he has that which makes up for many deficiencies, and the want of which destroys all merits. He has

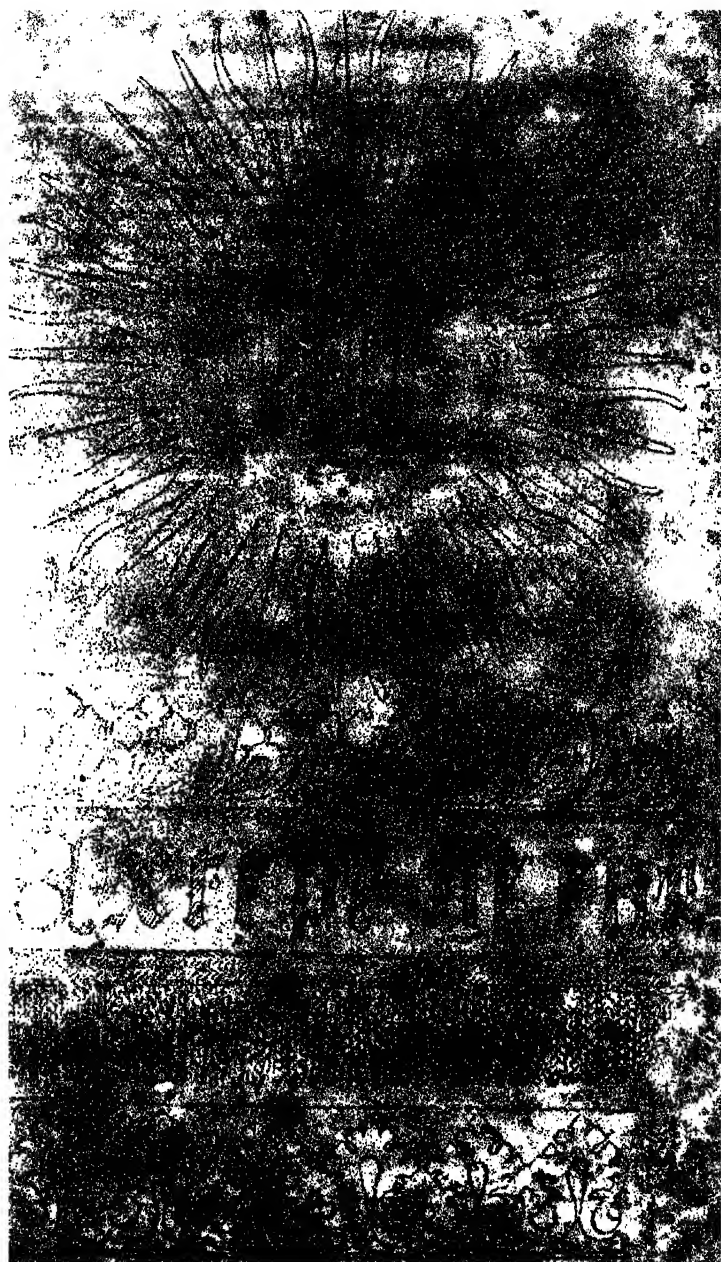
earnestness, he has decision, he gives himself wholly to the work. No one can doubt that he sees the danger of the soul whilst unrenewed, and that he can never be satisfied whilst any remain without the knowledge of God. There is danger lest the circumstances of our Church establishment—happy as that establishment is in many and great respects—there is danger still lest it should interfere with this earnestness and decision, and impair the character of our ministry. The clerical life is a profession—a profession entered upon at an early period—sometimes without due consideration of its proper object and awful responsibility. Further, the clergyman, in some respects necessarily, often far more than is necessary, mixes with general society of the world; when it is difficult to carry on such intercourse without imbibing something of the spirit which leads us to view a state of sinfulness and irreligion—to view everything connected with the world to come, in a very different aspect from that in which they are represented in the Bible. The world is satisfied when respectability is maintained and nothing is admitted to shock the general sense of decency and propriety. The world is too apt to resent, rather than to approve what goes beyond this point, and he who exceeds it may in some instances encounter murmur, reproach, or scorn. There is a tendency in these circumstances to reduce both the doctrine and the practice of the clergyman below the level to which they would be brought if tested by the true standard. But we shall be tried at last not according to the judgment of the world, but by the balance of the sanctuary. St. Paul thought it a very small thing to be judged of man, or by man's judgment. He that judgeth him is the Lord; and the Lord has signified that he requires much of those who are placed as the lights of the earth—who are designed to be as the salt which is to avert the corruption that would otherwise prevail, and which salt must not lose its savor. The minister, therefore, who is aware of the downward tendency of his own nature, and this influence of the world, will oppose that tendency by constantly referring to the example held up to him and the conduct which befits a Christian minister. That example is presented in St. Paul, with whom we are made acquainted, not only as an Apostle to make the Gospel known, but as a pastor in the oversight of a congregation. As such he represents himself in the company of elders whom he summoned to Miletus: "Ye know," he says, "after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews and also to the Greeks, repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men." And again to the Thessalonians, "Ye know how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you as a father doth his children, that ye walk worthy of God who has called you to his kingdom and glory."

This is a specimen of that earnestness which will be felt, and of that diligence which will be exercised, when the true value of the object before us is understood—when eternity is so viewed as he viewed it who had been favored with revelations and visions from the Lord—acquainting him more clearly, than is given to other sons of men, with the things that shall be hereafter. Those things remain the same. The terrors of the Lord are not diminished, neither is there aught taken from those good things which God hath laid up for them that love Him. There is reason, therefore, for the same warm affection towards those committed to our charge—the same anxiety for their welfare—the same dread of their falling away—the same earnestness to warn, exhort, rebuke, encourage, which is so strongly express-

ed by the Apostle, and which made him constant in season and out of season, to prosecute the work in which he was engaged—to bring all committed to his charge to that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that righteousness and perfectness of agreement in Christ, that there should be no trace left among them, either of error in religion, or of viciousness in life. The same urgent motive which incited him to feel diligence, equally impelled him to self-denial, which is a necessary feature in every Christian character, and is most especially required in the Christian ministry. He must inquire not only what is lawful, but what is expedient—not only what might be allowable in himself or unobjectionable in others, but what is suited to himself in his capacity of clergyman. But what is not forbidden in the law of God, may yet tend to lower him in the eyes of his people, and so impair his influence among them. This will determine him with regard to places of public amusement—with regard to many social assemblies—with regard to field sports, especially those of a boisterous kind. May we not here justly apply the Apostle's warning—"Thou, O man of God! leave these things." Indeed, with respect to most of them, the man of God will be restrained by other feelings than those of professional propriety. How little do they agree with the Scriptural view of life, as a warfare in which we are contending for victory against the world, the flesh, and the devil; or as a race which is set before us, to which we should be continually pressing forward—as a pilgrimage in which our object is not to put ourselves on the road, but to arrive safely at the end. We cannot be surprised that they should delight in those frivolities, who have never begun in earnestness to seek the kingdom of God; but they can have no enticements for men who are engaged not only to cease from the business of the world, the flesh, and the devil, but to form wholesome examples as patrons of the flock of Christ. They can present no temptations to men in whom the same mind is found as was in the Apostles, whose main desire was to be instrumental in delivering the souls of their people from destruction, and bringing them to a blessed immortality. These thoughts animated St. Paul in all his labours, that by any means he might save some. This made him affectionately desirous of the Thessalonians, so as to have been willing to impart to them not only the Gospel of Christ, but also his own soul, because they were dear unto him. This excited his anxiety concerning them, so that he could no longer forbear, but sent to know their faith, lest by any means the tempter should have tempted them, and his labor would be in vain. And this caused him to rejoice when he received good tidings of their steadfastness, their faith, and charity; and seemed to give him new life. Now ye know these things, "we live," he says, "if ye stand fast in the Lord."

Now, the pastor of every parish has a closer connexion, and a nearer interest, in his flock, than Paul in the Thessalonians, or any other congregation which he addresses. He went from place to place, and it is only at Ephesus and Corinth, that we know of his continuing even for the space of a single year. He had a multitude of flocks to attend. We are confined to the care of one. The interest is undivided, and the interest is permanent. We know not that it will terminate before life itself is terminated—till we are summoned to give an account of our stewardship. Therefore we may justly test ourselves by the feelings of the Apostles, and if we do not use the same diligence, if we are not conscious of the same affection, if we do not watch with the same vigilance and witness every departure from the faith or every instance of steadfastness with the same earnest anxiety, we are below the standard by which our ministerial faithfulness should be measured. It is not perhaps at the present moment that we are able to

judge of these things truly. Our eyes are clouded with the mists of the present world, and we are little able to anticipate a consciousness of immediate responsibility, or to realise the open prospect of eternity. But in proportion as we bring before our minds the final account when every man's work shall be tried and every man rewarded according to his work, we shall be reconciled to self-denial—we shall think little of the labor—we shall be ready to teach, patient, in meekness instructing even those that oppose themselves, and according to the power which worketh in us and supports us we shall be incessantly warning every man and teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus, and so lay up for ourselves a hope, a joy, a crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming.

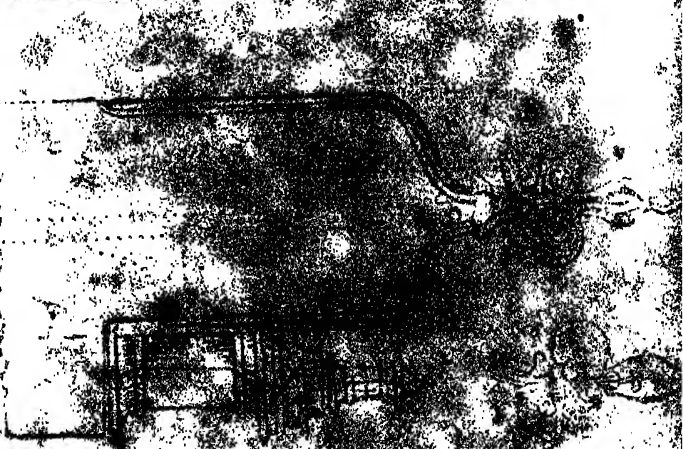




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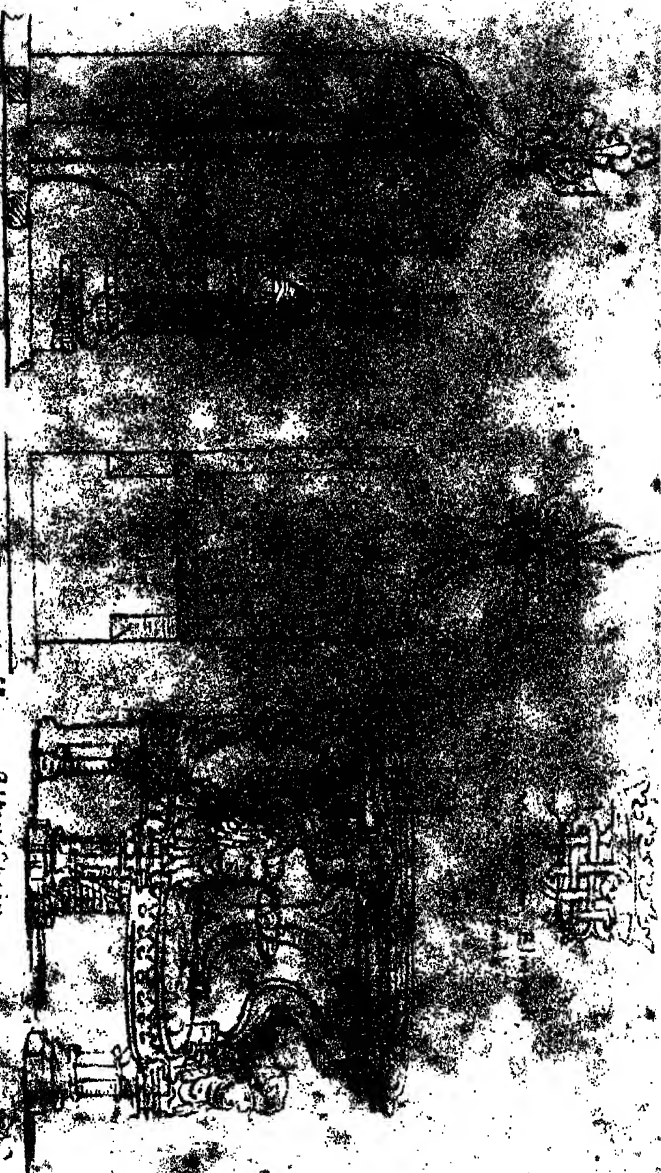




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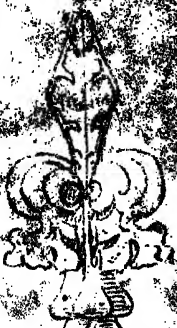
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Alley Chain





PORPHY-HEADS

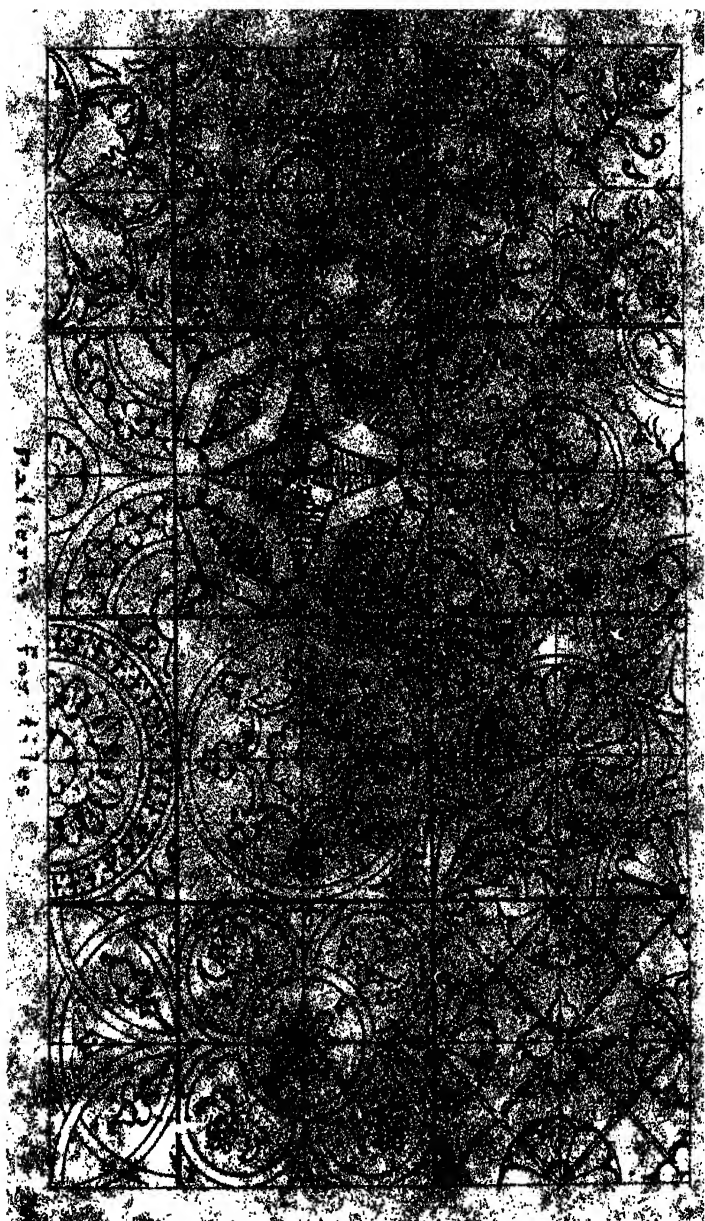


Tuddenham

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I.  
LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

*(Continued from page 98.)*

I now digress again, to bring on the tapis another personage, who however is essential to the completion of the picture. As the weary traveller to the Upper Provinces is jolted along the dusty road in his palanquin (it is so up to the date of this present writing, though now they are beginning to talk about rail-roads,) about four miles from the Muddunpoor bungalow, and on the left hand side, will be seen the rural palace of the Rajahs of Deo. The family is of ancient and of high blood, being of the class of Chouhan Rajpoots; and since the advent of the English to India, it has ever been the most steadfast of our allies. The heads of this family have maintained the singular custom of separating themselves from their wives after the birth of a son; so that there is no danger of the inheritance being divided, or of there being a disputed succession. This fact I have myself seen in the persons of three generations; the Rajah Gunsham Singh, the Rajah Metterbhan Singh, his son, and the present estimable youth who holds the Raj. I have known them all well, and highly did I esteem those who have left this world. Of the above, Metterbhan Singh was my personal friend and companion, and a worthier, braver, and more honorable man, never trod this world. He, poor fellow, at the time of the outbreak in Chota Nagpore, went at my request to the assistance of our troops, with about two hundred followers, well armed, many of whom were horsemen.



While with the force, he gained the same high opinion from every one, as he had from us ; but he was soon removed by consumption, leaving his disconsolate father (soon to follow him,) and a little boy, the present Rajah. It is not, however, of my respected friend Metterbhan Singh that I have now to speak ; it is of his father, the Rajah Gunsham Singh, a perfect soldier in his bearing, and as such ever appearing in visits with his sword by his side. He, too, in his day had fought for the English, and he boasted that his father Chatterputty Singh had stood by the British, at the time when the standard was raised against us at Benares by the Rajah Chyt Singh, and when very few of our soi-disant allies were found to be faithful. Gunsham Singh's personal history is connected with this paper, and must, therefore, be slightly sketched. .

Many years previously to that when Lord William Bentinck visited us, there had been a disturbance in the country lying beyond Chota Nagpore, called Singbhoom, into which, in consequence, Major Roughsedge, the Political Agent, and Commandant of the Ramgurn Local Battalion, marched ; and he was accompanied by Gunsham Singh, then a man in the prime of life, and his irregular troops. The mountaineers shewed fight, and aided by their hills and an unhealthy climate, made a very troublesome resistance. Some sharp encounters, however, made them feel that they had met their masters, and negotiation completed what arms had begun. Very favourable terms were given, for had the Lurka Coles held out, compulsion would have been, as it was subsequently found out to be in the Chota Nagpore affair, a very tedious matter. In bringing things to a conclusion, the Rajah Gunsham Singh and his force were instrumental, and it was, therefore, proposed to reward him for his loyalty, and for the expenses which he had incurred. Some forty miles or thereabouts to the southward of Sherghatty, and not far from the banks of the Soane, lies the pergunnah of Pulamo, a wild and hilly country, nothing valuable in point of revenue in comparison to its soil, and inhabited chiefly by a set of men termed Khairwar and Bhairo ; they call themselves Rajpoots, but are very little more removed from a condition of barbarism, than their neighbours of Chota Nagpore. The pergunnah belonged to a Rajah, who engaged to pay the Government assessment on it. The assessment itself was light, and under proper management would have been easily made good ; but the Khairwars and Bhairos were turbulent people, who would not pay their quota without compulsion, while the

Rajah, being a silly, weak and dissolute man, and moreover altogether in the hands of his corrupt dependents, had neither physical nor moral force to bring to bear on them. The consequence was that this pergunnah was a perpetual source of annoyance to the Government and its authorities, by always falling in balance. Every measure was resorted to by which, as it was hoped, the Rajah might be induced to alter his system, and to pay his revenue regularly; but when at last it was found that all persuasion was useless, and that the balance was rapidly increasing without a hope of its being realized, the estate was, according to the law, put up for sale by auction. The well-known turbulence, characteristic of the Palamo population, was of itself sufficient to deter purchasers from coming forward; but besides this, those who might have otherwise been inclined to purchase well knew that were they to buy, the Rajah's interest, such as it was, would be thrown into the scale against them. The estate was, therefore, exposed for sale in vain; when, at last, the Collector seeing that the Rajah could not manage his property, and that no one else dared to buy it, adopted the only method which yet remained to him, and purchased it on behalf of the Government. The Rajah was dispossessed of all his powers, and the collection of the revenues transferred to the hands of the Government servants. Thus Palamo fell into the hands of the Government, and its Rajah was, in consideration of his rank, though by no means entitled to the favour, pensioned.\*

It so happened that my friend the Rajah Gunsham Singh's ancestors had some latent claim to control over the pergunnah of Palamo. Whether this claim was well-founded or not, I cannot say; but as it originated before the English established their dominion here, and when might was right, it is more than probable that it was not based on sound justice. Gunsham Singh thinking that such an opportunity as the present was not to be lost, came forward, and, advancing his obsolete claim, begged, that as the Government had now full power to do him justice, they would bestow the pergunnah

\* I have mentioned all these things because there are those who have termed the people of India unsusceptible of a feeling of gratitude. The truth of the case is, that nine-tenths of the Rulers are unknown to the ruled, and are consequently misunderstood; and among the Rulers how few are there who really understand the character of the people. The consequence is that the people do not comprehend that much which is done for their benefit is really so intended; but if they be once convinced of this, they will not be deficient in gratitude.

on him in return for his meritorious conduct and sacrifices. The petition was backed by the authorities, and represented to Government, which was graciously pleased to consent to the measure; and thus pergunnah Palam became for the time the property of my friend Gunsham Singh. I have before said that my friend was a fine soldier-like man; he not only looked like one, but he was one. He well knew the kind of people with whom he had to treat, and he was fully prepared to deal with them accordingly. He had among his retainers men trained to arms, and a host of martial Rajpoots of his own high tribe; and with them he had small doubt of taming the bastard people who arrogated to themselves the same high name. On the other hand these despised people were by no means inclined to bear tamely the yoke which was about to be put on them. They had long enjoyed a kind of independence under their own Rajahs; and they formed a pretty accurate notion of what degree of freedom they should enjoy if Rajah Gunsham Singh were to get the upper hand. This feeling is alone sufficient to account for the consequences which ensued, though some assert that the Rajah's people were not very scrupulous as to the means of which they made use, to establish their master's power. However this may have been, an insurrection took place, various petty combats ensued, and several people were killed. It became necessary to report this state of things to the Government; and it formed for some time the subject of very anxious deliberation. It is useless to recount how the result was brought about, or to pursue through the mazes of oriental diplomacy the means by which the desired end was attained. It is not in India alone, I should imagine, that inferiors bow to their superiors, and that the ruled consult the wishes of the powerful rulers. There is a way of proceeding, in a case which presents many difficulties, by which most of the opposition is overcome, without the result being attended with the appearance even of hardship or compulsion. In such case it is represented to the opposing party, that though he may have legal rights to support, yet their exercise at the moment would be deemed inopportune, as well as contrary to the wishes of that Government, of which he has been so long a loyal subject. This course seldom fails of success; nor did it so in the present instance. A gentleman, high in office, much respected by the Natives at large, and, therefore, having more than usual influence, acted as mediator, (or by whatever other name the office may have been termed,) and the end was, that Gunsham Singh succumbed. He relinquished all

control over pergunnah Palamo, and was allowed, as a sort of sop to Cerberus, a small diminution from the revenue which he paid annually to the state on account of his other estates in pergunnah Chirckaon. With what good grace the Rajah yielded the long-cherished object of his ambition may be imagined. It rankled severely in his inmost soul ; and he went so far in his wrath, as never to avail himself of the bonus which had been accorded to him in the shape of a deduction from his payments ; a true Rajpoot method of shewing that he had only waved his rights for the time, but that he had not abated one iota of his claims, nor of his intention to prosecute them at any future time when a fitting opportunity might present itself. For sometime had my friend the Rajah been in this state of silent discontent, when the approach of Lord William Bentinck was announced, and all the Native Chiefs invited to meet him.

It was, as I have said, after breakfast that these gentlemen were received. All the European parties above named were present, and the Lord Sahib was seated on a sofa at the top of the room, while we were seated a little below. Many were the ancient and respectable Chiefs, with which that part of the country then abounded, who came to present themselves to the ruler of the times. My heart kindles with warm recollections of many of them, and of the many mutual acts of kindness which passed between us,\* and which, though many years have since passed by, I have not forgotten. Some of these Chiefs, though inferior in wealth and the size of their estates to Gunsham, yielded not one hair's breadth to him on the score of birth ; but the services which

\* These would be too many to enumerate ; but it is but justice to the people to record one fact. In the year 1831, (I think it was) there being at Sherghatty no other shelter, I was living in a corner room of the Court house. The accommodation was of the most scanty, but it was a question of that or none. While thus living there, the house took fire, as was supposed from having been struck with lightning, and was destroyed. I was at this period just emerging from the jaws of a small debt contracted in Calcutta, but which at the heavy rate of interest and insurance then demanded, it was very difficult to shake off. This debt, however, was the price of my official salvation, and I can have no reason to blame any one but myself that it was incurred. I was, as I have said, just beginning to make a decided impression upon this debt by monthly remittances, and I was beginning to hail the prospect of being clear, when this calamity befel me. I say calamity, for such it was in any way ; but it was just possible that it might have been my ruin, had the Government called on me, as of right they might, to pay for or rebuild their property. The thoughts of this, while the matter was pending the Government orders, distressed me, and made me for a short while very low in spirits, which was soon remarked

he and his ancestors had rendered the State gave him the pre-eminence which was tacitly accorded him. Accordingly Rajah Gunsham Singh was ushered in first, and I have him now perfectly in my mind's eye. A tall handsome man he was, middle aged, with a fresh colour, aquiline nose and a high bearing. He had on his head a magnificent turban of muslin, entwined with gold brocade, and a gold tassel dangling on one side. The turban was fastened, as is the fashion military with Rajpoots, by a small shawl passing over it, and fastened under the chin. He wore a handsome dress of khumkhab, vulgarly called kincob, and he had his sword by his side, a privilege accorded in such cases to military men only. He walked up to his Lordship, and after making his salaam presented his sword\* for acceptance, which was gently touched and put back. The Rajah having performed the due ceremonial, was walking backward to his chair, when, to his great surprise, he was requested by Lord William, through Major B., to take a seat on the sofa where his Lordship was sitting. To be seated in the presence of a superior is considered in India a high honor, and indeed as a near approach to equality. Doubtless the Rajah, when permitted to seat himself in the presence of the Governor-General (which he would not have been allowed to do at the Court of the pageant King of Dehli,) thought that he had received all that he had a right to expect, and he was fully satisfied. On being invi-

by the observant people. The greater part of the pleaders and people about Court are there landholders. Unknown to me, these and others, persons of respectability, entered into an arrangement to furnish me from their estates, free of all expense, the wood, grass, lime, &c. and whatever materials were required to rebuild the house; and with utmost readiness did they all come forward. The Government did not make me pay or rebuild, so that the liberality of my friends was not actually put to the test; nor had I been so called on would the regulations of the service have allowed of my accepting them; but the project and intent were to me most grateful, nor can I ever forget it. I was then an Assistant, vested with very little immediate power, and the proffer was, therefore, in every way most disinterested as it was generous. It is now nearly fourteen years since I left Sherghatty, but I never pass through the district, (which I have thrice since done) without the people, hearing of my approach from the dawk people, coming out to meet me in crowds: and a gentleman who halted a short time ago at Sherghatty, after walking and talking with the people, wrote to me of the name which I had left behind me, in terms too flattering to be here given.

\* When it was customary for inferiors to present nuzzers to their superiors, Subadars and all military men presented their swords, as the best gift they could render. These were touched by hand, and returned with a salaam, or bend of head.

ted to take a seat on the sofa, on the self-same sofa where reposed the august limbs of the Autocrat of India, the Arbitrer of the fates of monarchs, the Representative of the mysterious, omnipresent, but invisible Cumpāni Buhadoor, he exhibited most unequivocal symptoms of surprise, and commenced in rather an unusually loud voice and impressive manner to decline the proffered honor. The fact is, that at first he could scarcely comprehend that such an unprecedented honor was really contemplated; and then a sense of modesty prevailed in his breast. It was, however, all in vain. Lord Bentinck had no notion that an Indian noble had not a right to be seated with an English noble, and so he pressed the matter. At last Gunsham Singh yielding, seated himself with a good grace on the sofa, facing as much as he could the Lord Sahib. I am very doubtful how far this act of his Lordship was judicious. It was according to Native ideas at once exalting the Rajah to an eminence superior to that of the local authorities to which he was subject; and it might have been, in other cases, profligate of some inconvenience, if not evil. Gunsham was, however, a wise man; and his unexpected elevation never induced him to alter his footing with those who loved and respected him as a private friend, though they were his official masters. At the same time I freely own, that of many estimable and high-bred Natives whom I have had the pleasure of knowing, not one was more worthy of high honour than my friend Gunsham. He had but one failing;—one, I fear, very common to men of his rank;—the use of stimulants;\* whether it was the customary dose of *umf*, as used so commonly in Rajpootana, or something

\* The use of these, and the drinking of strong liquors, is very common among the rich Natives of India, and most especially among the Mussulmans, by whose religion it is expressly forbidden. Their method of drinking too differs much from ours. It is rarely at meal time that the liquor is produced, nor is it generally used as a means of adding to conviviality, so that excess may be produced by degrees. A Hindustani gentleman's motto is "not drinky for drinky, but drinky for drunky." Liquor, he thinks, was made to intoxicate; and he therefore selects the most ardent, and takes it off in large draughts. Some of the Mussulmans do not effect concealment of these practices from Europeans, though they do them not in the face of the people. The late Nawab Baker Ally Khan at Patna, when he attended Stephen Roberts' auction, never failed to go to a private room of Stephen's and take half a tumbler of neat brandy. The daily allowance of the late Mirza Baker, younger brother of the present King of Delhi, was two bottles of brandy scented with musk. Many tales of this nature could be told by the Native dealers in the bazaars of every large town of India. Large investments of liquors are received by them

which operated more rapidly, and which had a more equivocal and less Asiatic origin, I cannot decide. In a short time during this interview I began to perceive that my friend had certainly indulged somewhat in his stimulants, and I did fear at one time that he had exceeded ; but no bad effects ensued, though I had never seen him so excited. He seemed to have primed himself, now that he had not the formality of Councils and Secretaries to encounter, and that he could at once reach the fountain-head, to make a touching statement of his wrongs, and to claim for himself the justice which he had so long sought in vain. If this was his intention before he entered Lord William's presence, we may safely rest assured, that it was in no way lessened when he saw the distinguished reception which was accorded to him ; and after the first surprise at the events which had occurred had worn off, he made up his mind for a vigorous appeal. And first the usual compliments passed, and both the great men became convinced through the medium of Major B.'s interpretation, that they were respectively in good health, that the Rajah was the most loyal of the British dependants, and that any rule, in any part of the world, or at any period in the existence of that world, better than, or even comparable to, that of the British, did not, nor ever could, exist. All this being concluded, and a momentary silence having occurred, Gunsham thought this a good opportunity for opening his case. He joined his hands together, he looked in Lord William's face and said "urz kurna huzoor se," that is, "I have a petition to prefer." On this being transferred into English, his Lordship with great complaisance replied through the same medium, that he should be very happy to listen to what was represented, since it was for that that he had come into the interior of the country. Being thus encouraged, our friend commenced in a strain of no little violence both of tone and language, which I cannot adequately describe, but which produced on the spectators a sensation of dire astonishment. It is useless to give

monthly, and the European communities could not consume the half of them. On one occasion only I ever saw my friend Gunsham what is called off his balance. It was at a party at his own house, where he sat smoking his hookah, and looking at the dancing girls. He expressed a wish to be allowed to retire, for such is the form which Native manners require, for the purpose of quenching his thirst. This excited no surprise, nor did its repetition twice during a short interval ; but when it came to a fourth and fifth, it became pretty obvious that the water which had been drank was not *aqua pura*.

the speech in its original, nor perhaps to translate it, but the opening was something after this fashion.—“I have the honor to represent, that I am suffering under one of the most unheard of instances of oppression that was ever committed. Since the time when the British Government conquered this part of the country, no one has suffered as I have done; and I am quite sure, now that I have the opportunity of pleading my cause before the *Dharm Outar*, the Incarnation of Justice, I shall obtain redress.” On hearing this speech the Incarnation of Justice gave a kind of grunt, shifted himself on his seat, and assumed an attitude of profound attention. There was, however, on his face an air of peculiar satisfaction, and his eyes glistened with sly twinklings. It was plain that he was gratified—he evidently thought that he had got at the commencement of some mystery of iniquity, in all probability involving in criminality the very officers, including my unworthy self, then present. “Assure the Rajah, Major B.,” said the Chief, “that he shall meet with full protection at the hands of the Government; and beg him to speak of his wrongs with the utmost freedom.” Gunsham availed himself of the accorded privilege, and with oriental exaggeration made out a narrative of grievous wrongs which he had received. We, apparently the accused, sat wondering to see what would come of all this, and were a little at a loss to know what was the cause of this violence; since we could scarcely deem that Gunsham would have designated in such terms as he had used the Palamo arrangement; which, however it might have been brought about, was a deliberate act of the Government. From one of the expressions, however, made use of, my Superior, Mr. C., saw at once what the Rajah was driving at, and that it was to pergunnah Palamo that allusion was made. As soon as he perceived this, he plainly saw the folly and inutility of the course the Rajah was pursuing; as also, that the Governor-General was uselessly listening to language, touching acts of the Council not likely to afford agreeable subject-matter for reflection. He, therefore, thought fit to afford the necessary information, and arrest Gunsham’s diatribes; and turning towards his Lordship, observed—“I think I shall be able to acquaint your Lordship with the merits of this matter in very few words;”—and he was proceeding so to do, when the Governor hastily interrupted him, saying, “Oh, no, no, Mr. C., I should much rather hear what the Rajah has to say in his own words,” and, turning to Major B., bid him desire Gunsham to continue his tale. It would be as wearisome as profitless to follow the Rajah in his harangue, which proceeded in pretty nearly the same



tone as that in which it had commenced. When he concluded, he had by his own account made himself out to be a very ill-used man, highly deserving of redress. The ears of our Chief had greedily drunk in the details of the hardship and injuries endured; and then with a voice and manner calculated to annihilate the culprits whom he had thus detected in the midst of their hiding places, he said "and now Major B., ask the Rajah by whom and when these acts of injustice were perpetrated," and he sat in majestic expectation to hear the reply. The question was asked, and the Rajah replied; but the interpreter did not seem as prompt as usual in giving the answer. On being again questioned as to the Rajah's answer, the interpreter spoke in a somewhat ludicrously lugubrious voice, "He says, My Lord, that they were committed about five years ago, by order of the Governor-General in Council!!!" The effect of this announcement may be conceived. Here was the mare's-nest destroyed, the supposed instance of corrupt intrigue and concealed oppression, not only at once blown up, but the tables turned on his Lordship himself. Had he but allowed the well-intentioned Mr. C. to make the requisite communication, instead of giving him credit for interested motives, and stopping him in his speech, much of this embarrassment might have been saved. As it was, the situation of all parties was amusing as well as painful. I could hardly refrain from laughing. Mr. C. was afraid to speak for fear of a second rebuff. The interpreter could not open his mouth. His Lordship seemed at a loss what to say or do. And the Rajah somewhat anxiously waited to see the effects of his eloquence. The great Lord broke silence, by doing, at last, what he might at first with advantage have done, namely, asking Mr. C. for the real facts of the case unvarnished by the flowers of oriental rhetoric and exaggeration. His Lordship heard, paused, meditated, shifted himself on his seat, and at last the Oracle spoke. He directed Gunsham Singh to be informed, that all which had been represented had been attentively listened to, and that the case would meet with the most favorable consideration. At the same he added, turning to us "It is a very difficult thing, however, to undo the acts of our predecessors"—a speech, which, although it might have been of some use for the Rajah to hear, was not translated for his benefit. The words were few, but they were full of meaning, and, in fact, decisive of the issue of the matter. Gunsham was dismissed in all honor; a little disappointed, however, that he had received from the "Incarnation of Justice" nothing more than what he had

usually found at the hands of authority. Need I point out the result of this scene? It was what might have been expected; poor Gunsham had only his labour for his pains; and he never regained pergunnah Palamo. After he had departed from the hall of audience, other Chiefs were introduced. I know not if his Lordship had, for the time, lost his relish for grievance-mongering; but he did not seem very anxious to ask questions, and he left us the next day with every appearance of satisfaction at the then state of things: and I did not set eyes again on him until two years afterwards at Delhi. The result of his tour elsewhere was, I am led to believe, much the same as that which he obtained in Sherghatty. He found the members of the honorable body to which I belong, what they have been esteemed, as a body, to be; active, able, and upright; and he discovered errors and evils in the system of administration, which required prompt and energetic measures, and these he boldly applied. The change in the judicial system, and the introduction of Native agency therein, were measures most wise and just; and they will, with his abolition of Suttee, form the brightest jewels in his crown. Before his time, the Civil Courts were overwhelmed with arrears to an extent that positively nullified their utility—nay, rendered them a mockery and a curse. To admit Natives to a wide share in the Government of their own country was but just; and experience has proved its wisdom.

I conclude this paper with two notes touching parties connected with it, and which are somewhat interesting. I have said before, that the pergunnah Palamo, always troublesome to manage, had been first sold by auction, purchased by Government, which pensioned the Rajah thereof, then made over to Gunsham Singh, and again resumed by Government and brought under special management. In the year 1832 the insurrection which had commenced in Chota Nagpore, and gradually spread over all Ramgurrh, extended to Palamo, and threatened to go further North to Mirzapoor. The Palamo Rajah in whose time the estate had been sold, was dead; and his son, a young man of active habits, had succeeded to all which remained of the property, that is the pension. Troops were at this time scarce, and the urgency pressing. The young Rajah of Palamo waited on me, and represented, that though poor, he had many adherents who had been dependents on his family, and who would flock round him if he called them, and if he had the means. He offered, if furnished with money, to raise his standard and

go against the rebels. My Superior was in another part of this extensive district, and wholly unable to act as the emergency required. I had, therefore, no hesitation in accepting this offer, and in furnishing the Rajah with money. This step, to a certain degree, gave rise to opposition and intrigue, on the part of those whose interests might be affected by the measure. While this pergunnah was in the management of the Government, employment was given to a number of officers of various denominations, who entered into collusion with the petty Chiefs and landowners, and defrauded the Government of its revenues. All these persons had an apprehension, not unfounded in fact, that if the Rajah effected any important service to the Government, he might ground thereon a petition for his restoration to his rights; and they knew equally well, that were he restored, their gains would be gone. They, therefore, resolved by every means in their power to throw obstacles in the Rajah's way; and by means of their intrigues, they nearly succeeded in defeating the measures adopted for checking the insurrection. The Rajah and his forces, however, behaved very bravely, and were in effect instrumental in checking the advance of the rebels at a time when no troops were available in the field, and when, had it not been for this action, the insurgents might have had the whole country at their disposal. At the close of the war, I was called upon to make a report as to my proceedings, and as to what I had done in Palamo, to which place I had been subsequently sent. In this report I noticed in strong terms the Rajah's conduct, and suggested to Government the advisability of restoring to him his Estate, the more especially, that whatever evils might have arisen from the supineness and imbecility of the father, similar acts were not likely to occur in the time of the son, who had in the recent acts shewn resolution and activity. The Commissioners, who had been appointed to settle the affairs of the disturbed districts, to whom this report was forwarded, approved of this suggestion, and recommended its adoption to Government. Having been promoted shortly after these things had occurred, I went to another district some hundred miles off, for which reason I had no personal knowledge of what took place; but my correspondents kept me well informed. Eventually the Government resolved on restoring the Rajah Ram Bahadur Roy to the throne of his ancestors; thus holding out to other Chiefs an excellent proof that services performed to the State did not go unrewarded. The unhappy youth, however, to all appearance on the point of

reaping the fruits of his good conduct, was not destined even to taste them. The day had been fixed for his installation, and all the requisite preparations had been made ; the sun dawned on the day, but it shone not on the living youth—he had died suddenly in the night. The Natives attribute all sudden deaths of great men at critical moments to poison ; and it is to be feared that such means are but too often resorted to. The ready access to deadly drugs and vegetables afforded by every petty shop, and every field ; as well as the remote probability of detection, offer too many facilities to the crime of poisoning. In the case here alluded to, no traces of the crime could be found ; but it is to this day very generally credited, and I am sorry to add not without reason, that the ill-fated Rajah died a victim to the intrigues of his Jageerdars, as they are there termed, or in other words, feudatories.

The concluding anecdote relates to the successor of my friend Gunsham Singh, the present Rajah of Deo, named Jye Perkas Singh ; his grandson, and who, though at the period of this writing, he is but little above boyhood, gives promise of upholding the name of his ancient house, by a display of all the Rajpoot virtues, with as small an admixture of vices as can be expected in a youth brought up in a Native Mahal. Though years have passed since I held office in Zillah Ramgurh, time has not loosened the bands of friendship which have bound, and still do bind, me to the race of Deo. The high road between Calcutta and the Upper Provinces of Hindoostan passes right through Ramgurh, and Deo itself is not very far from the road-side. Whenever my fate has led me to travel dawk through my old district, crowds of people, who learn my approach through the Moonshees or mail clerks, have come out to meet me. Of those who do so, the little Rajah of Deo, Jye Perkas, is not the least dear or welcome. Thus it was that in the month of January, 1843, I was returning from an intensely painful journey to Calcutta, and had passed the Muddunpoor bungalow,\* when a sowar or horseman rode up to my palanquin, and on learning from

\* Muddunpoor is about fourteen miles from Sherghatty ; the bungalow here is prettily situated near the hills, among which the sportsman may, find, or might have found, some bears who would show good sport. Near the bungalow, and at about a mile off near the hills, may be seen a Shewala or Mundir, (place of worship,) built of granite. One day, in wandering by the the Shewala, which seemed for many years to have been neglected, I entered in and looked about me. With me was, among others, Mohuree Singh, a kind of Agent to Gunsham Singh, the Rajah of Deo ; and to him

the bearers the name of their burden, alighted ; respectfully informing me that the Rajah himself had come out to meet me, he sped off at full gallop to give notice of my advent. Shortly after, his Sowaree, or retinue, kept up in a kind of state which is now seldom seen in India, and more especially in the lower provinces, appeared. It must have consisted of at least three hundred persons, of whom about fifty were on horseback, and armed with guns and shields ; others had silver sticks and spears, who preceded the elephants, which magnificently caparisoned carried in the centre of the throng my little friend. I alighted from the palanquin, and he from his elephant ; and after a cordial embrace, we walked hand in hand to a tent pitched a short distance from the road side, where we sat and conversed. These meetings and this intercourse were to me doubly pleasing, as being totally free from all suspicion of interestedness, with which so much of the intercourse of Natives of rank with men in authority is apt to be tainted. At the period of which I write, (as well as at this moment,) I held no office or situation, in consequence of which I could by any possibility have rendered the Rajah any service. The district of which I was the Civil and Sessions Judge was some hundred miles off, and actually in the North Western Provinces ; so that there was no probability of my being thrown into contact, by the chances of the service, with the district where Jye Perkas resided. Our interview lasted some time ; and I rejoiced to

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I observed that the structure resembled another at his master's abode, Deo. Mohuree Singh bowed the head of acquiescence, and said, that I had made a just observation. Shortly after I cast my eyes up towards the roof, and, to my great surprise, I beheld on the capitals of the pillars which supported it, engraved the name of Allah in Arabic characters. An exclamation escaped me at the sight, and well it might have done so. This building belonged to the Deo Rajah, and full eighty years it not more had passed since the Mussulmans had held imperious sway to such an extent in the Province, that the Hindoos were compelled to submit to every species of indignity. It was full strange that for so long a period this desecration should not have been removed. This could have been attributable only to the fact that the desecration had not been noticed ; yet this was equally passing strange. I noticed the fact to Mohuree Singh, who looked up, and beholding these characters, which though unintelligible, were evidently Toork—the word of reproach when used by Hindoos to Mussulman—he was indeed amazed, and shocked. In evident perturbation he quitted the place as soon as possible, and I left it soon after. The inquisitive traveller will in vain seek for the word “Allah” in the Muddunpoor temple, though haply the marks of the chisel by which it has been obliterated may be seen. The evening of the discovery was the date of the erasure, and many were the offerings made to purify the fane of the long-standing pollution.

see the preservation of the good old Rajpoot custom of the family council. The Rajah, as I have observed, was little more than a boy; and though very intelligent for his age, might be supposed not quite capable of unadvisedly determining many questions which might be brought before him. To remedy this difficulty, there were five or six Thakoors or Lords, all trusty men and true, and nearly connected in blood, in fact scions of other branches of the family, ready to aid by counsel, and by arms too, if the state of things called for it. These gentlemen were all past the middle age, and one must have been past seventy. There they were, in strong contrast to the brilliant attire of the little Chieftain, dressed in plain but sparkling white garments, each having his trusty sword and rhinoceros-hide shield, and they sat a little way from us, so as to preserve their dignity, yet not to trench on that of their Head and of his guest. But very freely did these elders enter into conversation, and discuss matters connected with the estate and family; and my advice was asked on many points of importance, "for whom," said they, "should we consult as soon as the friend of the Maharaj's father and grandfather, the hereditary protector of the Raj." In the midst of this conversation the eldest of the sages informed me with some exultation that the Maharaj had received what he termed a "durwázá ki chittee" from the Government. I was at first a little puzzled to comprehend to what allusion was made, and what was the cause of the glorification, which was exhibited. At last I discovered that "the letter of the gates," which is the literal interpretation of the words, was the famous production which Lord Ellenborough issued to his "Brothers and Friends" the Native Princes of India; the production which first induced the astonished world to ask whether the writer was not deficient in at least one of the qualities essential to a Governor-General, and which the first hero of the age was obliged to cover with his Ægis by terming it a "song of triumph," forgetting apparently that such songs and so sung are neither commonly used or required; and that he, the greatest commander and conqueror in the world, had never deemed it necessary so to sing. However let that pass. One point further I wished to ascertain, as a kind of index to the feelings which this celebrated production had called forth in the minds of those to whom it was addressed. I doubted whether the feeling of gratification, with which the letter had been mentioned, arose from the pleasure, (natural I allow to every Hindoo,) of the retaliation perpetrated and of injuries avenged; or from the fact of the Rajah being deemed, by the Government, of

sufficient consequence to receive one of the circulars addressed to all the magnates of the land. To propound the question to the little Rajah himself was useless; and I, therefore, addressed the oldest of the Council who had broached the subject, and asked him his opinion as to the bringing away the gates of Somnath. One might have imagined that the eyes of these warriors would have kindled to think of the injuries of nine hundred years being avenged; and I for one really think the act was well conceived, though marred in the carrying out. My friends, however, exhibited no signs of emotion whatever;—while he who was interrogated simply replied, “Hum log pauch sou burus ki bat kysa janen,” which being interpreted means “how can we tell what happened five hundred years ago:”—and which left open the manifest inference that they had nothing to do with such things. Whence, then, came the joy at the receipt of this letter, was plain; it did not originate in the restoration of the gates. After a further short stay, pawn was given, and utter placed on my clothes, I was sprinkled with rose water (these usages common when I came into the country twenty one years ago are fast disappearing) and I was speedily on my way, fagging along at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, and half smothered with the smoke and stench of the torches, which, as evening had drawn in, had been lighted; and shortly after, the combined influence of smoke, dust, noise and fatigue happily threw me to sleep, while I unconsciously pursued my way to a sad and solitary home, uncheered, unblest by the presence of wife or children, all of whom had just left me for England.

The following observations on AMLAHS and other NATIVE OFFICIALS, embracing the opinions of a Civilian of considerable talent and experience, may be thought valuable by those who take an interest in the advancement of the people of the country:—

AMLAH.—This word comprehends all persons employed executively about any office in India, &c. Court Officers. The word is Arabic, and proceeds from the root “Umul” business; whence Amil is one who transacts or carries on any business, and Amlah or Amila is the plural. It is much the fashion to cry down this class of men, as the most corrupt and venal in the world. I am afraid that the accusation in the general sense, and more especially among the lower classes, is but too true. There is, nevertheless, very much to be said in extenuation of their conduct; and this arises from the peculiarity of their position. If, therefore, I do detail the causes of this extenuation, and thus do partial justice to a hard-working class, I must not be understood as in any way palliating the crime of, or wishing to uphold, venality. All I would wish to be understood as con-

veying is, that as much blame does not attach to the Amlah on this account, as might at first sight appear; and I think that were some of my own more civilized countrymen placed in similar situations, they might not come out completely immaculate from the ordeal.

The three facts which in my opinion take away in some degree from the heinousness of the venality of the Native Amlah are—first—that it is hardly looked on as a crime; secondly—the inadequacy of their remuneration; and, thirdly—the multiplicity and responsibility of the duties entrusted to them. On the first of these points I need only remark, that for a long period the Hindoos have been a conquered, and I may add under the Mussulman rule, an oppressed race: they have generally, therefore, had recourse to fraud and artifice to secure themselves from ill usage exerted against them either under the colour of the law, or against it. Hence intrigue of any kind has long lost the stigma of guilt, and has worn the appearance of a natural instead of an unnatural state of things. It may be very safely averred that the majority of suitors in courts are as ready to offer the present, as the functionary to receive it. If it be declined, indeed, the person who tenders it considers the refusal as a declaration that the decliner is in the interest of the opposite party. The second and third causes re-act on one another. Saving the head officer of our courts, termed “*Serishtadar*,” there is scarcely one who gets more than 25 or 30 Rs. per month, or about £36 per annum, for which they have to dress decently, and maintain their families, perhaps also several relatives. Through the hands of these men pass all court papers, at their different stages; and thus, unless very strictly watched, they have to a certain extent the power of facilitating and retarding business. In this ordinarily lies their power. Such persons can have no influence in bending the mind of any Judge, Native or European, in coming to a decision on any judicial point; but they may hasten or delay the completion or carrying out the execution of an order. An instance may explain this. A decree we will suppose has been given, the property of the defendant sold, and the money has been deposited in Court to be paid to the plaintiff. The plaintiff must proceed to petition the Court; which directs that a report shall be made as to whether the money requested to be paid is in deposit, and whether there be any other person claimant thereto save the plaintiff. All these particulars are necessary for the security of the rights of others, and for the protection of the disbursing officers, who are all personally liable for any monies unduly paid away. The particulars thus required are not all to be obtained in one department of the office; and search has not unfrequently to be made in three or four quarters before they can be completely elicited. When the report has been completed, then it must be presented, read, and the final order passed before the money can be obtained. It is impossible that the judge, whose time is occupied in the investigation and decision of judicial matters, can exercise any efficient personal control over this branch of his duty; herein he must trust to the name and repute he has for a general efficiency, and to the conviction entertained by his Amlah, that he both can and will trace out any negligence or irregularity which may be brought to his notice. It is in these particular branches where the Amlah unquestionably have power. To people who live by their industry time is money; and a suitor thinks a sum of money well laid out which enables him to draw his money, and return to his family a few days sooner than he would have done had he not disbursed it.

It is very rarely that the Amlah or the Court officers, in any office efficiently conducted or superintended, ever attempt to commit any of the grosser crimes, involving great breaches of trust. I say rarely, because



the number, not in itself small, is so in comparison of the number of persons employed, and especially the opportunities offered. The most frequent cases of this kind occur in the monetary departments ; on which account Treasurers and all persons having charge of cash are called on to furnish heavy security. The office of keeper of the records or " Mahafiz duster" is one of peculiar importance ; and yet it is most singularly underpaid. These men have in their hands very great power, and they make much money. Possessing at all times access to old records, they have it in their power to grant or refuse information, often of the direst importance, to people requiring it. They too certainly have the power of making alterations and erasures in these papers ; and thus creating infinite doubt, mistrust, and doubtless some times grievous wrong. Of late days, however, very great precautions have most wisely been taken against the possibility of falsification in the records ; of yore it was not so. I recollect one case, which happened to me in the district of Behar in the year 1825, which will shew to what extent some people will go.

At the time of which I now write, I was Assistant to the Magistrate and Registrar of Behar. In the former capacity I had limited criminal jurisdiction and in the latter the power of deciding civil cases to the amount of Rs. 500, and specially Rs. 5000. The people of India are of hot blood generally, and especially the Rajpoot tribes ; and of all the points whereon they feel acutely, those which touch them most nearly are all questions respecting the boundaries of their estates. The proper Court for the adjudication of these cases is the civil ; but as even now, when our judicial system is much more efficiently administered than ever it was before, the files are to a certain extent well filled, the decisions in such cases are not sufficiently speedy to induce the irritated combatants from attempting to right themselves after the fashion of their ancestors. They very frequently, therefore, on such occasions and whenever they think that their territorial rights are about to be infringed by a neighbour, assemble with arms ; and loss of life ensues. All sufferers in such case are viewed in the light of martyrs. To check, however, as much as possible the tendency towards this illegal martyrdom, and to prevent any excuse for it, the criminal tribunals, which are more speedy and summary in their process than those purely Civil, have been, by Regulation 15, 1824, and subsequently by Act 4, 1840, empowered to enquire in matters of dispute into the fact of possession only, and to declare the party in possession legally entitled to retain it, until ousted by regular decree of the Civil Court. As this summary decision on the fact of possession is a *prima facie* evidence of presumptive right, and as it is speedy and comparatively inexpensive, it has in time so come to pass, that in most cases of disputed right to property, a criminal proceeding for dispossession has become an essentially necessary preliminary, inasmuch that where no infraction of the peace has really occurred, an apprehended one is always alleged ; and one is sometimes manufactured for the occasion.

It was in this manner that the case in question was first brought into the criminal Courts, although it involved the rights of property. An affray had taken place, and an evagation was consequently held, as to the facts of the case, and as to right of possession. Of course the calling on the parties to produce their proofs, necessitated the production of the documents, in virtue of which they claimed. On inspection of these, it became abundantly manifest that some most extraordinary mistake had occurred in the Civil Courts, as the decrees were so conflicting as to be irreconcilable with common sense. It was not for me, as I then was, to decide what was meant or intended in these decrees. I, therefore, assigned

possession to the party who seemed to hold it, and referred the opposite party to the more prolonged but deeper deliberation of the Civil Court.

In process of time this very case, having been brought into the Civil Court, came before me as Registrar for decision. On perusing the pleadings and documents I was as much puzzled as I had formerly been to find out by what singular process this apparently inextricable confusion had come to pass. The outline of the affair was briefly this. We will say that A had four sons, B, C, D, and E. After a lapse of some years after his decease, another party, F., purchased the rights of E and his descendants. When F. attempted to get possession, he was met by the descendants of B, C, and D, with an allegation that E's right in the estate had been one-sixteenth, and not as he claimed, one-fourth. F. produced an old decree of Court positively assigning to E. one-fourth of his father A's property. B, C, and D. filed copies of civil decrees reciting as the grounds for their respective decisions that one-sixteenth only had been decreed to E. I obtained the key to the mystery by observing that all these decisions, varying as they did, assigned *the same date* to the authority by which they were guided; that is by a decree bearing date the same day, decisions so grossly conflicting as to the amount of the thing decreed had been issued. This was in the highest degree improbable, nay impossible. I determined, therefore, no longer to trust to the authenticated copies of the decree before me, but to refer to the original documents of the case itself, provided they were forthcoming. This, indeed, was a matter of chance, as the case was very old, and perhaps I might find the papers rotten or mildewed. At last, however, they were produced; and on perusing them no manner of doubt remained. E. had sued his brothers for his paternal property, and had got his decree for a fourth of the whole, which was by law his due. How then had the mistake occurred? This was manifest from the record book in which the decree had been entered. The suit had been laid for *a fourth of four shares*. In the Persian the word "*chahar*" means four, and "*chaharoom*" which is made by the addition only of the letter *meem*, signifies fourth. Some scoundrel had got access to this book, and in the decree had added this letter throughout; so then the decree though giving a *fourth of four*, read as if it gave only a *fourth of a fourth*. By similar scoundrelism, copies, in which, of course, the falsification was not manifest, of the altered decree had been given to some parties, and on seeing these, the Courts in various trials had based their decisions. The discovery was a notable one; but for many years that these cases were pending, no one ever dreamt of the solution of the mystery. As to discovering the persons who had done this, the thing was impossible. The persons holding the false decrees pointed to the Judge's seal and signature as authenticating them, and these could not be gainsaid. As for the keepers of the records, without whose participation the alteration could not have been made, that office had passed through many hands since the decree had been given, and on whom could it be fixed?

I recollect another case where a witness's evidence had been falsified, by occasionally prefixing the letter *n*, the Persian negative, to many affirmatives. A mere touch of the pen does it.

Another case occurred to me when I was very young in office. It was one of some daring, and will shew to what extent the people will sometimes go, and the nature of their legal chicanery. The case was one of dispossession, but brought forward before me as Magistrate at Patna under the head of trespass: and thus many matters were tried which did not require the application of the existing Regulation 15, of 1824. It must

he observed that in those days the Courts of Circuit existed, and to them alone were appeals under that Regulation remittable; whereas in all other cases an appeal was referrible to the Sudder or Chief Court then in Calcutta. The Prosecutor in the case was Shums-ool-Toheed, one of the Court officers, and the defendant Syud Rahut Ally, a man well known at Patna, as one of the cleverest scoundrels that ever lived. The points at issue were decided against the defendant, who went to Calcutta, and laid grievous petitions, as was his wont, against me to the Sudder Court. They were in general too absurd to be listened to; but in one respect I was found in error and requested to be more careful. It seems that the Persian proceedings recorded my decision to be given under Regulation 15, of 1824; whereas certain forms and notices, which were prescribed by that Regulation, had been omitted, and the proceedings had been vitiated in consequence. I marvelled much at the oversight which I had committed, inasmuch as I was never wont to do things after such a fashion. Nevertheless I was obliged to bow the head of submission, and eat my leek in patience.

It was not until a year afterwards that I became acquainted with the truth of the transaction, nor until I had left the district in which all the actors resided. It seems that the prosecutor, being an officer, had many friends in the Court; while the defendant, from his well-known character was feared and hated. On the decision being given against him a committee of the prosecutor's friends, among whom was Meer Fuzand Ally, the Serishtadar or Head-man, was held to consult how they might best defeat the appeal from my decision, which they well knew would be made by Rahut Ally. It would be highly illustrative of Native intrigue to describe this consultation, but I shall spare my reader. In the Court of Appeal there were then four Judges, of whom two were supposed, from having had cognizance of cases in which he was concerned, to know his character and to be unfavourable to him. One of the party, who had connexions in the Court of Appeal, readily promised to make such arrangements as would secure the appeal being heard by one of these Judges, who, he did not doubt, would confirm the decision. So far so good; but there was another difficulty to be provided for. They knew that Rahut Ally would spare neither time nor money in following up his appeal, and that he would resort to Calcutta; and it was on the cards that he might succeed then, especially as his unenviable reputation had not there preceded him. He was then and there, though not until after much demur, resolved to adopt the bold step of altering my proceedings, which were held under the common law of trespass, into a proceeding under Regulation 15, of 1824; by which means an appeal to Calcutta would be avoided. It was done accordingly. My final decision was drawn up and recorded as having been held under a law, which I had not at the time contemplated. The consequences were that I, for the first and only time of my life, was reprimanded, and the conspirators lost their object, as the decision was quashed as illegal. In the mean time I was helpless, I could not prove these facts, though they were well known, and formed the topic of conversation among the Native coteries.

These instances may serve to show how much the Amlahs have in their power, even when vigilantly superintended. Where there is any relaxation in this vigilance, the extent of their power may be imagined.

But this were, indeed, a very one-sided picture, were I to give rise to the belief that in our Courts and offices were found no scenes but these, and no men but such as I have described. Many and many of these hard-working, under-paid men have I known of the highest moral worth, and

unblemished integrity. Among them I may name my old friend and quondam officer Syud Imdad Ally of Patna, and Moolvee Ushruf Hossain of Soorajgurra; both of whom, originally Serishtadars, have risen to the highest judicial offices in the State, and to which, I may add, they have done honor. To the elevation of the latter from an inferior situation to one of high responsibility, I lay claim; for I consider that thereby I have deserved the gratitude of the country, as do others who completed what I had begun. And well may I add to the list the name of a long-cherished little friend Meer Nusser-ood-deen, son of Imdad Ally. He was, I may say, brought up in my house, and lived with me as a companion; and from him never did I hear a dishonorable opinion, nor of him a dishonorable act. I made him the Serishtadar of the Magistracy at Delhi when he was but twenty years old; and his integrity in that city of much intrigue was proof against much temptation—and even against the offer of a scion of the imperial house in marriage. Meer Nusser-ood-deen has hitherto been confined to ministerial offices, and has not, therefore, risen to high judicial offices, for which he is so admirably adapted. I hope that by the recent change in the law, by which these offices are thrown open to ministerial officers, he will obtain that to which he is in a manner entitled; in which case I will venture to say, that he will rise to the same eminence as his father.

The course of events led me in after days to visit the ancient abode of these Rajahs, and I there had my attention called to a fact, the like of which I never heard in any country. The *killah* or fort was built of stone, but one part seemed more dilapidated than the rest, which, however battered, stood up pretty well against the assaults of time. On seeking the reason of this manifest difference, I was told that it was there that the Rajah in former days *recovered* his castle. This appeared very strange, as that part being the weakest seemed more likely to be the cause of the fort being *lost* instead of recovered. This difficulty was cleared up by the following explanation. The Rajah, who some century ago, constructed the building, had cast in his mind during those troublous times the possibility of his being attacked and, perhaps, ousted. To obviate a difficulty with which, perhaps, for the time being, he could not contend, he caused part of the fort to be constructed of mud, cased only with stone, cautiously of course guarding the secret of its weakness. The object of this act was, that should his castle be taken, and should he be enabled to again make head against the usurper, he should be aware which part of the wall he might attack with assured success. Such eventually turned out to be the issue. One of the Rajah's descendants being vanquished, again besieged the fort, and attacking it on the weak point, became its master. Thus it was related to me, and the appearance of the ruins (for it has been long abandoned) seem to corroborate the story.

## II.

## DOES DEISM TEND TO BELIEF OR UNBELIEF?

There is, perhaps, no axiom more generally received in India than this—that Deism is a step in advance from idolatry towards Christianity. When it is objected that the schemes for the education of the Natives, now so rife and extensive, tend to produce but a race of Deists, at the best, it is very commonly replied, that these Deists will or may, or at any rate that their children will or may, embrace Christianity :—that Deists are more hopeful characters for the preacher of the Gospel than idolaters. The fact that the progress of missions, such as it is, has been in the conversion of the idolaters in rude rural districts, and that scarcely a convert has<sup>a</sup> been gained from the ranks of the infidel progeny of the education schemes, is wholly ignored, and the axiom doggedly repeated, that Deism tends to Christianity. It is purposed in the following pages, then, to deal with this abstract question “*Does Deism tend to Belief or to Unbelief?*” We will begin by defining our terms. By belief, then, we mean the reception of the Christian Faith. By unbelief we mean the rejection of it. And by the Christian Faith we mean, concisely, the Apostle’s Creed. And, as this may be considered as consisting of two great divisions, viz. 1st, the doctrine of the Ever Blessed Trinity in Unity, and 2dly the doctrine of the Church as resulting from that, we may yet further simplify our term, and say, without any disparagement to, or diminution of, its idea, that Christian Faith is, :ατ’ ἐξ ὅλης, Faith in the Ever Blessed Trinity ; whereupon the question before us resolves itself into the following equivalent, but more simple expression, viz.—Does Deism tend to the reception or to the rejection of the doctrine of the Ever Blessed Trinity ?—But what is to be understood by Deism ? What is Deism ? Is Unitarianism Deism ? Socinianism Deism ? Is Mahomedanism Deism ? One can hardly say that they are, severally, simple Deism, and yet it surely cannot be denied that they are, severally, forms of Deism ; being, in all three cases, Deism with the doctrine of a Revelation super-added—a revelation of a certain œconomy. Whereas the Deism with which we have now to deal seems to be a so called acknowledgment of a God without the recognition of a Revelation from him. All the three above named forms of

misbelief, admit, in the main, the genuineness of the Bible, and, in the right and by the fancied light of their private judgment, make of it—what they please. Ignoring the second division of the Creed, viz., the doctrine of the Church, they make what they please of the first part, the doctrine of God. Since, however, they do so far receive the Bible, and do acknowledge a Revelation, one cannot set down either Unitarianism or Socinianism or Mahomedanism as the same with the simple Deism with which we have to deal. This, as it is now met with, means, we apprehend, *the belief in a God without belief in a Revelation from God, of himself, His Laws or his Providence*. Such seems to be the distinctive feature of the Deism now resulting from the *un*-religious education of the heathen around us in India. That another, (and, that it is submitted, a more hopeful) form of Deism is conceivable, and has existed, we shall have occasion to show before we conclude; but, for the present, the above is the Deism we deal with. Does this, then, tend to a reception of the doctrine of the Ever Blessed Trinity in Unity? or does it not?

*First*—Does it *logically* tend to it?

*Secondly*—Does it *morally* tend to it?

We conceive that it cannot *logically* tend to it, for this one obvious reason, viz., that the truths constituting the doctrine of the Trinity are pre-eminently of the character of *first* truths, above, because prior to, all logic;—matters to be received and believed, but not to be reasoned out,—and, so, essentially, matters of *Revelation*. But this Deism rejects all Revelation. Wherefore the first of these two questions may be set aside at once and for all as far as our present subject is concerned. If it be said hereupon, but the doctrine of only one God opens the way to the well-known argument, that if so, then it is most probable that He should have given a Revelation of Himself—the reply is obvious, that, be it so, still we are not thereby a whit in advance of the heathenism which assumes Revelations, however false and absurd.

But—Does Deism *morally* tend to the reception of the doctrine of the Trinity?

This is a question which, we submit, can be answered only from experience. Is *any one*, then—is *any one*, prepared to show that the history of the Deism in question, or even of Deism in the general, proves such to be its moral tendency? Is the Deist's heart found practically to be a better soil than the idolater's for the implanting of Gospel truth?

Hereupon, however, an objection may be urged as obvious. It may be said—two cases are not to be confounded. And

there *are* two cases of even the kind of Deism to which you, for the present, profess to restrict your argument. There is the case of the man who has passed from Christianity to this Deism, or at any rate has grown up in or into it amid the light of the Gospel, although he himself never received that Gospel. And there is the case, apparently very different, of the man who has passed from idolatry, or any form of heathenism, into this Deism.

The first-mentioned may be, nay most likely always will be, and possibly *must* be, a very unpromising, an almost hopeless case, because it has been attended with (if not the wilful abuse of gifts, hiding of talents, or *rejection* of privileges, yet with) the *neglect* of them.

But the latter may surely be considered a *hopeful* case. He that, not having had the opportunity of learning the Gospel, is yet not an idolater, nor a Polytheist, nor an Atheist, but a Deist, even the modern Deist you speak of, has at all events this one fundamental truth to start with, to be worked upon,—the doctrine of one God.

Now, as we have known this distinction to be thus urged despite the definition of our terms, (which would seem to preclude it), we will try to deal with it as though we were fairly open to it.

Admitting, then, the distinction as a real one in itself, we find the two following questions to demand answers. First, Does Deism, under the conditions first mentioned, morally tend to a reception of the doctrine of the Trinity? or does it not?

The cases of Socinianism and Unitarianism would seem to indicate the sufficient reply, both being forms of Deism that have grown up in modern times among Christian nations in the face of established churches, and are so perpetuated. They are instances of the thing, and of its hopelessness.

Mahomedanism, however, which was in a former page coupled with these, seems to require a somewhat different answer; for, though its *first* rise was in many respects and in many countries, parallel to that of Socinianism and Unitarianism, as to the conditions above specified; it has long ceased to be so, by the virtual, and indeed in many places literal and total, extinction of Christianity; so that it now has no longer that witness against itself when it has so prevailed. In other parts of the world, again, it has never been so in collision with Christianity, but has overthrown idolatry, and supplanted Polytheism, and is not this a gain? it may be asked. The question becomes then yet further

complicated in respect of Mahommedanism, and before entering on it, we will dispose of the second form of the question as it is now before us, viz., Does the Deism of our day, if it have been (not a growth out of, or in defiance of Christianity; but) a growth out of idolatry or Polytheism; does *this* Deism morally tend to belief or to unbelief?

Here again we submit the appeal must be to experience. Will then those who have been, or who are, engaged in the Missionary calling, attest that the inculcation of the doctrine of the Trinity has had or has greater success among those who have been reasoned or educated out of idolatry or Polytheism into the Deism we speak of, than among the ignorant and superstitious idolaters or Polytheists?

Who the more readily believe upon hearing? Among whom do we find Faith "come by hearing"—among the *un*-religiously educated Hindoos taught to think for themselves, having access to English literature and Western science, all the wisdom (*σοφία*) of the European world—or among the ignorant, superstitious Ryots, not able even to read or write?

What other inference than the one now pointed to is to be drawn from the fact of the success of the plain preaching of the Gospel to the "poor of this world" in the districts of Barripur, Tallygunge, Kishnagur and Tinnevely, and its non-success amid the education and enlightenment of Calcutta?

If the hindrance, where the latter is formed, be not in the Deism which is avowedly generated along with it, if not by it, then one must fear that there is something exceedingly faulty in the Missionary method of our day which seems so powerless in this case, whatever success it may be blessed with,—as we thankfully believe it to be,—in the other. Either "the wisdom of this world" is too strong for "the wisdom that is from above," or we have yet to learn how to make this bear effectually on that.

Judging by the present aspect of things, experience is, then, *against* the position that even by educating Hindoos into Deists, you increase the probability of their conversion to the true Faith,—that Deism tends to belief rather than to unbelief.

What makes the case worse, is, that the mere fact of their undergoing that process *at the hands of Christians*, puts them, per force and of itself, very much in the case which was above laid down as that of the Socinian, Unitarian and Mahommedan.

And here the particular case of Mahommedanism, which a little way back, under the new aspect of the question, was



excepted from the sentence of Unitarianism and Socinianism, seems to come in and furnish an argument in support of our present position, and that, too, an argument "a fortiori."

Mahommedanism was exempted from the same sentence with Unitarianism and Socinianism, on the ground that, whatever may have been the case at its first rise, it no longer, at least in very many places of the earth, exists in collision with, and in defiance of, Christianity; and, in others, it has never at all come into conflict with it, as in the case of the heathen tribes which it has converted from heathenism to itself, i. e. to Deism, and that too Deism with belief in a Revelation, and even an acknowledgment (after a sort) of the true Revelation which we have.

Forster observes, (and, it is thought by many, shows,) that Mahommedanism has been notoriously successful in winning idolatrous nations to itself. Yet has it not itself proved, hitherto, the most impenetrable of all systems to the preaching of the Gospel? Although (and this we submit is remarkable in respect of our subject) although it acknowledges our Scriptures, in the main; and contains some great doctrines of Christianity explicitly, and others implicitly.

How then are we to account for the fact that *this* form of Deism, when it has reformed idolaters to Deists, renders them more impenetrable to the truth—as far as experience goes—than sheer idolaters are?

Such being, as far as we can see, the result of a transition from heathenism to *Mahommedanism*, what is the conclusion indicated as to the moral tendency of a transition from idolatry or Polytheism to Deism of any kind?

Above all to the Deism of this our day in India, which commonly rejects revelation altogether, (both the fact and the idea of one—) has no *outward* acknowledgment of God,—no public acknowledgment of the need of an atonement, such as all (even Heathen) sacrifice is;—no acknowledgment of the need of a Mediator between God and man;—such as is, if not kept up, yet involved, by every order of priesthood under every creed, however in other respects debased and faulty;—nor any doctrine of a judgment to come, resulting necessarily from those of the need of an atonement, and of a ministry of mediation whether by one mediator or by many? If one could meet with, or produce, a Deism holding these doctrines, it would be a gain indeed upon the Idolatrous or Polytheistic state. But we believe they are all sadly wanting to the Deism now springing up among those called "enlightened" Hindoos.

So far from any such *Religion* attending their professed belief in a God—if they do profess so much—their belief seems the most impracticable of all conceivable theories. It not only does not bring God before them as a Judge, a Redeemer, or a Sanctifier, but scarcely as a *person* at all; and leaves them to deem Him a Creator or a general creative power, either or neither, according to their advancement in the science or theory of causes. If they do not stop short exactly at *second* causes, they have an *u* power cause, either discovered or to be, may hap, discovered, for every thing. Hence seems their highest wisdom and happiness—

Felix qui poterit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum  
Subjacet pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

Virg. Georg. ii. 490—493.

They are, consequently, eminently *un*-superstitious; or they profess to be so. They do not believe in many Gods, for their idea of one is very vague. They do not believe in a special Providence, for they discover *causes*; and if there be a God, He must be so far above the things of earth that He cannot be supposed to meddle with them. *Idolaters* may think so, but not I, says the Deist;—

— credat Judæus Apella,  
Non ego. Namque Deos didici securum agere ævum  
Nec, si quid miri faciat *Natura*, Deos id  
Tristes ex alto demittere tecto.

(Hor. Sat. iv. 100—103.)

their boast is that of Lucretius,—

*Religio* pedibus subjecta vicissim  
Oblinitur; nos exaquat victoria cœlo (I. 80).

Or if they do not run to his length—which indeed is rather outright Atheism—they conceive of God as all mercy—a hell and a judgment to come they set aside as childish tales and old wives' fables.

Esse aliquid manes et subterranea regna  
\* \* \* \* \*

Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ore lavantur.

Juven. Sat. II. 150.

Very little short of this is, we believe, with, of course, some exceptions, the general character of the Deism now propaga-

ted by means of the *un*-religious education which is being so largely diffused throughout this dark land by the Christian nation into whose hands, for better or worse, and assuredly with a day of account to come, God's Providence has delivered it.

May it not, furthermore, be fairly asked what grounds there can be for expecting that the merely intellectual and scientific courses (which, without the most powerful and sustained *religious* accompaniments, are found to lead Christians *away from* "the Faith as it is in Jesus,")—that these shall bring heathens *into* it? Such admixture as they have of Paley's Moral Philosophy and the Milton School of Theology can be no antidote to "the lust of the *eye*" so eminently fostered by science and experimental Philosophy. See St. August. Confess. x. 54 (p. 213. Oxford Trans.)

And, after all, is the single point of the abstract belief in one God such a gain, as is supposed, in Deism?

There is hardly to be found the form of heathenism (most certainly it is not Hindooism) which has not in its "heart of hearts," as the Athenians had in their city, a nameless Altar "to the unknown God;" and so *an* acknowledgment of Him—a doctrine of sacrifice and expiation, or at least propitiation, and an idea of mediation; the need, the use, the practice of prayer; a belief (however fantastic, perverted, or obscured,) in an unseen world, and in a life to come. And herein, let it be repeated, one has more elements of truth to work upon than are in the Deist who has cast away these things with heathenism.

Again. The poor, illiterate, often very superstitious, hind of Christian lands can be built up in the Faith without that sort of enlightenment by which the regeneration of the heathen is being sought. And direct Missionary labours on the heathen peasantry in this land, show the same to be feasible with them.

In Christian lands is not the rude peasant a more hopeful subject than the astute, educated, enlightened mechanic, who is so very commonly a free-thinker, as it is called.

Whatever may be thought of this appeal in our day, we are certain that it might safely have been made in the fourth Century of the Church, when we submit the Propagation of the Gospel was quite as well understood as it is now. In proof hereof we will draw to a conclusion with the following extract from a writer of that date:—

"When, therefore, the question is raised what is necessary to be believed as pertaining to religion, the nature of things need not be pried into after

the fashion of those whom the Greeks call natural philosophers (*physicos*); nor need one be anxious about a Christian's being ignorant of any thing touching the powers and number of the elements; the motions, order, and eclipses of the heavenly bodies; the shape of the sky; the kinds and natures of animals, shrubs, fountains, rivers, mountains; the spaces of place and time; the tokens of impending changes of the weather and approach of different seasons, and six hundred other such things about those matters, which those natural philosophers have either discovered or think themselves to have discovered.

"For, not even have they themselves, excellent as they show themselves in genius, ardent in study, and abounding as they do in leisure, discovered all that is to be discovered, by their investigations made upon such conjecture as man is capable of, or by their researches by means of experiment. In what they boast themselves to have ascertained, there is more of mere opinion than of sure knowledge. It is enough that a Christian believe that the cause of things created, whether celestial or terrestrial, whether visible or invisible, is nothing else than the goodness of the Creator, Who is the One and true God, and that there exists nothing which is not either Himself or from Him, and that this God is a Trinity, namely the Father, and the Son begotten of the Father, and the Holy Spirit proceeding from the same Father, but equally one and the same Spirit of the Father and of the Son. By this infinitely, equally, and immutably good Trinity were all things created, and that neither infinitely, nor equally, nor immutably, good; yet each in itself good, and, altogether, very good; for of them altogether consisteth the wonderful beauty of the universe. In which even that which is called evil, when rightly ordered and set in its proper place, maketh what is called good to be seen, more clearly to be so, so that good things please more and are more praiseworthy when set in contrast with evil things. For God Almighty, (as even unbelievers confess Him to be), Who hath infinite power over all things, could by no means, seeing that He is infinitely good, allow any evil to exist amidst His works, except that He were so utterly omnipotent and good as to educe good even out of evil."

*St. Augustini Enchir. de Fide, Spe et caritate c. ix. x. xi.*

With this extract we drop the subject for the present, though fully aware that we have done little more than open it, and conscious that our argument may seem to want filling up here and there. Still we believe it is a sound argument. Let it be examined;—only let none examine it under the idea that we have been setting ourselves against the extension of education simply. Our argument has to do with *un-religious* education. What would constitute a *religious* education for the idolaters, &c. in question is a further topic to which we now need only point. Let none set us aside simply on the ground that the popular voice is so strong in favor of the notion against which we have been setting ourselves, as to have exalted it in general esteem to the place of a recent Revelation for the regeneration of fallen men.

When the "*Vox populi*," on a memorable occasion, said "*Vox Dei*!" it preferred Herod in his worldly pomp to God.

Pharoah hardened his heart by preferring the magicians and their enchantments to the *authority* of Aaron and Moses, though the latter also "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

### THE APOSTLES' CREED.

(*Revel.* xxi. 14, 19, 20.)

A golden frame of Twelve accordant strings  
 He toucheth who Salvation rightly sings.  
 The Jasper, Sapphire, and Calcedony,  
 The Em'rald fourth, the fifth the Sardony,  
 The Sardin stone, and then the Chrysolite,  
 The Beryl, Topaz, and—their equals bright—  
 The Chrysoprasus, Jacynth, Amethyst,  
 Deck these twelve strings, in wondrous order mixed.  
 ONE is the halo of their mingling blaze  
 ONE is the voice these chords of glory raise.—  
 As, though the prism many hues disclose,  
 The Sun-beam's self one only colour shows,  
 So these, instinct each with unborrowed fire  
 One Glory and One song emit forth from this Golden Lyre.

June 6, 1842.

SPHYNX.

The tradition that the Apostles' Creed was the joint-composition of the Twelve Apostles, each furnishing one Article, is alluded to (but not, of course, maintained) in the above. It being the undoubted summary of what they, one and all, taught, each may be said to have furnished every, and all to have furnished each, Article of it.

## III.

## "BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THE RAIN RAINS ON."

*Old English\* Saying.*

Oh ! " Bless'd are the dead, whom the rain rains on !"  
 The sad, soft, gentle, rain,  
 Nature's tears of silent pain  
 Till the body come again :  
 Yes ; " Bless'd are the dead, whom the rain rains on !"

Oh ! " Bless'd are the dead, whom the rain rains on ;  
 The loud, sharp, heavy, rain ;  
 While the trees around are sighing,  
 And the laden winds are moaning,—  
 Creation's throes and groaning  
 'Till the body come again†—

Yea ; " Bless'd are the dead, whom the rain rains on."

But, what is this men say ?  
 Of the blessing of the rain  
 That falleth night and day ?—  
 The rain, it doth fall  
 Alike upon all ;—  
 As the Sun sheds his light  
 On the bad and the upright ;  
 And the earth yieldeth food  
 To the wicked and the good ;—  
 Then what is this men say,  
 Of the blessing of the rain  
 That falleth night and day ?—  
 Who are the happy dead  
 Whom it blesses in their bed,  
 Whilst it tells Creation's pain  
 'Till the body come again ?  
 This saying holds a store  
 Of holy Gospel lore.

These dead, in life are dead,  
 And in death they have their life,  
 Which now in God is hid  
 With Christ Who is their Head.‡  
 This rain, is of the womb  
 Of that morn when from the tomb

\* The idea would seem not peculiar to England. Bar Hebraeus, Chron. Syr. pt. 3 (Cf. Asseman, t. ii. p. 316) relates that "the physician Gabriel was told by a Nestorian who had travelled in Egypt that the Jacobites insulted Nestorius, throwing stones at his grave, and saying, "the rain falls not upon him."

(See Newman's *Fleury*. Bk. xxvi. c. 34. note y.)

† Rom. viii. 22, 23.      ‡ Coloss. iii. 3.

Jesus brought on the day  
Of quickening for aye.

This rain, it is the rain  
Which washeth from all stain,  
And with "continual dew"  
Our frailty doth renew ;  
Yea, maketh e'en the tomb  
Our bodies' second womb.

When Christ in Jordan's flood  
The Sanctifier stood  
He made all water meet  
For "the other Paraclete."\*

Since Pentecost's full hour,†  
The Spirit of the Son—  
With the Father ever One —  
All water doth empower  
When blessed with the Word,‡  
Sharper than sharpest sword,  
To separate§ from sin  
And sanctify within.

Now, on the floods beneath, and on the floods above,  
Moveth, as at the first, the Lord of Life and Love.¶

From this Blessing of the Flood,—  
Ocean, rivers, lakes, springs, rain,—  
Devoutly understood,  
In simple hearted days  
Men thus spoke Faith and Prais  
Thus, in the blessed rain  
They read Creation's pain  
Till the body come again,  
And saw the Holy Flood  
That flowed forth on the Rood ;¶  
And, ever and anon,  
As the dead they bare along,  
This was their simple song—

" Oh ! Bless'd are the dead whom the rain rains on !

Far then, and wide, and long, prevail this olde lay,  
So full of Faith and ruth, by night and by day  
And far, and wide, and long,  
Be sung this simple song,  
That, " Bless'd are the dead the rain rains on

November 28, 1849.

SPHYNN.

\* *First Collect of Baptismal Service.*    † *Acts ii. 1.*    ‡ *Eph. v. 26.*  
§ *Numbers xix. 9.*    ¶ *Gen. i. 2.*    ¶ *St. John xix. 34, 35.*

## IV.

## ANCIENT ETRURIA.\*

Ever since the publication of Dempster's elaborate work *De Etruria Regali*, about a hundred and twenty years ago, researches on the history and antiquities of that extraordinary nation have formed one of the most productive occupations of the learned. The extent of erudition which that laborious scholar brought to bear upon his investigations; the wonderful ingenuity which surmounted the impediments of a language and character utterly unknown, and unravelled intricacies of period and genealogy with an accuracy which subsequent research has continually tended in a large measure to confirm; the consummate industry with which he explored, and the high and costly art which was subsequently empanelled for the illustration of the Eugabian tables and various other monuments of Etruscan annals; signalize his volumes as among the most remarkable penetrations of an untrodden field which the genius of an individual has ever accomplished; and still entitle them to rank as the original garner from which all subsequent investigators have enabled themselves for ampler research.

It is not to be expected that the labour of one man, however unintermitted and rich in produce, could fully and to entire satisfaction expatiate on so wide a theme. It is no small praise to have led the way in investigations which have exposed to us more of the art, the religion, the language, and the inner life of a nation of Ancient Italy than was known to the profoundest historian of the Augustan age. It is no mean testimony to the advance of a scholar beyond his era, that, a hundred years after his death, his neglected manuscript should be unscathed, edited with all the embellishments wherewith an advancing art could honour and adorn it, and prove to be the standard repertorium whence all future enquirers must derive the mass of their materials. It is no common monument of persevering genius to have unburied the records in illustration of which the profoundest criticism of the past century has been brought successfully to bear.

A new impulse was given to these investigations, by the proposal of a Prize Essay by the Royal Prussian Academy

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\* The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria. By George Dennis. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.



of Sciences of Berlin, on "the History and Character of the Etruscan Nation, critically elucidated from original sources, not merely in a general view, but by a particular scrutiny on every branch of the active constitution of a civilized people ; so as to establish, as far as possible, the extent and degree of perfection which each reached in that celebrated nation." The successful result of this invitation formed the nucleus of the masterly work which Dr. Otfried Müller subsequently elaborated into four books, and published under the title of "*Die Etrusker*."

It would be out of place here to recite the countless memorials and dissertations, the wonderful minuteness, the critical sagacity and profound induction from which Müller has achieved this large performance. Its reward has been an ample one to such a mind as his. It has placed him in the highest rank of German scholarship. It has revived a languishing interest for antiquarian investigation of Ancient Etruria, in the most distinguished and erudite coteries of Italy. It has met its due acknowledgment from so scholarly a tourist and critical an examiner as Mr. Dennis.

It is worth a record that the first individual who introduced Etruria to the notice of her countrymen was the elegant and imaginative Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Those who have perused her work in "*The Sepulchres of Etruria*" will not soon forget its easy flow and picturesque contour ; which throw a charm over a subject of detail, of which it has rarely been either considered or found susceptible. Still there was abundant exigency for the minuter and more correct volumes of Mr. Dennis. The mass of references by which he has supported the argument of his text leaves little to be desired by the scholar and the antiquary :—at the same time there is a parsimony of mere scholasticism, an absence of all little pedantry, a frank, healthy tone about his criticisms, which make them both intelligible and acceptable to the general reader. All who have enjoyed the graceful narrative of the accomplished lady who led the way to the investigation, will find fulfilment of Mr. Dennis's design of extending and further gratifying the interest and curiosity which she aroused in the mysterious race to which Italy owes her early civilization.

But, perhaps, the most conspicuous advantage of Mr. Dennis's volumes is their eminently practical character. Embodying a mass of curious and rare erudition, they are also, beyond all the works on Etruria which we have seen, exactly what was wanted, and what their author designed to make them—"a guide to those who would become personally ac-

quainted with the extant remains of Etruscan civilization." Routes, and distances, and methods of conveyance, and *cicerones* are detailed so far as may satisfy the most timid traveller; and furnish him, at the outset, with the accumulated experience of five years devoted to successful investigation, by a most observant and patient and profound antiquarian.

Add to this, that there is a freshness and pictorial power of writing discernible in every chapter—that the rich landscapes of Italy can scarcely be more effectively delineated than by our author's polished and suggestive periods—that Mr. Dennis has accomplished the difficult task of giving novelty to old subjects and authority to new—a lustre to the rust of ages, and light to what was obscure and mysterious:—that he has thrown a charm over what was distasteful, has exacted credence for doubtful matters, has given nature to every thing, and arranged every thing according to its nature. These are the true commendations of his work; and it can need, and indeed can have no higher. Perhaps we might wish that a little larger acknowledgment had been made of old Dempster's rare merits. But then, perhaps, also, in our lack of practical application of their detail, we may rate them beyond their worth. Perhaps too we might prefer that some little inclination, now and then apparent, to be obsequious to the bad taste of the age had been unindulged. But such little blemishes are hardly noticeable, or worthy to be noticed, where so much is excellent.

We purpose opening to our readers, as far as we can, the detail of Etruscan life in the remote age in which their monuments develop it. And let us learn from Mr. Dennis how fully and wonderfully this detail has transpired.

"Their internal history, till of late years, was almost a blank, but by the continual accumulation of fresh facts it is now daily acquiring form and substance, and promises, ere long, to be as distinct and palpable as that of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. For we already know the extent and peculiar nature of their civilization—their social condition and modes of life—their extended commerce and intercourse with far distant countries—their religious creed, with its ceremonial observances in this life, and the joys and torments it set forth in a future state—their popular traditions—and a variety of customs, on all which, History, commonly so called, is either utterly silent, or makes but incidental mention, or gives notices imperfect and obscure. We can now enter into the inner life of the Etruscans, almost as fully as if they were living and moving before us, instead of having been extinct as a nation for more than two thousand years. We can follow them from the cradle to the tomb,—we see them in their national costume, varied according to age, sex, rank, and office,—we learn their style of adorning their persons, their fashions, and all the eccentricities of their

toilet,—we even become acquainted with their peculiar physiognomy, their individual names and family relationships,—we know what houses they inhabited, what furniture they used,—we behold them at their various avocations—the princes in the council-chamber—the augur, or priest, at the altar, or in solemn procession—the warrior in the battle-field, or returning home in triumph—the judge on the bench—the artisan at his handicraft—the husbandman at the plough—the slave at his daily toil,—we see them in the bosom of their families, and at the festive board, reclining luxuriously amid the strains of music, and the time-beating feet of dancers—at their favourite games and sports, encountering the wild-boar, or looking on at the race, at the wrestling-match, or other palæstic exercises,—we behold them stretched on the death-bed—the last rites performed by mourning relatives—the funeral procession—their bodies laid in the tomb—and the solemn festivals held in their honor. Nor even here do we lose sight of them, but follow their souls to the unseen world—perceive them in the hands of good or evil spirits—conducted to the judgment-seat, and in the enjoyment of bliss, or suffering the punishment of the damned.

We are indebted for most of this knowledge, not to musty records drawn from the oblivion of centuries, but to monumental remains—pure founts of historical truth—landmarks which, even when few and far between, are the surest guides across the expanse of distant ages—to the monuments which are still extant on the sites of the ancient Cities of Etruria, or have been drawn from their Cemeteries, and are stored in the museums of Italy and of Europe.

The internal history of Etruria is written on the mighty walls of her cities, and on other architectural monuments, on her roads, her sewers, her tunnels, but above all in her sepulchres; it is to be read on graven rocks, and on the painted walls of tombs; but its chief chronicles are inscribed on sarcophagi and cinerary urns, on vases and goblets, on mirrors and other articles in bronze, and a thousand *et cetera* of personal adornment, and of domestic and warlike furniture—all found within the tombs of a people long passed away, and whose existence was till of late remembered by few but the traveller or the student of classical lore. It was the great reverence for the dead, which the Etruscans possessed in common with the other nations of antiquity, that prompted them—fortunately for us of the nineteenth century—to store their tombs with these rich and varied sepulchral treasures, which unveil to us the *arcana* of their inner life, almost as fully as though a second Pompeii had been disinterred in the heart of Etruria; going far to compensate us for the loss of the native annals of the country, of the chronicles of Theophrastus, and Verrius Flaccus, and the twenty books of its history by the Emperor Claudius.

“Parlan le tombe ove la Storia è muta.”

Etruria truly illustrates the remark, that “the history of a people must be sought in its sepulchres.”—*Vol. I. Introd. pp. xxii–xxiv.*

At the earliest period of its national existence, the dominion of Etruria extended over a very large part of Italy. Traces of the ancient language, in the opinion of many scholars, still exist in the valleys of the Grisons and of the Tyrol; indeed Mr. Dennis, who is not the least sceptical of modern etymologists, allows that within a few years the labours of a German

scholar have at least shewn that some remnants of a dialect very like the Etruscan remain among the Alps of Rætia. From thence the nation extended continuously to Vesuvius and Salerno, from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhene Sea.

Each of the three provinces into which this large tract was divided (of the centre one of which alone, Etruria Proper, bounded on the north by the Apennines and the river Magra, on the East by the Tiber, on the South and West by the Mediterranean, we intend to write particularly) was divided into twelve states; each of which was represented by a city. A similarity of constitution among the Greeks of Europe and of Asia Minor, and the Italians of the Middle Ages will suggest itself to every reader. All their cities were arranged in reference to the geological, or territorial and political, peculiarities of their neighbourhood; in the cleft ravines of the table-land, in the volcanic district;—otherwheres, on eminences, enough to protect them from marauders, but not so great as to preclude them from an easy intercourse with the plains and the shores;—and only for immediate commerce, on the very level of the coast;—that good air, good drainage, and social security be, as far as practicable, combined in the large majority.

The earliest inhabitants of the land were the Siculi or Umbri—two of the primitive races of Italy, who were not nomade, but lived in towns. In condition, they were little above barbarians. They appear to have been displaced by the Pelasgi, who entered Italy from Greece by the Adriatic;—and *they* again by other foreigners—the Tyrrheni or Tyrseni—or, in their Roman name, the Etrusci, Tusci, or Thusci. This race prevailed first, probably somewhat more than a thousand years before Christ.

From what land they came has been a subject of much controversy; and, unfortunately, from the loss of all the ancient annals, there is no clue to solve the question but the extant monuments, and secondary authority. Every Greek and Roman classic who has spoken to the point, save one, concurs in representing them as a tribe of Lydians, who, having migrated during a severe famine from circumstances which will be remembered by many in the graphic detail of Herodotus, settled in this part of Italy. But this one dissentient, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, from his extraordinary general accuracy, and the good reasons which he gave for his opinion, has been considered by many of more weight than all the rest. Because an early historian of Lydia, extant in his day, had made no mention of such a migration:—and

because he conceived the Etruscans to have no point of similarity with the Lydians of his time, in language, religion, laws or customs, Dionysius inferred them to be an indigenous race of Italy.

The great Niebuhr was of an opinion different from either. The Lydian migration he treats as the merest fable "which deceived even the Greeks, and has led the moderns much further astray." He holds that the Etruscans were *not* Tyrrheni, though called so by the Greeks, because Tyrrhenia retained its name after they had conquered it. And this name of Tyrrheni he maintains that the Etruscans had, in the Greek tongue, in common with the Pelasgi of the coast of Asia; and hence the story of an emigration from Lydia having introduced the Etruscans to Italy. But, on the contrary, he argues, from lingual peculiarities which have been before noticed, from the testimony of Livy and other authorities, and from the similarity of *Rasena*, which is the name the Etruscans gave themselves, to *Rhætia*, that it was their original home, from which they spread, first in upper Italy, and then to the south of the Apennines. This Rhætian race, in his opinion, conquered the Tyrrhenians and were called, in Greek, by their name. To this theory Mr. Dennis learnedly objects, that we never read of Etruscans in Rhætia, until the Gauls had driven them there from their settlements in the valleys of the Po. This, while it accounts for Etruscan monuments in Rhætia, does not invalidate the large amount of evidence for the Lydian origin of the race.

Müller takes a sort of middle course. The earlier lords of Etruria, he says, were from the mountains of Rhætia, the Rasena, with whom were afterwards amalgamated some Tyrrheni-Pelasgi who had previously occupied Lydia. An opinion which he grounds upon the assertion of Plutarch, that the Tyrrheni passed from Thessaly into Lydia, and from Lydia into Italy. But Plutarch may, perhaps, be considered too late a writer to be of much weight in such a question. And if to these speculations be added that of Lepsius, that the Etruscan people was constituted of the descendants of the aboriginal Umbrians, who retook their territory from the Pelasgi, we give the result of all the more *recherché* labours on this much-disputed point. But there is scarcely a nation west of Arabia in which, by some one or other, the cradle of the Etruscans has not been sought.

In this conflict of authorities, Mr. Dennis, it seems to us wisely, asserts the validity of the general decision of the an-

cients. Dionysius, he maintains, has *not* put them *hors de combat*. For they represent the current traditions both of Rome and Etruria; for which latter country, as Tacitus tells us, an Asiatic origin was claimed by Asiatics, so late as the reign of Tiberius. Our author justly declares there to be no reason why the traditions of [“a nation settled for ages in one country, possessing a literature and national annals, a systematic form of government and ecclesiastical polity, and a degree of civilization second to that of no contemporary people, save Greece,—a nation in constant intercourse with the most polite and civilized of its fellows, and probably with the very race from which it claimed its descent,] should be cavilled at and set at naught;—especially when nothing in the manners, customs or creed of the people appears to belie, but much to confirm, the descent which those traditions claim for their subjects. For then “it is not so much a doubtful fiction of poetry, assumed for a peculiar purpose, like the Trojan origin of Rome, as a record preserved in the religious books of the nation, like the Chronicles of the Jews.”

In any careful investigation touching the weight of Dionysius's voice in this argument, it should be recollected that even if the authority of Xanthus, the ancient historian of Lydia, be unexceptionable, (as Niebuhr contends) it is, perhaps, not more so than the authority of Herodotus, who lived at, or very nearly at, the same period at Ialicanassus; and whose general fidelity was no doubt the cause of the more careful preservation of his works. Besides, we learn from Mr. Dennis that there most undoubtedly was a dispute about the genuineness of the works attributed to Xanthus, as early as the time of Athenæus. And if, in Dionysius's time, there was “a complete difference of the two nations in language, usages, and religion,” still that was above a thousand years after the earliest date assignable to the migration, a period fully sufficient to obliterate all such analogies in people so widely separated, under influences so diverse, the one in constant emulation of the rapid progress of the Romans, (and in more than one discipline, even their masters and teachers;) the other systematically oppressed and degraded by the cumbrous yoke of an oriental despot, until, as we learn on the authority of Strabo, no trace of the Lydian language remained in Lydia itself.

But still there *did* remain, notwithstanding Dionysius's opinion, *much* analogy between the Etruscan, and the whole cycle of oriental dynasties from Egypt to Hindoostan.

No one who has walked through the cities of Cairo, or Benares, and has also examined the various delineations of Etruscan monuments, can fail to be struck with various evidences of an original unity of the source from which each derived its arts, its polity, its domesticity and its ecclesiology. There is a painted tomb at Veii, containing probably the most archaic of remaining Etruscan frescos. The style of grouping, and of drawing, and of colouring evidently is the same as that which has been found in the Egyptian sepulchres; and the outrage of all artistic design, in both these types, is paralleled by the rude delineations from its pantheon, on the walls of every Indian village. The entrance of this tomb is guarded by lions; similarly—we need hardly say—with many religious structures of the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and, as we learn from recent discoveries,) the Lycians, the Phrygians, and we believe the Ninevites, though we are not able immediately to refer to Mr. Layard's most instructive book. Mr. Dennis has described the interior of this tomb at Veii with that graphic power, and lively interrogatory, which elegantly peculiarizes his style.

"It is a moment of excitement, this—the first peep within an Etruscan painted tomb; and if this be the first the visitor has beheld, he will find food enough for wonderment. He enters a low, dark chamber, hewn out of the rock, whose dark-greyish hue adds to the gloom. He catches an imperfect glance of several jars of great size, and smaller pieces of crockery and bronze, lying on benches or standing on the floor, but he heeds them not, for his eye is at once riveted on the extraordinary paintings on the inner wall of the tomb, facing the entrance. Were there ever more strangely devised, more grotesquely designed figures?—was there ever such a harlequin scene as this? Here is a horse with legs of most undesirable length and tenuity, chest and quarters far from meagre, but barrel pinched in like a lady's waist. His colour is not to be told in a word—as Lord Tolumnius, chesnut colt, or Mr. Vibenna's bay gelding. His neck and fore-hand are red, with yellow spots—his head black—mane and tail yellow—hind-quarters and near-leg black—near fore-leg corresponding with his body, but off-legs yellow, spotted with red. His groom is in deep-red livery—that is, he is naked, and such is the colour of his skin. A boy of similar complexion bestrides the horse; and another man precedes him, bearing a hammer, or, it may be a *bipennis*, or double-headed axe, upon his shoulder; while on the croup crouches a tailless cat, parti-coloured like the steed, with one paw familiarly resting on the boy's shoulder. Another beast, similar in character, but with the head of a dog, stands beneath the horse. This is but one scene, and occupies a band about three feet deep, or the upper half of the wall.

Below is a sphinx, standing, not crouching, as is usual on ancient Egyptian monuments, with a red face and bosom, spotted with white—straight black hair, depending behind—wings short, with curling tips, and striped black, red, and yellow-body, near hind-leg and tail of the latter colour, near fore-leg black, and off-legs like the bosom. A panther, or large animal of the feline species, sits behind, rampant, with one paw on

the haunch, the other on the tail of the sphinx; and beneath the latter is an ass, or it may be a deer, of smaller size than the panther. Both are painted in the same curious parti-colours as those described.

On the opposite side of the doorway (for there is a door in this wall, opening into an inner chamber), in the upper band, is a horse, with a boy on his back, and a "spotted pard" behind him sitting on the ground. In the lower band is another similar beast of great size, with his tongue lolling out, and a couple of dogs beneath him. All these quadrupeds are of the same curious patchwork of red, yellow, and black.—*Vol. I. pp. 49–52.*

Within this curious tomb, reposed, on rock-hewn benches, two skeletons. Beside the one, was his casque and a spear; the former pierced, and gashed on the opposite side interior, perhaps by the very weapon which was found near it. The other was probably a female skeleton—may be the wife of the warrior. Vast jars of human ashes, perhaps of their kinsmen and dependents, were about the floor; from which Mr. Dennis infers that in ancient Etruria, to bury was more honourable than to burn. This would appear to be an inversion of the Greek sentiment—it may be recollected that Homer and Sophocles both represent the illustrious dead as *burned*. The implements discovered—a ewer, a candelabrum, mirrors and figures of men and animals, all bore out the archaic character of the tomb.

The whole religious system of the Etrurians was purely Oriental. Niebuhr allows that they were "a priest-ridden people;" but more than this, the ecclesiastical hierarchy also held the civil and the military power; a "state of things," says Mr. Dennis, "purely Oriental, which never existed among the Greeks or other European races; unless we find some analogy in the Druidical system." The priests were practised in divination and augury, the origin of which arts ancient writers refer to Caria, a country immediately contiguous to Lydia. The antagonistic dualism which, according to all probability, took its rise in Iran, and thence became amalgamated in various creeds of the East is particularly conspicuous upon their monuments. A gloomy mystery, an impenetrable symbolism, an unbending hauteur, was assumed by their Religious, a class constituted of the imperial priests alone, who awed their serfs to submission by the solemnity of their pretensions and the terror of their denunciations. Only dread of the punishment of rebellion bound the people to an unwilling homage; which was yet so constrained and constant that slavish superstition had credence as national piety. It had many points in common with modern Romanism, being, as our author observes, "renowned as the religion of mysteries, of marvels, of ceremonial pomp and observances." Though



at length, by international intercourse, it *did* contract some savour of the Greek Theogony, it never lost its own imperious, joyless characteristics. Like the dark fanaticism which prevails around us here, in which similar analogies with the Grecian worship are recognizable, it fettered the thought, and brandished the sword of authority, and held out the volume of reputed sacredness—and commanded assent of the smitten intellect, by the paralyzing threat of an execration upon the recusant or refractory. As there can be no doubt that the shallow subservience of the Hindoos to an assumed authoritativeness was the secret why a spurious Christianity spread so rapidly in Western India, who shall say that a lingering remnant of an old obsequiousness may not have submitted the modern Tuscans more than any, to the arbitrary imposition of the Papal yoke? And yet the spirit of the *Lucumo* appears in the mighty geniuses who adorned her middle age; in

“Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they.  
The Bard of Prose;”

in Giotto and Bartolomeo, in Michael Angelo and Hildebrand, in Macchiavelli and Galileo, and such a noble band of painters, sculptors and architects as no other country in Europe can boast.

At the theistical system of Etruria we can do little more than glance. Three divinities there were, whose shrines were set in every city. *TINA*, or *TINIA*, *CUPRA*, and *MENRVA* or *MENERVA*, corresponding respectively with the *ZEUS*, the *HERA*, and the *PALLAS—ATHENE* of the Greeks. Besides these, there were six others who wielded thunderbolts, (of which the Etruscans discriminated eleven species) *SUMMANUS*, who smote by night, as *Tinia* by day; *VEJOVIS*, whose bolts so paralyzed the ear as that even thunder was inaudible; *MARS*; and *VULCAN*, designated on Etruscan monuments as *SETHLANS*. Who were the other bolt-hurlers, is uncertain. The eighth perhaps was *SATURN*; or it may be *MANTUS*, their great infernal Deity—for Pliny records that they believed the bolt to issue “not always from heaven, but sometimes from the earth; or, as some said, from the planet Saturn.” The ninth was probably *ERCLE*, or *HERCLE*; for in an extant gem, the son of *Alcmena* is represented armed with the thunder as well as with his club. There were twelve *GREAT GODS*, who formed the council of *Tinia*—six of each sex—not deemed eternal. But whether the eight other bolt-hurlers are included in this senate of twelve, is uncertain.

• More fierce and more remorseless were the shrouded Gods in number perhaps, *two* ; for there remains a copy—it is supposed of a mirror or a bas-relief now lost—in which two veiled figures sit back to back, with their hands upon their mouths. These were unutterably fell and potent—commanding the obsequiousness even of Timia himself. Their God of wine and gardens was VERTUMNUS, “the changeable;” also known as PUUPHLUNS ; it may be because his seat of worship was especially at PUPLUNA (Populonia); for on the same principle Venus took the name Cytherea. VOLTUMNA whose name marks her near affinity to Vertumnus, or, as Varro calls him Vortumnus, has been pronounced equivalent to the Roman POMONA. The mirrors and vases in the Museo Gregoriano, (of the most remarkable of which Mr. Dennis gives a catalogue raisonné,) identify APLU and USIL with APOLLO ; TURMS with MERCURY ; TURAN with VENUS ; THESAN with AURORA ; NETHUMS with NEPTUNE ; and CASTUR and PUL, TUKE with CASTOR and POLLEX.

In the tombs of Tarquinii have been found paintings of Cybele and her Corybantes ; of Ceres, in a car drawn by serpents ; and, not least remarkable, of one crowned with laurel riding an elephant, and attended by troops of spearmen ; which has been supposed to represent the Indian Bacchus. Arnobius reckons Ceres among the Etruscan Penates, and associates with her PALES, FORTUNA, and the GENIUS JOVIALIS ; but of these, as far as we are aware, there is no monumental record. The PLUTO and PROSERPINE of Etruria, MANTUS and MANIA figure very prominently on their sepulchral remains ; except Müller and other antiquaries be correct in the supposition from which Mr. Dennis appears to dissent, that Mantus is but rarely figured, and that the effigy often mistaken for him is that of CHARUN. Our author conceives Mantus to be represented as an old man, crowned, with wings on his shoulders, and a torch, or it may be large nails, in his hands, which typify the inevitable nature of his decrees. But on a vase, in the possession of Dr. Emilius Braun, figured in Mr. Dennis’s second volume, and representing the parting of Admetus and Alcestis, of the two Tartarean figures, (one of which is evidently Charun) we conceive the other to be most likely Mantus ;—and if so, he is represented uncrowned, winged, and brandishing serpents. The Charun of the Etruscans is not identical with the Charun of the Greeks ; indeed, though admitting both to have been derived from Egypt, Dr. Ambrosch has contended that there is no analogy between them. It is the office of the

Etruscan Charun to destroy life, to convoy the departed through the shades to their place of final destiny, and to torment the souls of the guilty. To all the hideous physiognomy of Mantus, he often adds the ears and tusks of a brute ; and has almost invariably a hammer or mallet in his hand ; but rarely, a sword ; or a forked stick, which Mr. Dennis conceives to correspond to the caduceus of Mercury, with whom, as an infernal deity, he is identical. Of the figures in the painted tomb at Veii, Mr. Dennis conjectures that the foremost one, with a hammer over his shoulder, may be Charun. On several urns in the museum of Volterra, representing family separations, he appears driving away the husband with his hammer, while a genius embraces the disconsolate wife. In scenes, from the same museum, representing the passage of the soul alone, (without the partings) he leads the horse, or clutches it by the mane, or drives it before him with his mallet. On the walls of a tomb at Vulci, he is represented at the door of a sepulchre, leaning on his hammer, apparently as the guardian of the spot. 'On an interesting sarcophagus in the villa at Musignano, are two figures, the one winged and resting on an oar, the other with a raised hammer. Both these have been identified with Charun ; but we imagine incorrectly, and greatly doubt if it was any part of his office to convoy the dead across the livid lake, notwithstanding an inclination to defer to Mr. Dennis's great erudition. For in the Scandinavian mythology, besides Thor with his hammer, who in many respects resembles the Etruscan Charun, there was also a ferryman to transport the dead. Not that we gather, from this fact, the inference which the German archaeologists are so bent on making, that the migration which peopled Etruria was from the North, Southward ; but rather that their features of their mythology may have been transferred from the South, Northward, by a stream of colonization to which all history bears record. Of Mania we have no ascertained representation, though no doubt she is one among the numerous fearful females, the invariable adjuncts of scenes of death and slaughter. Müller considers her identical with Lasa, Lara and Larunda, the mother of the Manes and the Larcs.

" But," says Mr. Dennis, " what gives most peculiarity to the Etruscan Mythology is the doctrine of Genii," which, perhaps, branched into the system of Larcs and Penates. At least we know that one of the Etruscan *Penates* was the *Genius Jovialis* ; but from *Lares*, some records would imply the Genii to be better distinguished ; and that the one were

the deified souls of the dead, while the other were the offspring of the Great Gods. There is a striking resemblance between the Etruscan doctrine of *Genii*, and that of the Greek *δαίμονες*, as developed in Plato's *Phædo*. *Both* are represented as assigned at birth, ever present guardians through life, to whom even the most secret thought must transpire, and who will accompany the soul to the shades below. In the former system, however, the dualistic principle was involved; which the learned conceive to be not Hellenic. Every individual was supposed to have two attendant spirits assigned at birth; the sex of whom corresponded with that of the client. The male were *Genii*, the female, *Junones*, though it is not certain that this may not have been a later distinction of the Romans. One of these incited to good, the other to evil. They received divine honours, especially on birth-days, when libations and chaplets were presented to them. Offerings were sometimes made to them by his heir, after the death of their client. They guarded not only persons, but places, and collective bodies; indeed the whole national reliance of the common wealth may be considered as reposed in the *Genius Tages*, "the wondrous boy, with a hoary head and the wisdom of age, who sprung from the fresh-ploughed furrows of Tarquinii." The practice of Divination, the worship of the Gods, their whole economy civil and social, they learned from him, the very mention of whose name awed the cowering populace, and constrained submission to the tyranny of the *Lucumo*.

It may be almost needless to notice how this prevalence of dualism confirms the Oriental origin of the Etruscans. To us, it appears impossible that the whole doctrine of the *Genii* good and evil can rest on any other original foundation than the Zendic persuasion of an Ormuzd and an Ahri-man, which had so wide a prevalence, in various forms, throughout the religious systems of the East. And when one contemplates on the walls of that most suggestive tomb at Tarquinii, the strife for souls between good and evil spirits;—the malignant demon hurried away by the better genius;—the soul in the power of two spirits of evil, one of whom is arrested, and borne away by an antagonist angel of light, can a reference be avoided to the doctrine which Theopompus learned of the Magi, that each of the Gods shall alternately conquer and be conquered; but that at last, the Pluto of the two shall be debilitated, and mankind be happy, neither needing nourishment, nor casting shadows?

The Tuscan sports and games and dances were traditionally

Lydian. Various current accounts of their musical performances converge to fix the invention of the instruments on the coast of Asia Minor. The costume and attitudes of their Terpsichorean *artistes*, frequent upon the walls of the cemeteries so often referred to;—the “figured robes of bright colours and embroidered borders of a different hue;”—the decorations of jewellery—earrings, necklace, bracelets—the frontlet on the brow—the richness of the flounces, the fulness of the tunic—the “strange stiffness and regularity of its folds;”—all these—with the addition of nose and toe ornaments, (at which, it may be, their good taste had been offended) and a dash of the lazy languor engendered by a tropical atmosphere, would represent the perfect oriental nautch-girl. The dice not unfrequent in their tombs, and the attitudes of two figures in the Grotta della Iscrizione, evidently indicating an engagement with dice, remind us of the pastime by which we learn from the Father of History that the Lydians solaced the pains of the famine which induced their colonization of Etruria. On a sarcophagus found at Vulci, is a figure of a female with a large fan in her hand—“exactly,” writes Mr. Dennis, “like the Indian fans of the present day.” The continually recurring lotus-flower carries the imagination by force to the lands of the Nile and the Ganges. The purple robe of high office was worn in common by Etruscan, Lydian, and Persian magnates; and, to omit many minor analogies, the Etrurians shared the festal couch with their wives, just as Herodotus observes to have been done by the Carians, a people of Asia Minor.

Of the language of Etruria, we know almost absolutely nothing. The only well ascertained facts from actual collation, appear to be that *ril* means *year*, *avil*, *he lived*, that *al* is an affix identical in signification with *born*, that *clan* seems to mean *a son*, and *sec* *a daughter*. Niebuhr further considers that the termination *ena*, *ina*, or *na*, in proper names, corresponds with the Latin *ius*, or *us*; so the Etrurian “Pupli,” “Puplina,” which probably had some affinity with the town “Pupluna” (Populonia) became the Latin “Publius.” The titles of certain Deities are also ascertainable from authors and monuments; and a vocabulary of some thirty words has been formed, on the authority of Roman writers. But this is all—and, as Mr. Dennis remarks, “unless some monument like the Rosetta stone should come to light, and some Young or Champollion should arise to decypher it, the Etruscan must ever remain a dead, as it has always emphatically been, a sepulchral, language.” The character bears an evi-

dent analogy to the Pelasgic or old Greek ; and was therefore derived, either directly or indirectly, from Phœnicia. They wrote from right to left, and dropped the short vowels, customs peculiarly Oriental. Their numerical notation closely resembled our own in form. Probably both were derived from the Arabic, which travelled westward to the Etrurians through Asia Minor, and to the English and several continental nations, through the Moors and by way of Spain.

At the solemn meeting in the shrine of Voltumna, the Etruscan Lucumones, whom Niebuhr designates as “a war-like sacerdotal caste, like the Chaldeans,” elected a chief Pontiff from their body, and deliberated upon the general affairs of the nation. The unbowelled victim, the flight of birds, the phases and positions of the planets, but most the course and volume of the lightning, intoned their haruspicy, and gave form to their decisions. The people were in worse than Egyptian bondage. No voice had they in the government—no medium of appeal against injury and degradation. The Cyclopean walls ;—the colossal tombs, hewn out of the solid rock far beyond where the light of day could penetrate ;—vast gates, and sewers, and vaults and bridges ;—arches of such surpassing strength as to have stood the ravages of three thousand years by their matchless keying, without any lute or cement whatever ; the gigantic mass of every voissior looking *it* to its successor, and *all* to the centre—the stupendous ruins on the Capitoline, and in the Cloaca Maxima, those mighty vestiges of Etrurian dominion ; could not by any possibility have been upreared, except under a despotism almost insufferable. The ruins of Etruria alone, as compared with every thing else west of the pyramids, are quite testimony enough to the oriental origin of her ancient people.

Add to all this, the strong contrasts of colour exhibited in their paintings ;—the redness of the male countenance—the whiteness of the female ;—the blue hair ;—the long-toed boots ;—the red, blue, and white horses ;—the black, hideous character of the demoniacal effigies ;—above all, the strange figures of serpent-charmers in the Grotta delle Bighe, with a rod in one hand, and the reptile coiled round the other arm ; and surely the most sceptical must needs admit that there is a very discernible connexion of Etruria with the East.

Of the literary eminence of the people we have many and pleasing testimonies. Their sacred books were early commented on by a number of professional ritualists whose names

are still preserved. They composed in history, poetry, and the drama, as we learn from most indisputable authorities. One style of verse, invented by them, the Fescennine, was certainly in vogue at a date posterior to the Augustine age; and we believe may exist in the *divertimentos* of the Italian *improvisatore* of the present day. In the exact sciences, they attained a considerable precision. Even their females cultivated mathematics with success. Tanaquil, wife of Tarquinius Priscus, added to her accomplishments in wool-carding and house-wifery a deep conversancy with geometry and with medicine. A nymph named Begöe wrote so admirably on divination by lightning, that her work was thought worthy a place in the apotheca of Apollo's temple. Their astronomical calculations were wonderfully approximate—even in the division of the year into 365 days, 5 hours, and 40 minutes. So highly did the Romans value their learning, that they sent their sons as alumni in the seminaries of their enemies. These three last facts alone; and, generally, the very high social position assigned to their ladies; a position which, so far as we are aware, has not been emulated in any nation, until the genius of Christianity had elevated its morals and humanized its social tone, are enough to indicate a degree of culture, in some respects unrivalled by any ancient people.

It is quite true that, in mere intellectual energy, the Greeks did very far surpass them. But the reasons of this are patent; and do not countenance any assumption of the absolute mental inferiority of the Etruscans. In the Greek democracies, every man sought his own; the highest impetus was given to individual energy of mind; the noblest reward proposed to progress, without any of the deteriorating influences of caste. In Etruria, on the other hand, there was a line of demarcation between the patres and the plebs, which no amount of genius or erudition could ever overstep. The Lucumoncs swayed the sceptre, in divine, in civil, in intellectual politics; they admitted neither peer nor rival; the very tendency of all their schemes was to check any personal effort which might thwart or contravene their domination. They chained the minds of the people, by thundering against rebels the terrible denunciations of an enslaving superstition; and their bodies by unintermitted toil in the most gigantic undertakings. Yet all was insufficient to damp the prowess of their noble, but misguided hearts. There is a wide distinction to be observed between the architectural wonders of Egypt, and of Etruria. The one were,

though not amorphous masses, still destitute of all practical aim or utility; a ponderous pyramid, an insignificant obelisk—the mausoleum, perhaps, of the mighty dead—but without any evidence of deeper feeling than the servile obsequiousness of the living. Or if a work of finer art—a sarcophagus, a statue, or a painting—still, though bearing a certain character, and evidence of a genius which might have attained to higher æsthetical degrees, yet only exciting our regret that such high capabilities should have been so unworthily desecrated. By the other, sentiments the very opposite are produced. “Nothing,” as Mr. Dennis well observes, “can give us a more exalted idea of the power and grandeur of this ancient people, than the walls of their cities.” Take for instance the polygonal masonry of Cosa; how, with all the finish of a later age, could the art of man achieve such a rampart as this?

“He who has not seen the so-called Cyclopean cities of Latium and Sabina, of Greece and of Asia Minor, those marvels of early art, which overpower the mind with their grandeur, bewilder it with amazement, or excite it to active speculations as to their antiquity, the race which erected them, and the state of society which demanded fortifications so stupendous on sites so inaccessible as they in general occupy;—he who has not beheld those sublime trophies of early Italian civilization—the bastion and round tower of Norba—the gates of Segui and Arpino—the citadel of Alatri—the many terraces of Corni—the covered way of Præneste, and the colossal works of the same masonry in the mountains of Latium, Sabina, and Samnium, will be astonished at the first view of the walls of Cosa. Nay, he who is no stranger to this style of masonry, will be surprised to see it on this spot, so remote from the district which seems its peculiar locality. He will behold in these walls immense blocks of stone, irregular polygons in form, not bound together with cement, yet fitted with so admirable nicety, that the joints are mere lines, into which he might often in vain attempt to insert a penknife: the surface smooth as a billiard-table; and the whole resembling, at a little distance, a freshly plastered wall, scratched over with strange diagrams.

The form of the ancient city is a rude quadrangle, scarcely a mile in circuit. The walls vary from twelve to thirty feet in height, and are relieved, at intervals, by square towers, projecting from eleven to fifteen feet, and of more horizontal masonry than the rest of the fortifications. Fourteen of these towers, square and external, and two internal and circular, are now standing, or to be traced; but there were probably more, for in several places are immense heaps of ruins, though whether of towers, or of the wall itself fallen outwards, it is difficult to determine.

Though Cosa resembles many other ancient sites in Italy in the character of its masonry, it has certain peculiarities. I remember no other instances of towers in polygonal fortifications, with the exceptions of the bastion and round tower of Norba, a similar bastion at Alatri, near the Porta S. Francesco, and the towers at Fondi, apparently of no high antiquity. In no case is there a continuous chain of towers, as round the southern and western walls of Cosa. Another peculiarity of these fortifications is, that



in many parts they rise above the level of the area they enclose, as is also the case at Volterra and Russelæ; whereas the walls of the Latin and Sabine towns are generally mere embankments. The outer half of the wall also is raised three or four feet above the inner, to serve as a rampart: this I have seen on no other site. The total thickness of the wall in this superficial part is between five and six feet. The inner surface is not smoothed like the outer, but left in its natural state, untouched by hammer or chisel; showing in the same piece of walling the rudest and the most finished styles of Cyclopean masonry, and bearing testimony that the outer surface was hewn to its perfection of smoothness after the blocks were raised. A fourth peculiarity is, that while the lower portions of the walls are of decidedly polygonal masonry, the upper parts are often composed of horizontal courses, with a strong tendency to rectangularity, and the blocks are generally of smaller dimensions than the polygonal masses below them. The line between these different styles is sometimes very decidedly marked, which seems confirmatory of the notion suggested by the first sight of this masonry, that it is of two different epochs; the rectangular marking the repairs—a notion further strengthened by the fact, that the material is the same throughout—a close grey limestone.”—*Vol. II. pp. 271—273.*

“ Their vast sewers, (as the Ponte Sodo at Veii, cut through the solid rock, two hundred and forty feet long, twelve or fifteen wide, and nearly twenty high, with a squareness and a regularity which prove it artificial) were contrivances for the purity and salubrity of their cities which we should shrink from undertaking, with all the appliances of modern engineering. The Cloaca Maxima is a *Κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*, to shew the world how, in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, gigantic arches were accommodated to the very perfection of draining. The “*sic fortis Etruria crevit*,” of the Georgics is a standing record of its early celebrity in the science of agriculture. It is not too much to say, that in the whole matter of physical civilization there is not a single ancient people who can bear an instant’s comparison with the Etruscans.

And if from the physical, we divert us to the fine arts, our wonder only increases. Nothing of the present day can possibly exceed the delicacy and taste of their works in gold. In a tomb at Cervetri, our author informs us, that the richness, beauty and abundance of such articles, all of the finest carat, were amazing. Among them was a finely twisted chain—a large breastplate beautifully embossed—massive bracelets of exquisite filagree—*fibulæ* or brooches of remarkable size and beauty—earrings of great length—sundry rings—and fragments of fringes and *laminæ* in such quantities, that there seemed to have been an entire garment in pure gold. The “bravery” collected from a single tomb, for a glass-case in the Musco Gregoriano, witnesses that not the noblest or the fairest at any court of Europe has a casket

which might not have been rivalled in Etruria three thousand years ago. Mrs. Hamilton Gray tells us that when the Princess of Canino appeared, at a fête of our ambassador at Rome, in a *parure* of Etruscan jewellery, it was the envy of society, and excelled the *chef-d'œuvres* of Paris and Vienna.

In toreutic statuary, no nation in the world has ever surpassed them. We learn from Pliny that a Bronze of Apollo on the Palatine hill which they cast was fifty feet in height, and as wonderful for its beauty as its mass of metal. To produce a perfect copy of their "Wolf of the Capitol" would be an achievement in the *atelier* of Fratin.

"But the wonder of ancient wonders in the Museum of Cortona, is a bronze lamp of such surpassing beauty and elaboration of workmanship as to throw into the shade every toreutic work yet discovered in the soil of Etruria.

It is circular, about twenty-three inches in diameter, hollow like a bowl, but from the centre rises a sort of conical chimney or tube, to which must have been attached a chain for its suspension. Round the rim are sixteen lamps, of classic form, fed by oil from the great bowl, and adorned with elegant foliage in relief. Alternating with them are heads of the horned and bearded Bacchus. At the bottom of each lamp is a figure in relief—alternately a draped Siren with wings outspread, and a naked Satyr playing the double-pipes, or the *syriax*. The bottom is hollowed in the centre, and contains a huge Gorgon's face; not such as Da Vinci painted it with

"The melodious hue of beauty thrown  
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
Which humanise and harmonise the strain."

Here is no loveliness—all horror. The visage of a fiend, with savage frown—eyes starting from their sockets in the fury of rage—a mouth stretched to its utmost, with gnashing tusks and lolling tongue—and the whole rendered yet more terrible by a wreath of serpents bristling around it. It is a libel on the fair face of Dian, to say that this hideous visage symbolises the moon. In a band encircling it, are lions, leopards, wolves, and griffons, in pairs, devouring a bull, a horse, a boar, and a stag; and in an outer band is the favourite wave-ornament, with dolphins sporting above it. Between two of the lamps was a small tablet with an Etruscan inscription, marking this as a dedicatory offering. The weight of the whole is said to be one hundred and seventy Tuscan pounds."—*Vol. II. pp. 442—3.*

Etruscan statues in marble are very rare, of an archaic type, and rather in the Egyptian, or Persepolitan style, than with the marvellous finish of the perfect Greek. And in reliefs, they did not approach the delicacy and mastery of the friezes of the Parthenon. The influence of Doric art is evident in a great part of their sculptured stone works. We should conjecture that they are often types of a transition from the old, or Babylonio-Phœnician, to the Panathenaic style. However, some of these (as the Sarcophagus of the Niobides,

before alluded to, and the bas-relief of a bearded warrior in the Muscum of Volterra, in which, Mr. Dennis tells us, the features are purely Etruscan,) display a considerable power of chiselling, and harmony of design.

In the art of engraving, they reached a high perfection. This they principally practised on the inner side of highly polished metal mirrors, whose radiant brightness, after some thousand years sepulture, is an extraordinary testimony to their skill in metallurgy. One in the Musco Campana is of vast size, and still lustrous as if of polished steel. The drawing of Phuphluns Semele (Semele) and Aplu on the mirror engraved as a frontispiece to Mr. Dennis's first volume is quite exquisite. Occasionally such articles are found embellished in relief, as in a remarkable specimen in the Musco Gregoriano. The design, Aurora bearing the body of her son Memnon, "might" says our author, "well be taken for the Virgin bearing the dead Saviour. She has even a halo round her head to increase the resemblance."

But their greatest triumphs were achieved in painting. Their pictorial art is of two kinds; that on the walls of their sepulchres, and that on those rich and varied vases whose amazing number could hardly have been executed had not nearly every man been more or less of an artist or a connoisseur.

The sepulchral paintings at Veii, of almost Egyptian character, have been already referred to. Allusion, also, has often been made to the Cemeteries at Tarquinii, the decorations on the walls of which, less archaic, but still very old, preserve an extraordinary brilliancy of colour; and are of rare value as illustrative of the whole domestic life of the nation. They may with truth be regarded as the germs of a genius which had its full development in Luca Signorelli and Michael Angelo. The vases require a minuter notice. They are of Terra Cotta—various in their era and their design. The earliest are not painted, but have figures scratched upon them or symbols of the Etruscan creed in very low relief. They have been called "Egyptian," from the style of subject, "Gorgons, and Hydras and Chimæras dire;" but are probably early Greek of the Doric type, similar vessels having been found in Sicily and Magna Græcia. The lotus frequently appears upon them; and the whole detail of wild beasts and mystic beings is evidently of oriental origination. This ware is of rude and coarse fabric; generally black, but sometimes red; and has not found its way into any of the national collections. The largest extant variety is in the possession of Signor Casuccini of Chiusi.

Other vases, of the same school of design, but perhaps rather more recent, are of pale yellow clay, with black figures, relieved in polychrome, and arranged in bands round the vase. These are of considerable rarity. They must, we conceive, be of nearly the same era with the Veii vases of dark brown earthen ware, with raised, or sometimes polychrome designs, and quaint figures in a very early style of art. These must have been moulded prior to the fall of Veii, A. U. C. 317, as the city was in ruins from that time to the commencement of the empire. Some few specimens of pottery similarly archaic, but of an evidently Doric type, have occurred at Caere. On one, an *olpe*, or even-rimmed jug without a spout, is delineated the combat of Ajax and Hector, who is assisted by Æneas. Battle and hunting scenes, in black and violet on an amber ground, are the usual embellishments of this class of pottery. These constitute the earliest type of *painted* vases.

The second class is commonly called *Etruscan*, but is found in great abundance also in Campania and Sicily. The subjects, style and inscriptions are Hellenic; there is a great advance in elegance and manipulation, and a larger variety of form, the type occurring in wine-jars (*amphoræ*) water-jars (*hydriæ*) and mixing vases (*celebe*); and, more rarely, in other kinds of vessels. The ground is still yellow—or rather of a warm sienna tint—the figures, black. The faces are invariably in profile, and the female designated by a considerable elongation of countenance, and a white complexion. The hair of old men is also white;—shields and armour, of a purple tint relieved by white devices—drapery occasionally red. There is still much rudeness of design and faulty drawing—a hardness of muscle, and a laughable inaptitude for representing the extremities in due perspective. Still the pencil is evidently bold and free, and leaves the impression that there was a good meaning, and a capability for higher works. Perhaps the most remarkable extant vase of this description is in the Museo Gregoriano, and is thus described by Mr. Dennis.

“Hardness and severity of design are combined with a most careful and conscientious execution of details. It represents, on one side, the curious subject of Achilles (“ACHILLEOS”) and Ajax (“ΑΙΑΝΤΟΣ”) playing at dice, or *astragali*. Achilles cries “Four!” and Ajax, “Three!”—the said words in choice Attic issuing from their mouths, as would be represented in a caricature by H. B. From the dice not being shown, and from the hands being held out with the fingers extended, they might be supposed to be playing at the old game of *dimicatio digitorum*, known to both Greeks and Romans, and handed down to modern times, as every one who

has been in Italy knows to the cost of his peace—the eternal shouting of *la morra* assailing him in every street. In the richness of the heroes' attire and armour, and the exquisite neatness of the execution, this vase has not its rival in the collection. The maker's name, "ΕΧΘΕΚΙΑΣ," is recorded, as well as that of the person to whom it was presented—"the brave ΟΝΕΤΟΡΙΔΕΣ." On the other side of the vase is a family scene of "the great Twin-brethren"—"KASTOR" with his horse, "POLUDEUKES" playing with his dog, "TYNDAREOS" and "LEDA" standing by. This beautiful relic of antiquity was found at Vulei, in 1834."—*Vol. II. pp. 499, 500.*

Other vases of the same class are embellished with designs from the older Greek myths;—and often with Bacchanalian or Panathenaic subjects.

Of the third and last class of vases prior to the decline of the art we have already described a specimen—the magnificent relic discovered at Chiusi by Signor François. These works are usually styled "GREEK," and develop all the traits of artistic perfectness which characterized the productions of that wondrous people—indeed to so large an extent as to countenance the idea that they were actual importations from Athens and Corinth, an opinion which has found many advocates among the learned. We, however, quite agree with Mr. Dennis that their vast number and wide distribution, and certain marks recognizable by those who have studied ancient ceremography most maturely, by which they are enabled to pronounce, almost without risk of error, the very tomb from which such or such a vase was exhumed, are most correct indications of their being home-made. Still, both in subject and treatment, there is so much of the Attic character about them as to render it more than probable that the study of imported chef-d'œuvres was the means of improvement so marked and decided; the more especially as we know that the Athenian commerce in vases was very considerable. In the Etrusco-Greek vases, we have no Panathenaic, and but few Bacchanalian scenes; the standard subjects are mythological myths, or illustrations of the detail of Athenian life; and so far, it is to be regretted that their value, as a key to the archæology of their mother-land is but insignificant. But in an æsthetical point of view, they are beyond all price. "They are the originals" writes our author, "in style at least, I say not in conception, of Flaxman's glorious outlines, and well would it be for the student of art to follow that master's example, and imbue his mind deeply with their various excellencies. The dignity of the conception and force of expression, not unfrequently rising into the sublime, the purity and chasteness of taste, the

truth and simplicity of the design, the delicacy of the execution, well entitle the best vases of this style to the appellation of 'PERFECT.'"

We have already far exceeded our usual limits, and yet have barely exposed the surface of the fruitful theme which has engaged our pen. For the detail of the vast subterranean tombs, and the analogous construction of their temples and their domiciles; for their theatres and scenic arrangements, their marriage and funeral rites, their athletic exercises, and luxurious banquets; for the varieties of their masonry, and the massiveness of their friezes, and the quaint and archaic nationality of their *cippi* (it may be, altars), and the fable and demonology on their cinerary urns; for the multitude of their gems, carved into scarabæi, and sculptured with heroic subjects, in intaglio; for the grotesque elegance of their candelabras; the rich and graceful outline of their vases, and the suggestiveness of their inscriptions, we must refer to Mr. Dennis's instructive and pleasant volumes.

For ourselves, we will make but one remark,—which is, how mysterious are the counsels of an over-ruling Providence, how unsearchable His judgments and His ways past finding out! We have taken a discursive, though very superficial glance at a most extraordinary and gifted ancient people. We have seen their magnates with superior powers for command—capabilities, perhaps unequalled, for wielding the fierce democracy. Their plebeians, on the other hand, we have seen bending their necks under a yoke which neither we nor our fathers could bear, without any relaxation of their marvellous energies or subversion of the superior correctness of their taste. We have followed them through the mazes of an accumulative superstition, exacted by the arbitrariness of a despotic rule, without its engendering any decrepitude of spirit, without their incurring vile impositions, or their yielding vile acquiescences. We have asserted their advance in ritual, in history, in poetry, in agriculture, in medicine, in the circle of the exact sciences. We have claimed for them a merit as instructors and disciplinarians, admitted even by their most jealous foes. Had our view been historical rather than archæological, we might have displayed how, in enterprize, they were the rivals of Phœnicia, scattering their achievements over the Tyrrhenian Islands, far as Spain; and aspiring to the colonization of Madeira or the Canaries. We might have told of the fourteen sieges of Veii, overcome at length only by the last refinements of military stratagem; of the

eight captures of Fidenæ, by mine, by storm, by overpowering armaments; and, her hopes of recusancy to the yoke abandoned, of the flames whereby she avenged herself of her enemies; we might have expatiated on the several hostile gatherings of the Volsinians, which resisted the prowess of Rome for nearly five hundred years; on the retaliations of Tarquinii, and the ignominious sacrifice of above three hundred of her enemies. We might have regarded Etruria as the mistress of Rome in the art of war—fighting in phalanx; with blazoned shields and weapons of proof. But one thing was wanting to advance her far above every other nation of her age—the humanizing bond of a pure religion.

The acknowledgment of the one living and true God, of the brotherhood of all mankind—of individual responsibility for gifts and graces—of a judgement to come for the deeds done in the body—would have cemented their society in harmonious gradations, and have commanded an eminence for genius and for worth which had been the very nurture of the body politic, and the pabulum of the finest and the holiest emulations.

Imagine them maintaining their ancient virtues only some few hundred years after the period of their dependence on the Roman dynasty—and some Paul among them, kindled by a spark from the altar to touch the sensibilities of the scions of their old renown. What could have prevailed against their constitutional subjection to ecclesiastical order; or what have prevented the incorporation of their commonwealth in the straightest reciprocities of the Church Catholic?

How it was with her under the empire—how she was systematically degraded and maligned and put to despite, this is not the place to tell. Let each search for himself. We have already given one hint of our own opinion about the degeneracy of her Gospel era; and we venture to say that an examination of the full detail will demonstrate that to constitute a really great people in every social, moral, and political relation needs not merely high parts and perseverances, but the especial and condescending favour of God.

## V.

## THE PANDITS AND THEIR MANNER OF TEACHING.—NO. 2.

*(Continued from p. 362 of Vol. II.)*

We left the pandit and his pupil in the middle of the *Laghu Kaumudī*. Let us now suppose that they have finished it. If the pupil be an intelligent youth, his instructor will probably advise him to dispense with the perusal of the intermediate grammatical work—the *Madhya Kaumudī*,—and to enter at once upon the unabridged and sufficiently voluminous *Siddhānta Kaumudī*—the “Moonshine on Established Grammatical Doctrine:”—the title of *Kaumudī*,—moonlight—apparently implying that the work does not affect to shine by its own light, as an original authority, but only by the reflected beams of the prime luminary *Pāṇini*.

The pupil—a young brāhman of course—will probably at this time, if not before, have made up his mind whether he is to range at large through the fields of Sanskrit lore; or to confine himself to certain paths, or even to one alone. We shall suppose that his studious ambition (at starting) will permit him to contemplate, contentedly, nothing short of the whole range; and we shall accompany him as far as we conveniently can:—not bargaining, by any means, to follow him everywhere through thick and thin—

“Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier,”

but purposing to ride quietly round by the gate when we find him bent on taking a “rasper”—and so rejoin him if practicable on smoother ground.

Of all Pandits who confine their attention to a single branch of study, the most uninteresting, to our mind, is an Astrologer. Your mere astrologer makes a very perfunctory perusal of the grammar, if he looks into it at all before he devotes himself for life, and for a livelihood, to his own particular line of business. Dealing among the stars, he grows proud; and dealing among horoscopes and the old women who apply for them, he acquires a swaggering air of charlatanerie and bold forwardness, very different from the dignifiedly unpretending manner of the really learned. We speak of the mere astrologer—for there are pandits, versed in varied lore, with whom the mere astrologer can stand no comparison even in his own department. The mere astrologer we like not—even



as the poet liked not "Dr. Fell"—though not perhaps quite so unreasonably.

Our desultory student is not, of course, disposed to undergo his eight or ten years of grammatical discipline—working his way through the long and thorny vista of treatises up to the "Great Commentary,"—without a glimpse of something more cheerful. With a view to understanding the poets, he will probably commit to memory large portions, if not the whole, of Pāṇini's Catalogue of verbal Roots (*the Dhātu-pāṭha*) with their significations, and of the *Amara-kośa*—the "Immortal Treasury" of synonymes, versified by *Amara-singha* in order to facilitate recollection. With or without these appliances he may commence upon the *Raghuvans'a* of *Kālidāsa*—skipping, as "unlucky," the first Canto, at the recommendation of his teacher, lest the description of king *Dilīpa's* distress, from the want of a son, should too painfully affect his juvenile sensibilities. In the second Canto he will read how well that pious king played the part of lackey to a cow—a subject so edifying that we suspect it furnishes a more influential motive than that alleged by the pandit for advising the pupil to skip Canto first, and to commence where he may learn "to whom honour is due," and how to render it—a lesson which, if he be a youth of virtuous tendencies, should make him burn with ambition to go and do likewise.

No inconsiderable portion of the poetical and dramatic literature of the Sanskrit has been rendered accessible to the occidental reader by the Latin versions of the Germans, the metrical English versions of Mr. Milman, and the fine rifacimenti of Professor H. H. Wilson in his "Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindūs." The native student has no translations to refer to; nor is he set down, like an English school boy, to construe a passage with the aid of a dictionary—the native dictionaries being constructed, not with a view to consultation in this way, but with a view to being conveniently got by heart. In the case of any book that may be in hand, passage after passage is explained to the pupil by his teacher; and, in the interval between the lectures he cons over, again and again, the portion that formed the subject of the previous lecture. In the case of various books he has the aid of convenient commentaries, written in a very simple style of Sanskrit corresponding to what at school we used to call "dog-Latin." The texts of several poems, with commentaries of this kind, have been printed in Calcutta. These are much valued by Native students. We annex, as a

sample of the simple style of commenting employed in these books, a verse from the *Raghu-rans'u* with its comment.

V. 6th, Canto II.

“ Stopping whenever she stopped—rising to follow when she went on—consistent in seating himself when she sat down—experiencing a desire for water when she drank water—like her shadow did this lord of the earth attend her.”

Commentary.

“ ‘ Stopping’ &c.—‘ lord of the earth’—i. e. king:—‘ her’—i. e. the cow:—‘ attend’—as a shadow attends a body. Again—accordingly as the cow stopped—stopping:—again—accordingly as she went on—rising to follow:—again—accordingly as the cow sat down—consistent in taking his seat:—again—accordingly as she became a taker of water—becoming desirous of water.”

On the earlier verses the comment is still more full and explicit. As regards the wants of many readers, much of such a commentary must be superfluous:—but it is convenient to be able to refer to it for the recorded opinion of the republic of pandits as to the intended meaning of passages where the language chances to be ambiguous.

Among the poems generally read there is a curious one, by *Bhaffi*, on the actions of *Rāma*, the design of which is to exercise the pupil in the rules of the grammar. With this view no part of the verb is employed throughout the first Canto except the 3rd preterite:—none in Canto second except the 2nd preterite—and so on. The work is accompanied by two commentaries, the one explaining the sense, and the other furnishing a synopsis of the grammatical rules employed in the formation of the words. It is noticeable that the tense to the exhibition of which the first Canto is devoted—the “praeteritum augmentatum multiforme” of Bopp—is, though far from the most useful, much the most troublesome of the tenses. Professor Monnier Williams remarks on it (at p. 81 of his Grammar) as follows:—

“ Fortunately for the study of Sanskrit the third preterite very rarely occurs in the earlier and better specimens of Hindu composition; and the student who contents himself with the *Rāmāyana*, *Mahabharata*, *Hitopadesha*, and *Laws of Manu*, and avoids the grammatical Poem of *Bhaffi*, and the extravagant writings of more modern authors, will lose nothing by an almost total ignorance of this tense, or, at least, may satisfy himself with a very cursory survey of its character and functions.”

The placing of something so impressively alarming in the very portal, is as characteristic of the more recent pandits as

the preliminary hot-poker process is of the Freemasons—with whom, after the first dread ceremony of initiation, it is all plane-sailing and whiskey-punch. The same arrangement in each case, would seem to have been contemplated, as that which Nature, in the cocoa-nut, offers to the monkey—who, when he has managed to gnaw through the shell, finds for his practised teeth, the kernel no very hard matter, and the milk mere child's play.

After having read some of the poets, the student may feel some curiosity to know the principles on which the critics hold one set of verses to be a poem, and another set of verses to be no poem:—but the professor of criticism (*Sāhitya*) will probably require that he shall come to this enquiry provided with some knowledge of the phraseology at least of the philosophical systems. He goes, therefore, through the *Tarka-Saṅgraha*, the text and a version of which were given some months ago in this Magazine; and then, finding that there is much which the meagreness of that compendium leaves without satisfactory explanation, he reads the memorial-verses of the *Bhāṣhā parichheda*—(the “discrimination of language” as employed by the *Naiyāyikas* in contradistinction to the followers of the *Mīmāṃsa*, &c. with the esteemed and popular commentary the *Siddhānta-Muktāvalī* (the “Pearl-string of established truths”). With some notice of this standard work we shall conclude for the present.

The memorial verses, and the commentary, are the work of the same author, *Viśwanātha Pañchānana Bhaṭṭa* who opens the commentary with the following invocation and announcement:—

“May that *S'iva* be auspicious, who, skilled in the sportive dance, has made a crest-gem of the Moon and a bracelet of the Sovereign of the Snakes!

Prompted by regard for my pupil *Rājīva*, let me, as a relaxation, illustrate, by the aid of the very succinct expressions of the ancients, my own work—the String of memorial verses.”

In the *Dinakarī*, a commentary on our commentary, the propriety of each separate term in this benedictory invocation is voluminously (if not luminously) demonstrated. The writer there explains how the Moon, though no crest-gem, may yet without impropriety be spoken of as such—and the same of the snake-bracelet;—how the author whom he comments spoke of his work as a “relaxation” in order to soothe the apprehensions of the alarmed but yet possibly securable reader;—and how the mention of the “succinct” expressions

of the ancients was designed to insinuate that the author, without compromising his character for modesty, might attempt to illustrate what the "succinctness" of his predecessors had left—to sight less keen than that of those predecessors—somewhat obscure. On the double meaning of the verses that follow, the *Dinakarī* expatiates satisfactorily but, our reader might think, tediously. We return to the *Muk-tāvālī*, where the author makes not a few reflexions on the benedictory invocation with which he commences his own memorial verses. The benediction is as follows :—

"Salutation to *Krishna*—to him—lovely as a fresh cloud—the stealer of the raiment of the young milk-maids—the seed of the world-tree!"\*

We should like to transcribe, as a curious specimen of Hindu reasoning, the author's reflexions on the importance of commencing with a Benediction (*mangala*;) but we are considerate enough to forbear.

On the expression "the seed of the world-tree," he remarks as follows :—

The world is here spoken of as a tree—what springs from the earth. By speaking of the seed of that tree, a proof of the existence of the Deity is exhibited. That is to say :—such productions as a water-jar are produced by a maker, and so also are such productions as the herbs of the field :—and, to make these is not possible for such as we are ;—hence the existence of the Deity, as the Maker of these, is established."

After combating objections to this argument, he cites the *Veda* to the following effect :—

"There is One God—the Maker of Heaven and Earth—the Creator of all—the Preserver of all."

He then propounds the Categories,—intimating that the whole are primarily divisible into those of Existence and Non-existence. The latter will furnish abundant matter for consideration in the present paper. Like the foil of the *maitre d'armes*, it is far from being so small an affair as it may, at first sight, appear in the eyes of the inexperienced. One might as well engage to fence with the *maitre d'armes* without knowing the difference between *quarte* and *tierce*, as venture to chop logic with a pandit without some conversancy with the manipulation of Non-existence.

Non-existence is the darling of the Indian logician.

\* Conf. the Tree *Igdrasil*—Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-worship" p. 31.

Like Izaak Walton, impaling a frog upon his hook, "he handles it as though he loved it." Like an epicure with a beccafico,—instead of gulping it at a mouthful—he makes four bites of his cherry. He first divides it into two—Mutual and Universal. The Universal he cuts into three—Antecedent, Emergent, and Absolute. The last of the three is the Benjamin of the family—nor is his coat less curiously variegated than that of any of his brethren. He makes his appearance at every turn;—and, even when he cannot altogether eject the others, it is ruled that he shall go shares—as we shall see when we come to the *verata questio* of the baking of a water-jar in a brick-kiln.

But it may be necessary to satisfy the reader that there is such a thing as Absolute Non-existence; and we shall take it for granted that he holds "Seeing is Believing." Place a jar, then, on the ground,—and you see\* that there is a jar on the ground. Seeing "that there is a jar on the ground," is, in the language of our philosophy, seeing "the existence of a jar on the ground." Now, let the jar be removed—and what do you see then? Why, you see, or ought to see, that there is not a jar on the ground—or—by substitution, as an algebraist would express himself—you see the Non-existence of the jar on the ground.

But now comes the question—where was the Non-existence whilst the jar was there? On this point there exists—or existed—a difference of opinion. The generally received opinion now is, that of our author—viz: that the Non-existence was there all the time. The argument in support of this view runs thus. The Absolute Non-existence of the jar is *one* non-existence, and not a number of non-existences. In whatever spot of ground this may be, then, it cannot be destroyed even by the placing of the jar itself upon the spot—for, if it were thus destroyed, it could be found no where else—or, in other words, we should find the jar itself everywhere. That a jar should thus usurp the universe, being what neither gods, men, nor columns, could submit to, the hypothesis which would lead to such a state of things must needs be given up. The Non-existence, therefore, is not destroyed, but only *hidden*:—and this view of the matter may be summed up in

\* Were we debating the point with an opposing pandit, we should take the precaution to specify the requisite conditions—viz; that the sun, or some sufficient substitute, is shining;—that your spectacles are properly wiped;—that your eye-sight is not particularly worse than usual;—and that you, bona fide, look at the jar.

the proposition that the Absolute\* non-existence of every thing is at all times present every where, and is only, for the time, there hidden where the thing itself happens to be. In proof of this, you have only to remove the jar, and you will find the Non-existence exactly as you left it. Moreover—our author contends—if you suppose another kind of non-existence, which is to be destroyed every time that the thing is brought, and re-produced every time that the thing is removed, your hypothesis is an un-philosophically cumbersome one—which can stand no comparison with the one here propounded.

In the case of the baking of a water-jar in a brick kiln, an attempt, as we intimated before, was made to secure the entire right of occupancy, as a Non-existence, for the Antecedent with the Emergent as his successor, to the exclusion of the Absolute. The attempt is generally admitted to have been a failure. The case stood thus. Before the earthen jar is baked in the kiln, it is a black jar; but, by the process of baking, it becomes a red jar. Now, a black jar is not red;—neither is a red jar black. Hence—argued the claimants—the case involves the Antecedent non-existence of the redness whilst it has not come into being, and the Emergent non-existence of the blackness when it has ceased to be;—and, the state of the case being thus completely accounted for, Absolute non-existence has no business here. To this it was replied, that there was no intention to eject the other parties, that there was room enough for all three, and that the respondent was entitled to be admitted as a joint occupant, seeing that all three ought to meet and shake hands fraternally at the turning point, the instant of change, when there is the Emergent nonexistence (or Destruction) of the blackness, the Antecedent non-existence of the redness, and the Absolute non-existence of both—both colours being, at that instant, like a pair of Newtonian “prime and ultimate ratios,” just equally predicable, and the simultaneous predication of both being absurd.

\* Universal non-existence, it is to be observed, is, in its first subdivision, of two kinds—limited in some direction, and limited in no direction. The latter is our author’s Absolute or Unlimited Non-existence (*atyantābhāva*). The other may be limited by a definite beginning or by a definite ending. Thus the Antecedent non-existence of a jar, having had no beginning, ends when the jar is made. Its Emergent non-existence (as a jar) commences its endless course from the moment when the jar is shivered into potsherds.

One of the nicest points in regard to absolute non-existence, is that involved in the question whether the Absolute non-existence of Absolute non-existence is a Non-existence or an Existence. Those who favour the latter view adopt the argument that two negatives make an affirmative. The opponents of this view contend that—as the non-existence of  $x$ , no matter what  $x$  may be, is the non-existence thereof—the non-existence of non-existence can be nothing else than a Non-existence. Where there is such a “very pretty quarrel as it stands,” it would be a pity to spoil sport by interfering with the settlement of it.

A pandit, desirous to make acquaintance, called upon us one day—eager to display his dialectical subtlety, and (like the Irishman of easy conscience who, to the remonstrance—“good gracious—you’re not going to take such an oath as that?”—replied—“I’d like to see the oath I wouldn’t take”)—prepared to take objection to any proposition however unimpeachable. Finding him no grantor of propositions, we reverted, as a last resource, to Aristotle’s fundamental position—that it is impossible for the same thing at once to be and not to be. Our visiter was disposed as little to grant this as anything else,—and he had made some way towards demonstrating the perfect compatibility of “being” and “non-being” under certain circumstances, when fortunately another pandit came in—and to him we resigned the conduct of the argument. Quotations from all the most profound authorities on the subject of Non-existence were soon flying about our ears—each disputant screaming at the highest pitch of his voice—and, some other pandits having come in and seated themselves as spectators and judges, the contest raged so “fast and furious” that our little boy slunk out of the room in a state of alarm in which we ourself began rather to participate. At length the arguments on the side of Aristotle were found to be in accordance with the dicta of the authorities—whereupon the stranger gracefully gave in, and was complimented on the vigour with which he had fought a losing battle.

It is but fair to observe that the pandits, except when regularly contending for victory, appear to be quite as capable of appreciating the whimsical side of such scholastic disquisitions as any European is. They set store by them as furnishing occasion for admirable discipline in the rigidly correct employment of language. It is a mode of mental gymnastics—an intellectual bout at fence. One—that is to say one decidedly practical and venerable—one who makes money and invests

it judiciously—may question whether exercise in this kind of fencing is of any use. If fencing, bodily or mental, be of any use at all, the latter will not (by any one that we care to exchange words with,) be held the less useful of the two. The usefulness of the former, and of gymnastics in general, does not require to be demonstrated at this time of day.

For the present we quit our friend the student—hoping to meet him next in the field of “criticism.”

*(To be continued.)*

# GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

## ELEGY.—*Simonides.*

Of those who fell at Thermos' gate  
 Glorious the fortune, beautiful the fate;  
 A shrine their tomb, remembrance for libation,  
 Their panegyric, lamentation.  
 Nor mould, nor Time, the all-subduer  
 Shall e'er such heroes' shroud obscure.  
 The temple of her servants gone  
 For Hellas good renown hath won.  
 This Sparta's King doth testify,  
 Leonidas, who left in story  
 The ornament of virtue high,  
 And ever-flowing glory.

R. B.



## VI.

## KOSSUTH.

Of all the Generals in those various revolutions which have convulsed Europe during recent years, Kossuth the Hungarian is unquestionably the most prominent. He has fulfilled his part now, in the great drama of the times; yet was there no other man whose art was able, for so long a period, to incite a mighty nation in pursuit of his purposes, and to collect so powerful a force, that the destinies of the western nations appear only just released from the peril which he threatened. A sketch of this man's career, (for which we are indebted to a correspondent in Austria) can hardly be without interest for our readers.

Kossuth was originally of Slavonian extraction; but was born in the Canton [*Comitat*] of Zemplin, to which his father, or his grand-father, migrated from Slavonia. His youth presents no very remarkable features. He served as Churchwarden [*Jurat*] and High Sheriff [*Uerrschaftsfiskal*] of his Canton; as many of the lower nobility have done in Hungary. His political notoriety was advanced during the Sessions of the States-General from 1832 to 1836; of the motions of which he circulated lithographed journals. When denied the liberty of the press, he employed a number of young men to transcribe the transactions. His reports were inflammatory in the highest degree; but whether he then entetrained the idea of rebellion it is impossible to say. After the States-General, the Government put him under arrest, and introduced a process of high treason against him. But during the States-General of May, 1840, the Emperor promulgated a general amnesty; and Kossuth was again free. On January 1st, 1841, a Magyar newspaper appeared in Pesth, —the "*Pesti Hirlap*." Its proprietors had proposed Kossuth as their Editor; and, the Prefect of Police agreeing, permission to publish was granted him from Vienna. The very first number commenced an agitation;—its language was inflammatory, it canvassed every existing institution severely, it laboured only to establish the broadest democracy. Its doctrines were greedily devoured; for the thirst of opposition was then rife in Hungary. It is true that the leading articles were very superficial; for Kossuth is not a man of substantial scholarship:—but they were violent, impassioned, and addressed to the masses. Prudent men, who had been

advocates of the more moderate form of revolution, were terrified and withdrew; as Deák for instance, who from that period ceased to be a leader of the opposition; and Count Stephen Széchenyi, who expressed himself openly against Kossuth. But it was too late. His newspaper already menaced physical force. In a printed address to the States-General, Kossuth thus expressed himself on a reform which he advocated:—"With you, if you please; if not, then without you—against you." Thenceforward dates his thirst of separation. He directed his efforts to establish a mighty Hungarian dynasty, independent of Austria. To this end all the inhabitants of Hungary who were not Magyars were declared to be so. But this act roused all their national prejudices. The strife of tongues began. To make every advance of the Government impossible, Kossuth promoted anarchy in the Canton of Pesth, where he was a member of assembly; and his adherents followed the same plan in every other Canton. Kossuth's great powers of popular eloquence expedited him much; for little as he was able to compete felicitously with a few pacific men in argumentative discussion, he was just as certain of success when he addressed the masses. Speaking solely to the imagination and the passions, and being, beyond dispute, a great popular orator, he delighted in a numerous audience. All excesses in the Cantons, all encroachments of their leading members, were excused on the ground that self-enacted constitutions were the Palladium of Hungarian liberties, and that even such misdemeanors are more endurable than thralldom. Every thing was taken advantage of to foster agitation:—the mixed marriages, the enrolment of more administrators of the Cantons, the erection of an increased number of government bourses, &c. A special treasury was appropriated to the opposition; the very females took part in the insurrection, and upset all they could. The opposition was regularly disciplined, and Kossuth was its Head.

The Government regarded these agitations as supinely as it well might. The first visible signs of a separatist tendency occurred in 1830, at the ceremony of the coronation. The States-General voted 48,000 recruits; the Hungarian representatives required that their troops should be officered only by Hungarians. The proposition was lost; but its tendency was apparent. Then the Government deprived itself of one of its strongest pillars. The Catholic priesthood, which holds the very first social position in Hungary, withdrew from political interference; because it was declared that that clergyman performs his functions best, who is most free from po-

litical distractions. The Opposition virtually limited the number of clerical votes in the States-General; and no one of the Chancellors had the courage to plead for the Church. In short, all the Chancellors were at difference; fluctuating between harshness and temporizing imbecility and threatenings. Perhaps in a single Canton one might bestow a little money to secure a favourable election. But apathy again succeeded, while the opposition waxed more and more, till it grew to a giant stature.

At this time Kossuth endeavoured to organize his faction; but soon it appeared that his great talent was only destructive. Of all which he called into being, nothing prospered. He formed a protective association;—for the encouragement of Hungarian industry, none should use any but Hungarian commodities;—but his association fell to the ground. Similarly, a mercantile association came to nothing. One for the encouragement of manufactures existed only in project; for Kossuth's friends nominated him director, while the rest would not agree to pay up their shares, if he should be appointed. Even the paper which he established, and which founded his reputation, he himself injured by resigning the editorship on account of pecuniary disputes with the proprietors.

Still he remained the idol of the Opposition; which indeed was also the majority. For his address was always to the passions and the imagination; and the weak points of the Hungarian character are a want of calm reflection, an exuberance of imagination, and self-esteem immeasurable. Moreover, Kossuth had declared over and over again that he held the union of Hungary with Austria, and the dominion of the House of Austria in Hungary, to be of such advantage to the Hungarians, that except it had been done three hundred years ago, it would be now expedient to seat the Emperor of Austria on the Hungarian throne. The minds of most were pacified; and but few suspected that a lust of separation rankled under such professions.

Then came the year 1847. Prudent members of the Opposition desired no place for Kossuth in the House of Assembly. But Count Ludwig Batthyány, who led the nobility of the Opposition, tried to involve the Government in as many dilemmas as possible; and at his urgent and repeated request, Count Gideon Raday canvassed for Kossuth's election for the Canton of Pesth. He succeeded. Kossuth attained the height of his immediate wishes. And now the strife for life and death began.

But the Government saw not things so dark as they were; or else it intentionally closed its eyes. In its calculations on the effective powers in Hungary, it reckoned two and two as *five*, while considering the aid they might render the Government; but only as *three*, if the view taken was the efficiency of the Opposition. It is well known that in the summer of 1847, some very influential persons were warned of the precarious state of Hungary, who took the matter to heart, and noticed it to those at the head of affairs. But the only result was that at the opening of the States-General in November, the Prefect of Police called for Warner, one of the leading speakers on the benches of the nobility, who happened to be in Vienna, and drily told him not to alarm the Government, which required no criticism on its proceedings, but merely some fact which it might lay hold of. Only four months afterwards, the whole fabric was swept away.

In the States-General, Kossuth had acquired the sole guidance of the opposition; Batthyány was a mere puppet. Then broke the storm of March upon Vienna. Kossuth availed himself of the opportunity, to exact extraordinary concessions from the Emperor. He bargained for an Hungarian Ministry of Finance, of War, and of Foreign Affairs; and that in the absence of the King, the Palatin should be Regent. The union of Austria with Hungary was suspended by a hair. The Hungarian ministry, of which Batthyány seemed to be the President, though Kossuth was the real director and finance-master, must have been very wary, and desirous of a union of the monarchies, to have avoided a rupture. But the Kossuth-Batthyány ministry, on the contrary, evinced by every act that all its desire was for a separation, which it must be confessed the existing Austrian ministry promoted by its measures. The Hungarian ministry, or rather Kossuth, (for he inspired the whole) refused all aid in the Italian War, and even indicated a disposition to withdraw the customary Hungarian auxiliaries. And the imperial Diet sent all Hungarian regiments not on service in Italy back to their country one by one! No distinct directions were given to officers who repeatedly enquired what part they were to play. Thus did Kossuth obtain the nucleus of his army, and most of the Hungarian forts, as Komorn, Peterwardein, Essek, Leopoldstadt; and with them, a most abundant supply of materials for warfare.

But the Kroats had now commenced preparations; they would not be disservered from the monarchy. Nevertheless

the Assembly was convened in Hungary, voted 200,000 recruits, "as the country was in danger," and authorized the Minister of Finance to contract loans and issue paper-money. Both was done without the royal sanction; only a few millions in paper were approved of by the Palatin. In the assembly, Kossuth was omnipotent; the radical faction, Madarass, Nyari, &c., scarcely numbered fifty. Had Kossuth then desired it, a reconciliation might have been brought about still; for the assembly would have confirmed every one of his propositions, and every overture which the ministry might make to Austria. The attempt was made. The Archduke John was to heal the animosities between Hungarians and Croats. Batthyány, the President of the Council, and the Ban Jellachich were in Vienna for this very purpose; but the former could not be prevailed on to make the smallest concession. War was then resolved on. The Ban marshalled his force near Pesth, the Palatin was out of the country, but the Emperor appointed Count Lamberg as his Commissary. But four-and-twenty hours before Lamberg's arrival, the nomination of Batthyány as Prime Minister, in place of Prince Esterhazy, who had just resigned, was announced to Franz Pulsky by the Hungarian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Batthyány held a conference; in which it was agreed to recognize the Commissary. He then advanced to the Hungarian camp, and completed a truce with the Ban. But meanwhile Kossuth had arrived from Ketskemet, where he had raised a general levy, and also held a conference in which it was settled that they should not recognize the Commissary. The mob was excited, and Lamberg murdered. The Emperor dissolved the assembly; it heeded not his message, but continued sitting. Rebellion then commenced.

Kossuth was amazingly active. He was, through Pulsky, a partizan in the excitement at Vienna; as the correspondence of the latter testifies. Abroad, Pazmandy and another whose name we forget stirred up Frankfort; Count Ladislaus Telcky pressed to Paris; Pulsky to London; Spleny to Piedmont, and thence to Constantinople, to collect auxiliaries against Austria. With Czartorysky, who was in Paris, the Deputies made an alliance, and settled the future destinies of Austria. In Hungary, it was proclaimed every where that they fought for the rights of Ferdinand V. who had been forced to abdicate. The army was organized; the forts furnished ammunition, the bank-note presses the means; and yet the chicanery won adherents. The peasantry was

admonished that the Emperor would re-enact Agrarian laws. To the more educated, flattering prospects were held out, of help from France, and from England. The relief of Vienna was attempted; but the preparations were not complete, ere Prince Windischgrätz advanced against Hungary. In vain had Kossuth attempted to retard him by proposals of truce. We are not in a position to assign the causes which hindered the imperial General from attacking Debreczin; considering his various merits, we must presume them to have been insuperable. But had the imperial army advanced at that time from Pesth, the Hungarian insurrection had been quelled; for all discipline was gone, the troops were disheartened; and Kossuth would not have had months to prepare a defence at Debreczin. As vultures on carcases, so swarmed the Poles to Hungary. The abettors of anarchy from Germany and Italy hurried towards Kossuth. The partizans of revolution and of order tried their strength in Hungary.

The arrival of the Poles was the signal for unanimity in the supreme council of the Magyars. Görgey, the chief leader of the Magyars, was against them. Then Kossuth ventured a step which rendered accommodation and retreat impossible. On the 14th of April, the imperial House of Austria was declared to have forfeited the Hungarian throne, and Kossuth was advanced to the Dictatorship.

Hordes of Magyars crossed the Theiss. The imperial troops retreated across the Raab and the Waag. Kossuth entered Pesth in triumph. But Görgey predicted that the party now exhilarated by victory would yet be discomfited after the 14th of April. The army saw in him the very ideal of perfection. Kossuth regarded him with jealousy, and transferred the Ministry of War to him, only to remove him from the army. Görgey, however, would not retire from active service, but acted on his own judgment, and not by the commands of Kossuth, who inclined to the Poles, especially to Dembinsky and Bem. When the latter, in Siebenbürgen, published enactments for the civil management, without any consultation whatever, which, as Kossuth wrote to Bem, even he, the dictator, would not have promulgated on his individual responsibility; he merely begged him to repeal them at the earliest opportunity and with the best grace he could. Dembinsky resigned his office; but allowed himself to be recalled. In Banat, the Magyar General contested for the supreme command. The spirit of discord was rife among the leaders. Innuendos injurious to Kos-

suth were published in the journals of the 14th of March, the 11th of April, and some others. They attacked his government, and advocated communist principles. Madarass, his enemy, traversed Stuhlweissenburg and its neighbourhood, and preached that affairs were in a very bad state in Hungary; for there were still some well-dressed men in the assembly, and no general division of property. So communism became rampant. Things drew towards a military dictatorship. Görgey, of whom Kossuth was most jealous, was ejected from the chief command. He appealed to the officers, and they reprobated his ejection.

Chicanery, and the bank-note presses still did their work. French, Turkish, English auxiliaries were promised. The Russian intervention was denied—nay—even when the Russians were already in Hungary, it was pretended that they were merely disguised Austrians. When such subterfuge was of no more avail, Kossuth and his partizans escaped to the Theiss. Görgey, by an irregular retreat, joined them there from Komorn. The army claimed him as its leader; but Kossuth had insidiously conferred the chief command on Bem. The Magyars of Haynau-by-Temeswar were defeated by the Russians at Debreczin, and lost all heart. Görgey called upon the dictator to abdicate. Kossuth complied; and Görgey, having obtained unlimited control, surrendered to the Austrian Government. The last desperate conflict, which would have been fruitless to both parties, was thus avoided. The excitement subsided, and Kossuth fled to Turkey.

## VII.

## JOURNIES IN INDIA.

Now-a-days, when ladies and gentlemen may comfortably go from London to Southampton, in a first-class carriage, on the South Western Railway, on the morning of the 20th January; and be trotting along in their palanquins, on the road from Calcutta to Umballah, in less than two months afterwards, it is impossible to help feeling that their variations of speed, in these two modes of transit, may, perhaps, suggest one or two unpleasant thoughts. If, further, they look out of their palanquins, and see underneath them about as good a road, as the very most particular mail-coach-man would have ever desired to drive over, they may possibly wonder how it is they can't persuade their grunting bearers to go quicker than 4 miles an hour. Further, if they came from Southampton, as we have been supposing by the Overland route, and *rattled along* the desert—for such a phrase is expressively correct, by reason of the peculiarity of the springs of the vehicles in use there—at the rate of seven miles an hour, (even though about 20 minutes are wasted at each fresh change of mules), their pace along the grand north-west road of India, will doubtless become more than ever suggestive of serious consideration. Decidedly the road along the desert is dry, which is one advantage for a road: nor does it go over hills, or descend into valleys, which is another advantage: nor is it an embanked road, with small precipices on either side, down which were one to fall, the consequences might be serious: yet, in spite of all these advantages, the road from Cairo to Suez is *not* first-rate; but, nevertheless, somehow or other, ladies and gentlemen find themselves at the end of it, very much sooner than they would, at the end of a journey from Calcutta to———or any place at the same distance therefrom, that Suez is from Cairo. The fact is, four mules go quicker than eight bearers; and this we apprehend no body can deny, who has ever had the opportunity of comparing the two modes of locomotion. When, therefore, on one occasion, we heard a lady comparing the bearers of her palkee, to “obstinate mules,” we could not help very devoutly wishing, that, when next we had to make a journey, we might be lucky enough to find some specimens of that particular quadruped for the conveyance of our own palanquins.

One might, on first leaving Calcutta, suppose that horses



and mules are rarely to be seen in the small track of country, that stretches from the City of Palaces to Delhi and Umballah: or that the masters of the country, whoever they be, had not, at present, quite made up their minds, whether horses do, or do not, proceed quicker than human beings; or possibly that the road we were about to travel, was constantly to lead over ups and downs, which might be dangerous to any rapidly proceeding vehicle;—for the traditions of hill-stations, every body knows, have something about people being borne of men, instead of being dragged by horses. But when one has proceeded along a wonderfully rich looking country for miles and miles, nearly every fresh mile presenting the same horizon-terminated road before, and the like behind; and nearly every field containing some one or two tats, and nearly every Native that is met being mounted, it is as impossible to suppose the country barren of the equine race, as it is to conceive it insufficient for their support, or too mountainous for their labour. The only conclusion, therefore, to which a thoughtful mind can come is, that some body or other, who manages these things, has decided that human beings *do* go quicker than animals, and that a change from the former, to the latter, as beasts of burden, would be inexpedient, perhaps even inhuman.

But, joking aside, it is really a very remarkable feature in the annals of Anglo-Indian History, that we have arrived half way through the 19th Century, and plod along the road as our forefathers did, at the beginning of the 18th; or, one might rather say, as the Patriarchs did of old. For if they had not palanquins, shaped quite so correctly as Stewart's are, there can hardly be a question about their having had something like them. Who doubts, for a moment, that, when Abraham marched about, Sarah had some such a conveyance as a palanquin? And now, we positively cannot get over the journey from Calcutta to Benares, in any quicker way than in this self-same conveyance. North of Benares, horses of some kind *are* able to be put in requisition, either for a private vehicle, or for a dirty public carriage: which, with all due respect for its driver, is a turnout that hardly a public-house in a small village in England, would condescend to own—much less to *horse*.

Talking of these public conveyances, it must be allowed they are some improvement, unclean as they be, on the dreadful palanquin; for the simple reason that they do go rather quicker. But, then, if one is fortunate enough to be travelling along the grand road of India, from Benares

northwards, where such things may be procured for money, think of the difficulty there is very often in getting them. Once, during the last campaign we were in a great strait, to get up to Lahore from Allahabad, and, on applying one afternoon at the Post Office for a horsed palkee-garree we were informed, "that Major A. had engaged it with Captain B."—"Then, early to-morrow morning, could we have it?"—"No, it would not be back."—"Then, the following day?"—"No, two other officers had hired it for that day."—"Well, then, when ever can we have it," we rather angrily asked—"Oh!" said the dear Baboo, "on Saturday next" (that day being Wednesday) "if a lady and gentleman, at Mr. Berrill's hotel, do not take it." We trust no one will suppose this an exaggerated instance. Even in these "piping times of peace," we hear of people having to wait two or three days to get a public garree, along *the* main road of India. As to getting such a luxury out of it, the thing's impossible. We were once going from Allahabad to Futtchgurh, as quick as we could, and, at Cawnpore, were casually asked by a dear friend who had come to call upon us, during the hour or two we stopped there, how we intended going the last 20 miles of our journey? "Why?"—we replied—"just as we have gone all the rest." "Indeed," he said, "you're aware the dak-garree never leaves the high trunk road, and Futtchgurh lies 20 miles off it." Fortunately we received the intelligence just in time to get a friend's buggy sent out from Futtchgurh.

Then, it is an amusing feature of the peculiar class of quadrupeds in use for these public palkee-garrees, that they are very loath to start. Occasionally, too, they are wont to describe a sort of pirouette, or rather circle—their tails being its centre, and their bodies the radius—until their heads are quietly resting in the window of the conveyance, and the creatures calmly contemplating its occupant. Two horses would prevent this little episode in travelling; but a pair is a thing to be longed for, never to be enjoyed, on a journey in India. Now having travelled a good number of miles, in various descriptions of vehicles, we must say, as a general rule, we dislike horses, while drawing us, to turn round and look in our faces.

There is, however, another serious drawback to deriving the least pleasure from travelling in India, at least in a great number of cases. We refer to the terribly isolated position in which the traveller is left. A person, alone, and at night, can't help feeling himself, or herself, altogether at the mercy

of the bearers. Very true, they do not often molest the traveller; and, when they do, it is generally to obtain an increased gratuity, which, if the worst comes to the worst, he gives, and thinks himself well over the matter. But it is not satisfactory to be put down in the middle of the night, and have it made apparent that the bearers have no intention of moving a step further, until they receive some 4 or 8 annas a piece. Very few Englishmen care about spending, or even giving away, now and then, 3 or 4 rupees; but no one with a drop of English blood in his veins likes to be *made* to give up his money after that fashion. It reminds one too much of Gillray's caricature, called "Voluntary Contributions," in which, if we remember rightly, John Bull was represented as a way-farer, and Pitt as a high-way-man,—the latter gentleman, who was a little at one side of the road, having his finger on the trigger of a very particularly large blunderbuss, directed full at his victim's head; whilst a hat was down in the middle of the road, to receive such offerings as the passers by might feel disposed to make. There are some roads, where the bearers have acquired almost a celebrity for thus laying a compulsory "bucksheish." One of these is the road to the hill station of Nainee Tal, from Allahabad or Cawnpore. A good part of the road—which must all be passed over in a palanquin, after once leaving the main trunk road—is singularly desolate, particularly between Bareilly and the hills. We have frequently heard of persons, who have laid their dâks, through a Post Office, being subjected to much detention here. This generally takes place when a shower of rain happens to fall. We heard of a gentleman last year, and we doubt not every year there are some half dozen like cases, who was put down in his palanquin in the night, when it began to rain hard. Away went his bearers, (amongst them the torch-bearer,) and he was left in pitch darkness. He remained, after trying in vain to get them back, till both his palanquin and his clothes were saturated with rain. After staying about an hour, the day just began to break, and seeing a sort of hovel some 500 yards off him he concluded the bearers had taken shelter there. He accordingly went, and there were his friends quietly seated round a fire, smoking: and, till the rain had ceased, no arguments could prevail on them to proceed. Nor, when they did go, would they stir till he had given them a couple of rupees. The redress he obtained, on representing the matter to the nearest Post-master, was, that that worthy functionary regretted he was "unable to interfere, and that his correspondent had met with some of

the inconveniences incidental to a dâk journey." What happened to him, has happened to many others. When a gentleman meets with these little "inconveniences incidental" to a journey, it perhaps does not so very much matter. Beyond a delay of half a dozen hours, and every thing in palanquin, or petarah, being soaked, there may be no very great harm done. But, unfortunately, ladies have to make just the same journies. Everybody knows, ladies ought not to travel alone. But, unfortunately, necessity has no law, and it often compels them to do what they would gladly rather not do. No gentleman likes, even to think of a woman, being exposed to rude and uncivil treatment, and now every woman, that travels alone, is *exposed* to it. Therefore, what seems to us no more than fair is;—that if the Government have not made journeying about more comfortable and expeditious than it is, they ought at least to let it be as *safe* as possible. If it must be slow, it at least might be sure. But it is *not* this. And, what is more, there is scarcely the very smallest provision made to ensure its security. We have to trust implicitly to the good feeling of the poor creatures that carry about our palanquins, who—we have been told—have often almost to trust for support to the trifling *buck-sheish* they generally get at the end of their stage—their proper wages not being paid them till after a long time, and passing through various hands. If so, it is only wonderful one ever makes a journey without being pillaged more or less. But, as there is such an army of bearers throughout the land, why should they not be regularly marshalled, as *sepoys* are? With each set of 10 bearers, there ought to be one head man accompanying the palanquin, who gets double what the others do, and who is held responsible for their proper conduct. Over a certain line of road, there should be a superior officer, a kind of *horse patrol*, who should have the surveillance of these sergeants of 10, receive their daily reports and forward them to the Post-master of the district, or rather, the layer of dâks, who had much better *not* be a Post-master but a functionary for that particular purpose. If he *was* the Post-master, most decidedly, besides being this, he ought *not* to be a Civilian, or Lieutenant, or Surgeon, all of whom have their own duties to attend to, but a man who could give up the whole of his time to the duties of the Post Office, and the laying of dâks and the investigation of complaints. How is it possible for a man engaged all day in *cutcherry*, or regimental duty, or in his professional duties as a doctor, to attend to the Post Office work of a large sta-

tion or district ? The thing is absurd on the face of it ; and we really wonder at their ever being allowed, far less obliged, to undertake such work. The duties of the Post-master, at Benares, or Allahabad, or Cawnpore, or Meerut, or Umballah, or at any large station, would—if *properly* fulfilled—take up the whole time of a thorough man of business : and, to call a man a Post-master, who is a Magistrate, or Officer, or Doctor, is in other words to say we don't want you to give the least attention to the Post Office.

To enter upon the subject of letter-conveyance, so closely connected with that of travelling in general, would be to open a fresh sore : and there is no need to do that just now. Nor should we have referred even to the existence of Civil or Surgical Post-masters, had not Government made them likewise palkee-garce and palanquin-masters ; in fact, jacks-of-all-trades.

• Nor again is the conveyance of goods on our *tapis* at the present : else, considering the little advance for the better that has been made in ladies' and gentlemen's methods of locomotion, we should say, that their various trunks and packages ought to be contented. Not that hackeries, however bullocked, can be said to be rapid conveyances. But the bullock trains, as they are called, are a decided improvement, and—when more plentiful, and more generally in use—those squeaking hackeries will make an excellent bon-fire.

We are perfectly well aware that it is always easy enough to find fault, and never very easy even to suggest improvements. In England, old gentlemen complain of the terrific speed of rail-roads. In India, young ones, as bitterly complain of the terrific slowness of their palanquins. In the days of four-horsed coaches, old ladies used to complain of the galloping of the leaders ; and we all know where grumblers are, there also will there be found opportunities for the exercise of their peculiar powers. Indeed we feel perfectly sure, if a fairy, by one wave of her wand could lay a rail, and electric telegraph from Calcutta to Lahore, by a second supply engines and stokers, first-class carriages and porters all ready dressed, with N. W. R. worked on their collars, or turbans ; and, by a third, establish large hotels at Benares, Meerut and Lahore, and smart waiting maids at every intermediate refreshment room—we should find something or other to complain about. Or, if Lord Dalhousie established some four-horsed omnibusses, with venetian blinds, and all as cool and comfortable as could be, to run along the road we have—for we have one good road, though no fairy's wand

ushered it into existence : and if further, the vile dāk bungalows we have, were made into something more like English second-rate inns ; that is, if such immediate improvements as could be made, *were* made, we doubt not Englishmen would find many things in India to go on grumbling about. But now, as things are, is there not a cause ? Really, if we look back 50 years, in what (so far as travelling is concerned) have we improved, save that we possess two or three good roads, and a few dirty single-horsed public palkee-garrees, and a few dāk bungalows, the greater number of which contain not so much as a clean bed to lie down upon, not so much as a basin, in which to wash one's hands and face. It would be absurd to expect everything here in the way of journeying, comfortable as in England, ere the days of railway travelling. But, it is not unreasonable to expect we should, in houses built expressly for the use of English ladies and English gentlemen, be able to find a little something more like comfort—more particularly as the charges in them are most decidedly anything but very reasonable. Further, considering any Native nearly understands how to manage and train horses, decidedly better than many an English regular stable-helper ; and that horses are plentiful as blackberries are on an English hedge-row, and cheap as any school boy could desire them when first anxious to own a horse ;—we do think it a most incomprehensible fact that we are not able by their assistance to journey about a little bit quicker than we do. Monied Natives are not very fond of embarking their rupees in hitherto untried speculations, especially if they meet with opposition, instead of assistance and countenance, or else, why should there not be now some rich Native Coach-master, a “Horne” Baboo ? or some rich Native conveyer of goods, a “Pickford” Baboo. Verily the latter might, if he had a fair capital to start with, make an uncommonly good thing of it. And the former might—if he could only start 5 or 6 good four-horsed omnibusses, divided into two partitions, *each* holding four, one partition being for Sahib-lōgs, and the other for Natives of respectability, that should run from Benares, or Allahabad, to Meerut, or Umballah, with a branch to Agra and Delhi—we are persuaded also make no unprofitable speculation. Travelling by night, and resting by day, making the journey some 10 or 12 hours, which would not be too fatiguing, you might journey comfortably 100 miles a day, and, with good luggage trains of bullocks, and a *good* inn at every large station, what more could have been wished ? or why, if India has

given birth to no single genius like Mr. Horne, might we not long since have had a Company of Omnibus Shareholders, as there have been of Bank Shareholders, as there will some day, perhaps, be of Rail-way Shareholders. That such a thing might have been is certain : and the vehicles have been excellently adapted to the climate, well-horsed, and well managed—for what cannot Natives do, if they are once thoroughly put into the way of it, and have a careful superintendence?—*now*, of course, all is at a stand still, till rail-roads come : and, if the first be from Calcutta northwards, instead of from Allahabad, or Benares, northwards, we have our fears, lest they will be more easily projected than made. This, however, we willingly leave to wiser, or more interested, persons than ourselves. It only occurs to us, that it will be rather a tremendous transition for a Native, or a very old Indian, to pass from the depth of a palanquin, to the Elysian height of a first-class rail-way carriage. We don't quite know how they'll be able to bear it. Now a well-horsed vehicle would have, in a measure, prepared them for the change. A four-in-hand would be to the bearers, as the steam engine is to the four-in-hand. Then, they might have occasionally secreted a hookah outside the Meerut Telegraph ; but we don't suppose this will be allowed at the rail-way stations. Perhaps we shall have a special hookah carriage, bringing up the rear of our trains ; but, how the dear Natives will get refreshment on their journey will, we believe, puzzle even Lord Dalhousie himself. Only conceive a comfortable-looking Baboo getting through a basin of very hot soup in about a minute and a half ; or a young Nawab running off with a pork-pie or ham-sandwich in his hand, as the bell gave the signal for departure ! It is quite clear we shall wonderfully change the customs of the Natives on the whole line of a rail-road. *Now* the Stoker would have to smoke, as well as his engine : and a Porter would wrap himself up, and sit down with the most perfect non-chalance before the carriage he was loading, to hold communion with his constant companion. In a few centuries, of course, there will be a rail-road caste ; but till then, it is difficult to say how we shall get on. However, we don't despair. Greater revolutions have been worked, than Rail-ways will work in India. But, again we say, what a pity, the poor folks have not been broken in at all for rapid travelling. What a pity we are, as in the days of our ancestors, going on in just the same, slow, jog-trot way. Englishmen, of one generation, *won* ; of another generation, *gave laws to*

them as a thing highly to be desired, yet we are gratified to acknowledge that, short of this, every care and sympathy has been shewn for their welfare. An European Catechist is now stationed among them. Two Native catechists, and two school-masters supervise their daily progress. These labourers are welcomed once a month by the clergy at Sagra, to whom they give an account of their work :—and on these reunions with their more favoured Native brethren, “the reception which they meet with every where,” writes Mr. Leupolt, “is most gratifying; and indicates a new era in the work.” These humble helpers in the Lord’s vineyard have several inquirers in the neighbourhood of their cultivation, and are encouraged and strengthened by periodical visits from the ordained Missionaries. In a temporal point of view, Ghurwah, the village of their location, is also progressing. No one receives gratuitous support. The staple of cultivation is the sugar-cane; which, by an improved system of farming, is produced in great perfection—one man has established a trade in wood for firing, in the city—another is a manufacturer of caps. In the year under review, the profits realized from Ghurwah were about six hundred rupees.

The industrial arts at Sagra are prosecuted with vigour and success. The chief trade, at present, is book-binding; and we assure our literary friends, from personal knowledge, that the work turned out will satisfy every but the most fastidious eye. The choicest London materials are employed: the charges, most reasonable :—*too* reasonable, we have often said; and we have at this moment in our eye splendid folio volumes, in Sagra bindings, whose *tout-ensemble* would do no shame to any establishment out of the metropolis.

There have been a few interesting accessions to the Church at Sagra :—one young Pandit from Kanouj, who, dissatisfied with the savour of holiness in the holy city, turned his steps to Bethlehem. One old widow, too, who, having sacrificed the opportunities of years, was at length called to the knowledge of the truth and faith in Christ by her children. May these, and others, our brethren’s crown of joy, stand fast in the faith!

Jay Narayan’s College and School is an important branch of the Benares Mission. We hail the Rev. M. J. Wilkinson’s return to this institution, and augur a revived efficiency, under his direction. His remarks on the rationale of education meet our entire concurrence—a benefit *must* accrue to India, from every day devoted to the discipline of the thought and the reason, those very powers whose destruction has been so often imminent from Native empiricism. It cannot be too generally known that “nearly fifty lads of different attainments and standing, who are now holding situations of greater or less respectability, have been trained in this Institution.” Of those most recently disposed of, one is a Moonshi to the Rance of Vizianagram; another, Superintendent of a school established at Orai by Captain Erskine.

The trials of the Mission have been these; first, that one weak brother was seduced by a Native Doctor to perpetrate an idolatrous rite; (for which he was excommunicated)—secondly—that several valuable examples to the growing Church have been gathered to their rest—thirdly—that “financial difficulties are greater than they ever have been in any previous year.” However such expenses in building and repair as it has been absolutely necessary to incur cannot re-occur under twelve or fifteen years. And, therefore, we need only urge the important work in hand to conciliate new friends for the Benares Church Missionary Association, (such, indeed, as the Lord has never ceased to raise up, in the day of need) that present embarrassments and prospective difficulties may all be overcome, and those who sow and those who reap may rejoice together.



## Extracts and Intelligence.

### THE ELEVENTH REPORT OF THE BENARES PROVINCIAL CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, AND ORPHAN SEMINARY: MIRZAPORE, 1850.

This Report, embracing a detail of Missionary proceeding at Benares, from October 1st, 1848, to September 30th, 1849, presents various features of considerable interest and promise. Our Brethren do most reasonably go up with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude who keep holiday; for God has been their staff and stay during a season of "changes, trials, and severe financial difficulties," which might otherwise have weighed heavily on their spirits, and have even crippled their energies.

First, and most especially, we congratulate the Church of England in India on the accession of our estimable friends the Reverend Charles Reuther and the Reverend Ernest Drosé to its ministerial body. These gentlemen, who have for many years been pursuing their pious labours at Ghazepore in connection with the Berlin Missionary Society, were accepted by the Parent C. M. Society in June last, with the expressed assent of their patrons in Berlin; and ordained Deacons by the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, at Sagra Church, in November, 1849.

The Jubilee festivals, celebrated by the friends of the Church Missions throughout the world, were observed with due solemnity and gratitude at Sagra. We need not repeat accounts which have been long before the public; but cannot forbear an expression of praise, on the reflection that the concluding Jubilee observances witnessed the Baptism of six adults and twelve children, "decidedly the largest number that have ever been devoted to Christ at Sagra at one time." Nor should we omit to mention that the bread of blessing was broken to above sixty worshippers on that auspicious day; and, generally, that in the year under review, the Sagra communicants have advanced from forty to sixty-three.

Aid for the general purposes of the Mission, in excess of one thousand rupees, was realized at the Jubilee collections.

The great end for which the Orphan Institution at Sagra was established is attained; ten promising Natives of the country are now in effectual training for the edifying of the body of Christ. With our friend Mr. Leupolt we cordially agree, that "unless we make more extensive use of Native agency, Hindustan will never be converted." And, therefore, we do and will rejoice at every facility for the advance of sound learning, and the committal of the good things we have received unto our faithful Indian brethren, who may also teach others.

Only less important, and not less interesting, is the new branch of labour at Sagra, the Infant School. And here let us say how gladly we recognize the reciprocation of love and good offices between the ministers of our two great Church Societies. We trust the acquisition received from the valuable Institution of the Propagation Society, lately under Mr. Perkins, at Cawnpore, will prove a blessing to Benares, and rescue many babes from darkness and the power of Satan, that they may receive the light, and yield themselves unto God.

In a former number of the Benares Magazine, an expression of concern was ventured lest the converts located at a village on the other side of the river might suffer from insufficient ministerial superintendence. Though we still consider the permanent residence of a clergyman among

Still in bush flowers, the black bees lie,  
 Still on the brook, the dimples dance.  
 Still sudden shoots the dragon-fly,  
 And on his back the emeralds glance.

The alteration dwells in me,  
 I hear a still, sur-ll voice proclaim.  
 There is a vacant place for thee,  
 Dust must return from whence it came.

A natural sorrow dims the eyes,  
 To think that when another year,  
 Shall bring again sereneest skies,  
 My old chair will stand empty here.

Young voices from the neighbouring close  
 Again shall sound ; again the hum  
 Of insects in their warm repose—  
 But in the deep grave, all is dumb.

The fast dark hours are now at hand,  
 Yet Father, let me not repine,  
 Thou hast prepared a better land,  
 And Christ has told me, it is mine.

Thus spake a wise and godly man,  
 When June was beautiful and bright.  
 But when autumnal days began,  
 He vanished from beneath the light.

The hues upon the trees were red,  
 The damp Leaves fell in bushed decay  
 They laid him with the dreary dead,  
 And passed, in silent tears, away.

MORCART.

India. What have we of this generation given it? Let us hope, something more than a few palkee-garces, and dâk bungalows!

But of one thing we are persuaded, namely—that the more our paternal government could elicit the spirit of competition amongst such as are not wholly dependent on themselves, the more they would abandon that foolish system of hiring their own servants for duties they are uninterested in, and cannot properly discharge; the wider they could throw open the door for the exercise of Native skill, and the employment of Native capital, the more quickly should we see improvement in every branch of commerce, and in every department, wherein the industry of others than themselves could be of real use and service to this country.

## STANZAS.

## LOCKE'S LAST SUMMER.

Πῶς τὰ Μοῖρῃς.

Mr Locke's strength began to fail him more remarkably than ever, at the entrance of the last summer; a season, which in former years, had always restored him some degrees of strength. Then he foresaw that his end was very near.—*Coste's character of Locke.*

Again I feel the summer air,  
Again I scent the summer rose,  
While, seated in my old arm chair,  
The genial sun upon me glows.

The lawn lies soft and green around,  
The blackbird sings in yonder tree,  
And from the hay field floats a sound  
Of merry-hearted industry.

In other years, when summer came,  
I felt my sinking strength restored,  
As though, upon life's flickle flame,  
A renovating oil were poured.

And now the days roll round again,  
The long, warm days, beloved of old,  
But ah! they cannot sooth my pain,  
Nor dissipate the inward cold.

# THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1850.

I.

## NOTES ON THE LANDED TENURES OF BENGAL AND THE NORTH- WESTERN PROVINCES.

THE word Serishtadar, as now used, is probably familiar enough to most of our Indian readers.

It suggests the idea of a comfortable and portly old Native gentleman, with a shawl round his waist, a pair of spectacles on his nose, and a bundle of papers under his arm. Sixty years ago, however, it would seem that we had Serishtadars in white jackets and nankin trousers.

Such, at least, does our imagination depict Mr. James Grant "Serishtadar of Bengal" about the year 1786. This gentleman, in that year, wrote a very valuable revenue paper called an Analysis of the Finances of Bengal. We will introduce our subject with an extract from this work :—

"About eleven hundred years since there is some reason to believe that a revolution introductory of the Brahmin religion and the sway of new rulers happened, at least in that part of Bengal where the Native inhabitants were Budoistes (Buddhists ?) or wholly uncivilized, as, indeed, may still be said of them, being chiefly of the tribe of chuars or robbers, of a swarthy black, like the neighbouring mountaineers on the North and West supposed to be the aborigines of the country."

Supposing Mr. Grant's tradition to be correct, we need not go very far from the famous city whose name our Magazine bears, to seek for the *aborigines* of the country.

A few hours sail up the winding Ganges will bring us to Mirzapore, the Liverpool of the East. Within sight of its busy market are hills and woods where these children of the

soil find a home and a rough livelihood. There we may still meet them scattered over the country as field labourers, or as freeholders of small patches of land granted by the local Chiefs in acknowledgment of their services as forest keepers. Some, almost as wild as their neighbour the tiger of the forest, skulk among the rocks and hills forming part of the great Vindhyan chain, and stretching along to the West of the Ganges from Rajmehal to Rotasgurih and Rewah. Others, with habits and superstitions more resembling those of the Hindoo population, inhabit the rough lands which stand between the plains and the Hill country. Some have become half Hindoos, others are more than half savages; short in stature, ill-looking, and black, these Coles or Bheels\* contrast strongly in appearance with the better grown and fairer Rajpoot. Miserable though they now be, it is probable that the fair plains of India had them as their earliest masters. According to local tradition, a people called Cheroo drove this aboriginal race from the plains to the hills and forests. From the Cheroos sprung that famous tribe called Bhur, Rajbhur, or Bhurputwa, which most undoubtedly occupied the country before the Rajpoots spread themselves over it. Still to pursue our enquiries in the country about Benares, we find immense mud forts, tanks, and other excavations, which are in that province universally attributed to the agency of the Bhur tribes. If we turn from these mute witnesses of the vigour of a race now nearly lost, to the country people, we shall find that the Rajbhurs hold a permanent place in their myths and traditions. Time-honored chronicles tell us, for instance, how in the Ghazeepoor district the Rajpoots of Talookah Bahnsdy, were once slaves to the Bhurs; how, when their masters were drunk at a feast, the Rajpoots fell upon them, killing some, enslaving the rest, and dividing the country between the Nirowny Rajpoots of Bahnsdy, the Nihom Rajpoots of Reowtie, the Birwar Rajpoots of Munceer and Mujos, and the Kinwar Rajpoots of Syutwar. So, again, in the Mirzapore district; we learn that Goodun Deo of the Ghurwar family of Rajpoots, from Kanouj, visiting Ramgurih under pretence of pilgrimage, seized upon the country, wresting it from the hands of a drunken and slothful Bhur King. In the Azimgurih† district, too, we shall find traces of the same tribe, the same immense forts and excavations attributed to the Rajbhurs, or as they are sometimes called, the Assoors

\* Known by various other names as Koond, Dhangar, Mair, Mina, &c.

† See the printed Report of the Collector of Azimgurih, p. 7, 8.

or Demons. The Brahmin\* and Rajpoot tribes, by force or fraud, drove away these earlier tribes, a few of whose descendants are still to be found. Sturdy Chiefs, like Lot or Abraham of old, divided the land; the jungle disappeared, the swamp was reclaimed by the toil of the military colonists, and the works of cultivation and irrigation began. The sons of the village patriarch, his dependents, the offsets perhaps of some neighbour tribe, united to do him honor and to give him strength. One mess of plain food supplied the males of the ruling family, one stack-yard and granary contained the common treasure of their fields; separate property and separate interests were unknown. To this day, that perfect division and separation of property, which is considered so essential to order and comfort in the Western world, is not fully known amongst these village communities, which, be it observed, in the Bengal Provinces have a patriarchal rather than a corporate character. Even in these degenerate times we could point to bodies of brethren, co-partners, whose horses, cattle, cornstacks, yes, whose purse even is common to all. The best feature, however, of the Indian village system is to be found not so much in the unity of the brethren, which can hardly be expected to last for ever, as in the policy which admits a severalty of interest, without destroying the unity and continuity of the parent holding. Long heads and honest hearts had those old village worthies, who devised a system of rural polity, which, in the Northern parts of India at least, has stood, alone, unchangeable amidst change, orderly amidst disorder. It is beyond our present purpose to trace in detail the varied and appropriate schemes, which the Rajpoot tribes have adopted in their village councils.

Be it enough to observe that one great object is to maintain every man in possession of the share in the village to which his birth has entitled him; another is to provide for a separation of interest when needful, without a disturbance of the common responsibility of the tribe. We may well believe that men who with their mother's milk had sucked in the taste of equality and common right, were not to be put off in after life with any thing short of their own share,

\* It is probable that the Brahmin families formed settlements in the country before the Rajpoot invasion. For example, we may note that in pergunnah Kantit of the Mirzapore District, where there are 304 estates held by Brahmins, and 308 by the prevailing clan of Rajpoots, the local traditions universally assign the earlier occupation of the country to the Brahmins.

whatever that share may be. If a division of partnership took place by the ordinary laws of the people, all sons shared alike, and the custom of equal inheritance became rooted in their habits.\* To this day we find the petty Rajpoot land holder, in connection with the original unit, from whence he and his lands derive their title. He does not claim to own so much land, but so many fractions of that original whole which his ancestor called into separate existence. Thus, so far as we know, grew up and flourished those village commonwealths which give their character to the country. All around tended to attach the military colonist to the soil, to lead him, without renouncing the sword, to cultivate the peaceful arts of husbandry.

The sword, indeed, was not allowed to rust in his hands ; martial training prepared the village youth to maintain stoutly what their fore-fathers had hardly won ; a taste for rude free-booting was not entirely kept down by the more chivalrous principles of the clans. At the same time agriculture was the chief avowed occupation of the people, and it was the mixture of agricultural pursuits, with a martial and resolute bearing, which formed the Rajpoot character in that manly mould which it still retains. Their simple plans of life and self-government, their observance of all that habit and custom had sanctified, their determination to assert acknowledged rights, rather than to seek to acquire new ones, in short, the genius of their manners and of their religion tended to bind the village communities closely to the soil. So when the storm of Moslem invasion swept time after time across their fields, the village system rather bent than broke before it. To use the expressive words of one of our best and most talented Statesmen, the late Lord Metcalfe :—" the village communities are little republics having nearly everything that they want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down ; revolution succeeds to revolution ; Hindoo, Patan, Mogul, Mahratta, Sikh and English are all masters in turn, but the village communities remain the same. In times of trouble they arm and fortify themselves : a hostile army passes through the country : the village communities collect their

\* In the families of Hindoo Rajahs this rule does not hold good. With them generally the eldest son succeeds to the Raj and to the landed estates.

cattle within their walls and let the enemy pass unprovoked. If plunder and devastation be directed against themselves, and the force employed be irresistible, they flee to friendly villages at a distance ; but when the storm has passed over, they return and resume their occupations. If a country remain for a series of years the scene of continued pillage and massacre, so that the villages cannot be inhabited, the scattered villagers nevertheless return whenever the power of peaceable possession revives. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation will return. The sons will take the places of their fathers, the same site for the village, the same positions for the houses, the same lands will be occupied by the descendants of those who were driven out when the village was depopulated ; and it is not a trifling matter that will drive them out, for they will often maintain their post through times of disturbance and convulsion, and acquire strength sufficient to resist pillage and oppression with success."

So far we have endeavoured to trace the steps by which the early colonists became owners of the soil. For its peaceable possession they had to pay tribute to the nearest Chief who was able and willing to protect them. Such tribute, whether levied in kind from their crops, in coin, or other valuable material, or in gratuitous service and fealty, was in truth a sort of black mail levied by the powerful from the weak, as the price of protection. The powerful have in Hindustan, as elsewhere, learned to assert as a right what they could maintain by might. Hence, doubtless, the origin of the King's claim to a share in the produce ; a claim readily expanded by obsequious jurists to a share in the soil, or eventually to ownership of the soil. And so in India, as well as in some Western nations, we find the theory that the King is lord of the soil. We do not, however, believe that any claim to ownership of the soil was generally pretended by the Hindoo Chiefs or Kings ; they took what they could get, whether a sixth or a fourth, or any other part of the produce ; and they collected this their share according to a system of which the traces exist to this day. The Indian genius is fertile in expedients for oppression ; one of the oldest seems to be the plan of compromise between the strong and the weak, on condition that the weak should squeeze and coerce those who are weaker still. Whatever be the cause, true it is that the Indian people can only be moved, *secundum artem*, by the lever of one of their own immediate class. Men who would cry aloud for justice, if any



other person forced their services, are dragged away from their homes or their ploughs, by the headman or chowdree of their own particular craft, without a word of complaint. Every body must have noticed the necessity which seems to exist for employing head men or middle men in all transactions with the working classes of the East. Be the object great or small, to move an army or to engage a porter, with the aid of the *chowdree* you can get on, without him you are at a stand still. And so from time immemorial the revenue screw has been applied by the agency of the revenue payers. The local Chief called upon the district chowdree for his dues, the chowdree squeezed the head man of the village; the head man in his turn levied the assessment from the village brethren. The regulated system for collecting the revenue, which thus grew up, though shaken by the violence of the early Mahomedan conquerors, has to this day never been wholly destroyed.

Patans or Moguls were glad enough to avail themselves of a system so economical and so well suited to the genius of the country. When they had leisure\* to attend to the collection of the revenue from the land, their desire was to restore the old system; and the reforms which Sher Shah attempted, and the great Akber accomplished, tended to perfect the existing system, not to change it.† Timour ordained that "if the subjects" (of conquered countries) "were satisfied with the old and established taxes, those taxes should be confirmed."‡ The Mogul Emperors were not slow to acknowledge the expertness of the Hindûs in the varied accounts which were required in the management of the

\* The following remarks on the policy of the Moguls quoted by Rouse in his 'Dissertation concerning the landed property of Bengal,' page 115, are to the point. "Les conquerans Mogols porteroient dans toutes les contrées qu'ils soumièrent par leurs armes un système de politique qui leur fut prescrit par la nécessité. Au lieu de saisir les terres des vaincus, ils leur en laisserent la possession, pour ne garder entre leurs mains que l'Epee: parceque le nombre des conquerans étoit si disproportionné à celui des conquis, que s'ils avoient essayer de se disperser comme cultivateurs dans les diverses provinces, la separation des membres qui n'eussent plus fait un corps compacte auroit bientôt détruit la puissance de ce peuple. . . . . L'ancienne tax constitutionnelle des terres étoit la règle invariable de leurs impôts en sort que les peuples n'avoient fait que changer de maîtres."—Chevalier de St. Lubin. Politique des Mogols; Mémoires historiques, &c., sur les révolutions Angloises dans L'Hindustan.

† See Elphinstone's History of India, 2nd Vol. p. 239.

‡ The amount of these taxes we learn (see Book II. of the Institutes of Timour) was one-third of the produce of irrigated lands.

land revenue. Akber owed much of his success, and not a little of his renown, to the labours of his minister of finance, the celebrated Tudor Mull.\* The rules by them prescribed for the conduct of revenue officers are in liberality of spirit, and in justice of intention, not at all behind our most modern and approved revenue legislation. Akber desired his revenue collector "to consider himself the immediate friend of the husbandman, to transact his business in a place where every one may find easy access, without requiring any mediator. He must assist the needy husbandman with loans of money, and receive payment at distant and convenient times; he is required to use the utmost circumspection and impartiality in measuring the lands; he is to collect the revenues with kindness, and never make any demands before they become due &c. &c."† Laws, conceived in this liberal spirit, carefully matured and vigorously carried out, left a deep impression on the revenue policy of the country.

A hundred years after Tudor Mull had made his first essay as a Revenue Officer, we find his system in full force from Delhi to Bengal, under the able guidance of Shahjehan.‡ After Shahjehan, came Aurungzebe, from whose time the revenue system began to decline. Let us pause here to notice, what a very slight acquaintance with Indian history will teach us, that it requires a great mind to grapple with and master the difficulties of the Indian land revenue system. The greatest Generals, the most able politicians amongst the Mahomedans have been the best Revenue Officers. When talent and energy were lost amidst a refined and effeminate sensuality, when justice and liberality were forgotten amidst

\* Tudor Mull was of the Kayeth caste, and early leaving the Punjab, his native land, commenced his political career in Guzerat, A. D. 1553. He became a military chief and superintendent of revenue by a conjunction of offices common in those days. After serving in Guzerat and in Bengal with reputation he returned to Delhi in 1577. Here as peshkar, or chief deputy, to the Vizier Shah Munsoor, he assisted in the internal revenue reform with which his name and that of his master, the Emperor Akber, has been associated. Devoid of avarice, and sincere, persevering, even vindictive, in his temper, respected for his attention to the ceremonies of his religion, the character of Tudor Mull gave weight to his measures. He carried out a detailed settlement of the land revenues with equal labor, talent and integrity.

† Ayeen Akburee, page 377, Part III., Vol. 1, Calcutta edition, 4to.

‡ Shahjehan, however, yielding to the arguments of his able adviser and minister Saadoollah, was inclined to adopt a less detailed mode of collection than Akber had established.

the universal thirst for gold, the revenue administration was the first to suffer. Aurungzebe, though not generally deficient as a politician, made one fatal error: he thrust out the Hindú officers from all posts of importance in the revenue service. Whilst he was thus wantonly destroying a system which his predecessors had so carefully matured, his rival Sevajee was deeply cementing the foundations of the Mahratta dynasty, by a minute attention to the agricultural prosperity of his conquests. And so, whilst the power of the Mogul declined, the Mahrattas got bolder and stronger, until at last the Emperor of Delhi was a mere captive puppet in their hands.

Let us now glance at a plan of revenue management, which may be termed for want of a more accurate name, the Zemindarree system. One of the great principles of Akber's policy was to collect the land tax *directly* from the villagers, without any go-between in the shape of a revenue farmer; and even without a toe implicit reliance on the village head man. To carry out the details of this scheme, numbers of subordinate collectors were employed; these were mostly Hindús, whose patience and skill in accounts qualified them for preparing the various forms required.\* With vigorous superintendence, under the eye of a Tudor Mull or a Saadoollah, such machinery would work well. Aurungzebe, however, had not the patience to superintend so vast an apparatus; disgusted with the intrigues of the subordinate Hindú officers, blinded by an excessive bigotry which could see no need for the services of unbelievers, he dismissed them from their employments. The new men of his own creed lacked the patient diligence and the experience of their predecessors in office. As a matter of course the order and economy of the revenue collections ceased. A new state of things grew up. It became necessary to issue *sunuds* or royal patents for the collection of revenue to contractors, or farmers of revenue, familiarly termed *zemindars*. As the Mogul dynasty drew near to its close, higher and higher swelled the titles, wider and wider rolled the *firman*s of the Emperors of the world; but the pompous forms, the fulsome language of the imperial edicts, betray the weakness of the body politic, worn out with luxury

\* See some forty of these forms, some of them containing near fifty columns in the "Dewan Pusund." Our modern putwarries too are, we believe, expected to prepare numerous forms giving village statistics in much detail.

and enervated by sloth. A crisis was at hand; the healthy vigor which the empire had known in earlier days was lost and gone. It is with empires as with men; the extremities often shew the first signs of decay.\* So we find in Bengal, that long before the Moguls fell, a complete disorganization of the revenue system was in progress. The Viceroys, bent on their own selfish and ambitious projects, found it expedient to grasp summarily at the revenue. The regular system was trampled under foot. The provincial governors entered into engagements with men whose talent, wealth or local influence best enabled them to extort money from the agricultural population. Thus grew up that class of rapacious powerful contractors for the revenue, the *zemindars* of Bengal, the *talookdars* of the Upper Provinces. The consequences of their arbitrary proceedings were almost fatal to the landed proprietors of Bengal. When the grant of the Dewanny was made to the British in 1765, about a century after the issue of the earliest *zemindarree* patents, scarcely a vestige of the village communities was in many places to be found. The greater part of the country was found parcelled out into large estates under powerful zemindars. These men, though as we have seen, in reality, merely contractors for the revenue, asserted without scruple proprietary right in their entire domains.

One reason may be given for the common though mischievous error of confounding these zemindarree rights, or rights to collect revenue, with the right of occupation and possession of the lands named in the zemindarree *sunul*. It was natural that the Viceroys, in choosing persons for the office of revenue contractor, should prefer men of local influence and experience. It thus happened that the persons who acquired zemindarree rights were often already endowed with rights allodial and hereditary. The most grasping and unscrupulous of the Rajpoot or Brahmin communities, themselves members of a village community, and at the most only '*primi inter pares*,' struggled to obtain the imperial patent, with which, when they had got it, they exterminated all rights save their own. Such, at least, was the process in Bengal which destroyed the village communities. Amongst the sturdier clans of Behar, Benares and the Doab, the talookdar did his best to imitate the zemindar of Bengal, but his success, owing to the temper of the people, was not so complete. He might harass and depress, but he could not destroy the spirit of the clans. Grants of large tracts in reward of military or political ser-

vices, occasionally made by the Mahomedans and frequently by the Mahratta powers, affected the village communities much as the zemindarree grants which we have been describing. Nor were religious and charitable grants over extensive tracts uncommon. In all these cases, it is plain enough that the state can only alienate its own right, viz., the right to collect the land tax, whether payable in money or in kind. But in the general scramble for wealth and power, which began with the decline of the Mogul Emperors, the weakest were trampled under foot, and thousands of landed proprietors became mere tenants at will. In short, when the British began to raise their thoughts from silk pieces and cottons to the magnificent empire which was at their feet, they were fairly puzzled to know to whom the land had belonged, to whom it did belong, to whom it ought to belong. It would be amusing, if it were not sad, to notice the conflicting opinions of those days. Our friend Mr. Grant, the Serishtadar, asserted that all landed property was vested in the State. Mr. Rouse declared that the zemindars were the real owners of the soil. Warren Hastings had one opinion: Philip Francis had another: Shore differed from all. Sorrow came fast upon the communities of Bengal. Worse than sorrow, shame attaches to the English policy, which at a later period, by dubbing the zemindars as lords of the soil, for ever rivetted the chains which bound down its rightful owners. Hastings would have saved the people and the State from the ruinous measures of the permanent settlement, but he was opposed at home and abroad. When in 1775, ten years after we had undertaken the Government of Bengal, he proposed to take some steps towards ascertaining the value and capabilities of the land, he was rebuked by the Court of Directors. In 1781, undismayed by the opposition of his council, and by the ignorant apathy of most of his subordinates, this great man made a last effort to improve the revenue system. Abolishing the provincial councils of revenue, he sent Collectors to the several districts in Bengal. A committee of revenue sat in Calcutta under the eye of the Government. In 1785, Hastings resigned office; he was succeeded by Mr. Macpherson, whose notions on revenue matters appear to have been sound. It was with the view of restoring the ancient revenue system that Mr. James Grant was appointed to the office of Serishtadar. An enthusiastic admirer of the Mogul dynasty, he would have restored the system of Akber and Tudor Mull. It would, we believe, have been a happy thing for Bengal had his counsels

been followed. All sound Statesmen in the East saw the necessity for research, before any permanent measures affecting the land revenue could with safety or justice be adopted. Of this necessity no man was better aware than Warren Hastings ; but unhappily, at this time, any measure which Hastings approved was at once condemned by a powerful and noisy party in England. Philip Francis had recorded his opinion that "without a fixed assessment of the land no other measures whatsoever can save the country."\* On what data this fixed assessment was to be grounded, we cannot tell ; but so far as Francis was concerned, it was not to rest upon the basis of sound experiment and inquiry. With characteristic ignorance of Indian subjects, he opposed every proposal for securing the rights of the Ryots (by which term the ancient village communities were intended) to the perpetual and undisturbed possession of their lands. In his opinion it was impossible to support the Ryots without doing injustice to the zemindars. Alas ! that the opinions of Francis should have found acceptance ; that those of Warren Hastings should have been rejected. We might wonder that Hastings' common sense was despised, whilst the theories of Francis prevailed, did we not remember that just at this crisis the cry of "India in danger" was raised. Experience has taught us that when India is in danger, common sense and prudence are at a discount. India in danger ! and forthwith some violent remedy is prescribed ; generally the catching hold of some new Governor-General or Military Chief who is hurried out to the scene of action with orders to undo all that his predecessor has done. A more high-minded nobleman, a more benevolent Statesman than Lord Cornwallis, never existed. But he was sent out burdened with instructions drawn up in London, and ill-adapted to the country in which they were to take effect. A landed gentry, a native aristocracy, a class resembling that which Lord Cornwallis adorned at home, seemed indispensable to the carrying out of the home plans. If such a class was not to be found, it must be created. But, the zemindars were surely the very men wanted. Titles, power, wealth, influence they possessed ; public spirit, a sense of honor and good faith, would follow when they were liberally and honorably treated. Thus argued Lord Cornwallis, and the zemindars were declared the lawful

\* See an elaborate minute of his, stuffed with quotations from Adam Smith, Sir James Stuart, and Montesquieu. *Revenue Selections*, p. 439.

lords of the soil. This was not enough: their revenue payments to the State must be fixed at once and *for ever*! All measures for ascertaining the value of this apparently inestimable boon were forbidden. Surveys, measurements, and other such ordinary common sense processes, would not please the young aristocracy; so thought the Governor-General, and no doubt justly enough. In vain did the mild voice of the experienced Shore plead for delay: in vain did he urge that our limited information forbade a measure so sudden, so vast, and so irrevocable. Cornwallis persisted. The broad lands of Bengal were given away at an unequal and erring rate to the land-jobbing zemindars of Bengal, and for ever! The village communities who had outlived the convulsions and demise of the Mogul empire went down to the very dust to be trampled upon by every village tyrant, to lead a sort of Ishmael life, their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. We have called this boon to the zemindars *apparently* inestimable. But there is a fatality attending all attempts at legislating for India in England. Give us English honesty, justice, and independence for India, but spare us English law. By the Code which introduced the permanent settlement, it was ruled that before a zemindar could force his tenant to pay his rent, the justice of the demand might be disputed in the Civil Courts by the tenant, and the payment deferred *pendente lite*. Yet the zemindars were to pay their revenue to government to the day. The result may easily be imagined; the tenants disputed: the rents were unpaid: the revenue could not be collected; and that monstrous evil, the sale of estates for revenue balances, began. Confusion increased as the lands became the subject of a general scramble. A set of cunning speculators who had managed to learn enough of the new system for their own ends, rascals, in comparison with whom the zemindars of Cornwallis were respectable, were fast becoming proprietors of the country. The zemindars were falling so fast, that to save them from annihilation, it became necessary to pass a new law.\* This law enabled the zemindar to come down summarily upon defaulting tenants. Some such expedient had been made inevitable by the previous blunders of the legislature. We shudder to contemplate the condition of the tenants, whose fore-fathers had been in the long enjoyment of landed rights, but who were now given over to a worse than

\* Reg. VII. 1799.

Egyptian bondage. A few extracts from the official records of those days will shew whether our language, when mourning over the grave of all agricultural freedom and independence in Bengal, is too strong. The Nizamut Adawlut, the chief Court of Criminal Judicature in the country, informs the Governor-General in 1809—"We are convinced that some qualification of the power now vested in the landholders, farmers and under-renters to recover alleged arrears of rent by distress, without any previous investigation of the claim of arrear is indispensably necessary to secure the tenants of the land from oppression and ruin.\*" In 1810 the Magistrate of Dinagepore writes of "a general system of rack-renting, hard-heartedness and exaction, through farmers, under-farmers, Kutkumadars (farmers under sub-farmers), and the whole host of zemindarree amlah." Even this rack-renting he tells us "is unfairly managed. We have no regular leases executed between the zemindar and his tenants. We do not find a mutual consent and unrestrained negotiation in their bargains. Nothing like it: but instead we hear of nothing but arbitrary demands enforced by stocks, duress of sorts and battery of their persons."† In 1811, Mr. W. Leycester, Judge of Dinagepore, writes thus—"the remaining three thousand (daily prisoners in his district) I would attribute to the illegal duress of sundry kinds by the zemindarree amlah upon the bodies of their Ryots in order to compel some kind of engagement from them which may be hoped to give a shadow of justice to their future distrains."‡ The Collector of the district gives similar testimony to the misery of the cultivators.§ In 1815, Mr. Sisson, Joint Magistrate of Rungpore, gives to the Government a detailed account of the sufferings of the Ryots at the hands of the zemindars which he concludes in the following words:—"not a child can be born, not a head religiously shaved, not a son married, not a daughter given in marriage, not even one of the tyrannical fraternity dies without an immediate visitation of calamity upon the Ryot. Whether the occasion be joyful, whether it be sad, in

\* Letter from the Register to the Nizamut Adawlut, 4th July, 1809. See also extract of a letter from the Acting Judge of Circuit at Moorsheadabad, 1st August, 1810. Rev. Sel. 211.

† Magistrate of Dinagepore to the Acting Judge of Circuit at Moorsheadabad, 24th July, 1810. Rev. Sel. 211.

‡ Revenue Selections. 218.

§ Rev. Sel. 231. See also a letter from Mr. Barnett, Acting Collector of Rajeshahye, 16th August, 1811. Rev. Sel. 240.



its effects to the cultivator it is alike mournful and calamitous. Surely it will be sufficient to have stated these facts. I feel that I should be only weakening the cause, by dispassionately discussing the probable effects of the continuance of so woeful a system of remorseless tyranny.”\*

We admire the independence and honesty with which the civil officers of those days protested against the mischievous policy of government. Their representations were supported by the Governor-General. The Marquis of Hastings informs the Court of Directors in very plain terms that “the class of village proprietors appeared (in the large zemindarree holdings) to be in a train of annihilation, and unless a remedy is speedily applied, the class will soon be extinct. Indeed” he adds, “I fear that any remedy that could be proposed would even now come too late to be of any effect in the several estates of Bengal; for the license of twenty years, which has been left to the zemindar of that province, will have given them the power, and they have never wanted the inclination to extinguish the rights of this class, so that no remnants of them will soon be discoverable.” It is needless to add to these quotations, but we may well pause to ask whether the words of Lord Hastings have been prophetic? What are now the rights of the village proprietors in Bengal? Have they been extinguished? Especially we may ask, has the Bengal Government taken advantage of the opportunities given by the survey of the land now in progress to record and to establish such rights as have survived to this day?

The Court of Directors, when it was too late, became aware of the mistakes which had been made in Bengal. For some time after the death of the Marquis of Cornwallis, the system of revenue administration introduced under his auspices was considered to be a master-stroke of policy. The sagacious Wellesley applauded it, and hastily promised an extension of the permanent settlement to the ceded and conquered provinces North West of Bengal.† This promise was renewed by Lord Minto with the proviso of the sanction of the Court of Directors.‡ This sanction was never granted. In Lord Minto’s time we find the home authorities gradually opening their eyes to the error which they had committed. In 1811, in the strictest terms they forbade an extension of

\* Mr. Sisson’s Report, 2d April, 1815. Rev. Sel. 390.

† See Reg. XXV. 1803, and Reg. IX. 1805.

‡ Reg. X. 1807.

the Bengal system to the North West.\* Early in 1812, the Court express a doubt whether, after all, the principle of the permanent settlement be so clearly right as to render its universal adoption desirable. In 1815 their language becomes a little more plain, and "the great mistakes which unquestionably occurred in forming the permanent settlement" are commented upon freely enough. In short, the bubble had burst; the permanent settlement was found to have been a mistake.

Thus far we have endeavoured to trace the origin of landed property, such as we now find it, in the Bengal Presidency, and we have noted the effects of the permanent settlement upon the landed proprietors in Bengal proper. Turn we now to the North-West. Gradually, as we recede from Bengal, setting our faces towards the sources of the Ganges, we begin to meet with men of stouter frame and tougher texture. And now as at length we stretch over the vast level Doab between the Ganges and Jumna we find ourselves amongst those soldier-cultivators whom we have described in the graphic terms of Lord Metcalfe.† Bred under a severer climate, agriculturists and soldiers by taste, sometimes robbers from necessity, the clans of the North-West through every political storm have clung fast to their village lands. Time will not permit us to dwell at any length on the details of our earlier administration in the ceded or conquered provinces. An extension of the permanent settlement, as we have already observed, had been promised *unconditionally* by Lord Wellesley, and *conditionally* by Lord Minto. The condition was the sanction of the Court of Directors, who very fortunately did not grant it. Lord Minto hinted at "*the dangerous consequences* to be expected from the disappointment of the land holders of the Upper Provinces if the boon were longer delayed." But, the Court had grown wary, and as for the land-holders, the sample they got of the Bengal Revenue legislation in the operation of the land-sale-laws which had been introduced, was quite enough for them; in fact when some years later the Marquis of Hastings made a tour through the provinces, a tour, too, for the very purpose of enquiry into the condition of the landed

\* "The object of the present despatch," says the Court, "is to caution you in the most pointed manner against pledging us to the extension of the Bengal fixed assessment to our newly acquired territories." Letter to the Bengal Government, 11th November, 1811.

† Ante, page 244.

classes, we believe that he was not once reminded of the promises of Lord Minto or Lord Wellesley. The Marquis by this time was aware that there would be more of danger in attempting to introduce the Bengal policy than in declining to extend it to the North-West. Up to the year 1822, if the acts of the (Revenue) legislature had been feeble and uncertain, so had the proceedings of the executive been mostly faulty, perplexed and irregular. Do we blame the early servants of Government if their acts were arbitrary, their councils irresolute? Certainly not; our early Commissioners and Collectors in the North-West were working in the dark, or at best were as mariners in a troubled and dangerous sea without chart or compass. Ignorant of the tenures of the country, they were obliged to trust to powerful and interested subordinates who led them astray. Or, when in spite of obstacles, they had gained something of local knowledge and experience, their hands were tied by the laws which they administered.

That '*monstrum horrendum*' the sale-law of Bengal had been imported, a law alike unsuited to the habits, feelings and genius of the people, and, as we believe, to the real interests of the State. The scramble which had taken place in Bengal was acted over again in the North-West. But the stout Rajpoot was not to be tamed like the effeminate Bengalee. A war of landholder against decree holder, auction-purchaser, and all other intruders began, which has left indelible marks upon the history and condition of the people at large. Law failing, luck failing, the stubborn husbandman had recourse to the last argument, indeed too often the first argument with a Rajpoot, the club or the tulwar. Open affrays, nightly assassinations, endless and bloody feuds spread over the land. All the clubs and swords, however, could not deter sharp men from studying our revenue practice, in order to obtain a title to lands. The excitement of the ordinary law courts was tame compared with that which our revenue officers afforded. As the sale day came round, whilst the defaulting landholder was either kept by the contrivances of the officials in ignorance of his liabilities, or was sulkily abiding the doom of his lands in his old ancestral fort, the sleek money-dealer was at his post; the lot was proclaimed, bribes went round, knowing looks passed between the amlah and the capitalist, whilst the Collector's hammer transferred estates, equal perhaps in extent and value to a first-rate German principality, from a family of fine fellows whose fore-fathers had reclaimed it from the wild beasts, to some

cunning usurer who would never have the heart to visit his purchase. At last, one of the Magistrates,\* a benevolent and talented man, protested in language so powerful yet so just against these proceedings, that the Government were obliged to interfere. A Regulation was passed with the express object of cancelling the iniquitous proceedings by which "poor and ignorant men" had been under cover of the sale-law deprived of their property.† Let us hope that the Special Commissioners appointed under this law did some good and remedied some evil. Better times were now fast approaching. One most important discovery had been made. We had learned our own ignorance. At last the Government fully felt the necessity for inquiry and investigation. The result of Holt Mackenzie's tour with the Governor-General through the Upper Provinces was the enactment of Regulation VII. of 1822. This was the Magna Charta of the village communities. From its date commences a new era in the Revenue History of India. Property in the soil, as distinguished from interest in the *mal* or revenue, was for the first time clearly recognized. The Collectors were set to work, and plenty of work was cut out for them. The interests of all parties connected with the soil were to come under revision and record. The various claims to the land, some concurrent and requiring specification, some conflicting and demanding settlement, were to be reviewed. Inquiry was to be pushed close as to the productiveness and capabilities of the soil. Holt Mackenzie's anxiety to do justice to all, to a certain extent, defeated its own object. An amount of detail and of labor was thrown upon the Collectors which was more than they could bear. Fast men could make little progress in the settlement of their districts; slow men made none at all that was perceptible. Nor could it be otherwise with proceedings so varied and so minute. A hide of land supplied a bullock-load of records. Before many years had past the revenue machinery, which had seemed to Mackenzie rusted with idleness, was found clogged with over-work. Thus stood matters when Lord William Bentinck's powerful and practical mind was brought to grapple with this great question. He determined, if possible, to remedy the stoppage; and calling to his aid one of the

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\* Mr. T. C. Robertson, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Agra Presidency.

† Reg. 1, 1821.

ablest men in the Civil Service, he applied himself to the work.\* A short but stringent and effectual law was passed.† The impossibility of bringing disputes to a crisis had hitherto stopped surveys, settlements and every thing else. A remedy, simple and equitable, was provided. The Collector was empowered, in disputed cases, to summon a village jury, and to carry out their award at once. Another cause of delay had been the enormous demand upon the Collector's time and patience for the arrangement of minor details. These were wisely handed over to Native or other qualified subordinates with powers to act as Deputy Collectors. No effort, no expense was spared to set on foot that great and noble work *the survey and settlement of the North-Western-Provinces*. Under the auspices of Lord Bentinck the chief Board of Revenue gradually matured their plans. With the aid of some of the best talent which the Service could supply, a scheme was completed which to the scope and liberality of Akber's policy added the exactness of European science. The work was carried out ably and zealously, and eight years saw every village in the North-Western-Provinces measured, every field mapped. We must satisfy ourselves by hastily noticing the points of difference which are most obvious, when comparing this settlement with that of Bengal. And though the contrast, if fairly drawn, must shew in strong colours the superiority of the later operations, it must be remembered that nearly fifty years had elapsed since the earlier settlement was devised. If, with more mature experience, we were able to avoid the rocks upon which our earlier legislators ran, it is but fair to acknowledge that the same just, liberal and honest intention pervaded the early and the late settlement. The difference was in the head, not in the heart, of the great men whose policy we are discussing. The philosophy of the first settlement was that of the old schoolmen; a dogma was taken up, and matters were driven into agreement with it. The philosophy of the last settlement was of the inductive method. Holt Mackenzie and Robert Bird are the Bacons and Hookers of our revenue schools. The projectors of the first settlement forbade and eschewed local inquiries of a

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\* Our great revenue reformers have not always been trained in any existing revenue school. Munro laid down the sword to introduce the ryotwar system at Madras. Holt Mackenzie belonged to the Secretariat; and Robert Martens Bird, before he was called to the Revenue Board by Lord William Bentinck, had on the judicial bench become acquainted with the defects of our Revenue system.

† Reg. IX. 1833.

close and searching nature. They forgot the ground on which they stood, to look for analogies which had no existence. Full of theoretical justice, they did solid wrong, full of real benevolence, they spread ruin and desolation around. The projectors of the last settlement, by a wide observance of the real state of things, by comparison, by analysis, by patient investigations, qualified themselves to take up solid ground and on it to build a stable and well-proportioned structure. The first settlement ruined the persons for whose benefit it was devised. The last settlement saved millions of much-enduring men from ruin and misery. The ancient landed proprietors were protected from further injury and degradation. In numberless cases they were restored to their rights—rights which though they had never ceased to assert, they had almost despaired of asserting with success. In Bengal, the mass of the agricultural communities were given over, tied hand and foot, to *soi disant* zemindars, who had no real and paramount rights, and no bowels for the people. In the North-West the agricultural classes were released from the thralldom in which they had been held by revenue farmers and contractors, whether known as Rajahs or Talookdars. Considering the process by which these Talookdars had obtained a footing over their estates, it would have been perfectly justifiable if the ruling power had declined their further services as middle men, and forthwith removed them from all holdings to which they could not prove a title by inheritance or purchase. Nay, not only would such a process have been justifiable, some such restitution justice demanded in favor of the families, who during the last half century had sunk under the power of the Talookdars, almost to the level of mere tenants at will. Justice was done, but justice was tempered with mercy. A selfish policy would have supported the Talookdars and quietly extinguished the subordinate proprietors, if indeed they can be justly called subordinate who were, though oppressed, the real lords of the soil. Stern justice might have ousted the talookdars and have restored the village communities, as we have already said, leaving the talookdar to fall back upon such resources as he might have, independently of his talookdaree rights. But the government did not press so hardly upon men, who, though without sufficient title, had long enjoyed power and wealth. In the large talookas the villages were settled with such of the local communities as could prove a just title to the land; the State took all the risk and all the loss attendant upon engagements with broken, thriftless and impover-

ished men ; but at the same time a considerable allowance (from 10 to 30 per cent on the revenue payments) was settled on the excluded talookdar. For this act of self-denying justice, which brought liberty and comparative independence to thousands, we conceive that the revenue authorities deserve all credit. A more just, and as one would suppose, a more popular measure, could not have been devised. Yet, both in India and in England this particular part of the settlement proceedings has been suspected and abused. At home, the matter was never fairly understood except by a very few of those who had to pass an opinion upon it. In India we might well wonder that the enfranchisement of the village communities was unpopular, unless we happened to know what Indian popularity means. The '*vox populi*' we may at once say has little or nothing to do with it, for that voice is not yet heard. In a country, where public spirit and patriotism are unknown, and where tyranny has long pushed law aside, a government, to be good, must be paternal. A just and powerful Government whose aim is

" *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* "

will only be popular when the popular voice has had time to gain confidence, and to create an audience for itself. Spurious popularity in the East may be cheaply obtained by following Sir Robert Walpole's maxim, "*quieta non movere*." Let the rich devour the poor, let the powerful oppress the weak, touch not vested interests, and with a little courtesy and professed liberality, a government will be popular.

The voices of those who alone obtain a hearing, because they alone can make themselves heard, the voices of the great, the rich, and the influential, will join in a chorus of adulation. But, let the sword which God has placed in the hand of the Magistrate be fearlessly wielded, let impartial justice be shewn to all alike, and there will be an end of popularity. Millions may bless and will bless an intrepid and just Governor ; but then who, in India, hears the voice of the million ? No, it must be an object more real and noble than popularity which nerves the legislator for his task. It must be a sense, a deep and earnest sense of duty. This eminently did those great men possess who planned and executed the settlements in the North-West. Their chief objects were to equalize the burdens borne by the landed classes, to rescue and record the rights of the village communities, and to introduce fairness and moderation in the transactions between landlord and tenant.

It is impossible to deny that their efforts have been successful. There is at present a lucid order and economy about the revenue System which no other branch of the administration can pretend to with any sort of justice. Our Police, our Civil Courts might well be improved; our revenue management in the North-West seems alone to progress steadily towards excellence. A reform so great and so rapid must in its course meet with opposition, and give cause for hostility. Amongst the servants of government, some of the most estimable, whose station and habits removed them from much contact with the mind of the people, took their estimate of the settlement from their Native acquaintance amongst the higher ranks.

There may have been other reasons too for the prejudice with which some of what may be called the old school regarded this great measure. With them we seek no controversy. Nor will we stay to dispute the point with those, who call the necessary lowering of the government demand, owing to the effects of the lamentable drought and dearth of the years 1837 and 1838, a breaking down of the settlement. We care not to argue with opponents who attribute the visitations of God, to the devices of man. Let such take their stand with the gentleman at Bombay, who has traced the ravages of the cholera to the salt monopoly of the E. I. Company. But, in truth, now that the improved revenue system has had time to work, and to prove its worth, it needs no apology nor defence. The greatest happiness of the greatest number has as far as possible been secured. The exact state of things in every township has been carefully investigated and recorded. Disputes have been composed; jealousies have been allayed. The rights of the village sharers have been carefully preserved and recorded, whilst the interests of the merest cultivator have not been overlooked. The orderly payment of a moderate revenue has been provided for, and where default occurs, the means have been devised for coming down directly upon the defaulter, and saving the man who has discharged his engagements punctually. In every district, officers selected from the people decide every dispute that may arise, under the direct control of the Collector of the district. Check upon check has been devised to prevent delay in the decision of all cases affecting the interests of the lauded community. And, as in an operation so vast as the settlement of these provinces, many errors and inaccuracies must have crept in, the revenue authorities have been invest-



ed with authority to rectify any error and to supply any deficiency in the Record.\* Of late years, the best energies of the government have been directed to the improvement and consolidation of the revenue system. Compendious treatises, embracing not only the rules of revenue process, but also the principles of revenue science, have been drawn up. Translations of these have been distributed right and left.

The more intelligent of the people are being thus fast led to co-operate with their rulers, whose principles are better understood and appreciated. All candidates for government employ find the necessity of mastering the existing Revenue Code.

The consequence is, that numbers of books in the language of the country, some of considerable merit, are issuing from the presses at Agra, Delhi, and elsewhere, explanatory of the laws affecting landed tenures, and of the principles of agriculture and rural economy.

The Collectors of Revenue have been encouraged to disseminate manuals of useful knowledge suited to the capacities of the rising generation among the students at the village-schools. Such books, for which also the people have to thank the Government of the N. W. Provinces, will, we trust, supersede the trash which has hitherto been taught at these schools.

One great work remains to be noticed, the importance of which to the physical welfare of the millions of the Doab can hardly be over-rated. In these fertile, but thirsty plains the demand for water is almost incessant and unlimited; in seasons of drought the whole country becomes panic-stricken. Thousands snatch their means of subsistence direct from the soil, who when their crops fail for want of rain have nothing to subsist upon. Grain may be stored in abundance, but the smaller land holders have nothing to give in exchange for it. Famine, and pestilence, are the necessary consequences; nor can all the liberality of Government do much to avert the evil.

It has been reserved for an administration identified in a peculiar manner with the revenue reforms in the Upper Provinces to commence upon this great work, and to urge its progress, in spite of many obstacles. The Ganges Canal will when completed save the Doab from future dread of famine—as a magnificent proof of British enterprize it will,

we trust, ere long take its place with the survey and settlement operations. Pointing to these monuments of the energy, the skill and the liberality of the British Government in India, we shall be able confidently to boast that the mantle of Akber has fallen on no unworthy successors. In Akber's imperial city shall the fame of Akber be eclipsed. It may haply belong to Agra to roll away the reproach which has been too long attached to the British name, the reproach of narrow commercial views and selfish policy. As the friends of India, above all, of the patient cultivators of the soil, the best wish we can offer them is that Englishmen may fulfil their high destinies. Conquerors of all around, a noble strife is yet before us. A glorious battle is to be fought, not in tented field, not in the arena of ambition or self-aggrandisement. England's remaining combat must be, not only with the cunning, the ignorance, the superstition of her eastern children, but with the pride, the sloth, the selfishness of her own sons. In such a warfare, conquering ourselves, we shall conquer all. Justice, mercy and Christian charity, these must be the weapons which, steeling our own hearts, and softening the hearts of our opponents, shall surely bring us to victory.

## II.

ON THE QUOTATION OF SCRIPTURE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT,  
AND MORE ESPECIALLY IN THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

*Novum Testamentum in vetere latet ; Vetus in Novo patet.*

AUGUSTINE.

The subject which we here propose to discuss has long demanded a thorough examination in all its bearings. Although we do not now undertake a work of such wide extent, yet the remarks which we propose to offer upon the application of Scripture in the Epistle to the Hebrews, may throw some light upon the general subject, inasmuch as the difficulties which enter into this inquiry seem to culminate in the Epistle before us.

Before we state our own views, it may be as well to premise a historical glance at the mode in which this question has hitherto been treated. That citations are to be found in the New Testament, which appear unsuitable to the historical sense which they bear in the Old Testament, is a fact which meets us at the very commencement of the gospel history : see Matth. ii. 15, 18. But in the Epistle to the Hebrews, especially, quotations are to be found which have the semblance of being used on the principle of arbitrary accommodation.\* Notwithstanding attempts lately made by some expositors to strike out a middle path between the historical sense in which passages occur in the Old Testament, and that in which they are quoted by the Apostles (an attempt signalized by failure) we may say, that from the earliest times down to the present period writers on this topic have been divided into these two classes only : those who have made the New Testament interpretation the rule for expounding the Old Testament passages, and those who have recognized a difference of meaning between the original texts and their citations, and in various ways have attempted to reconcile the discrepancy.

The first of these two classes may again be divided according to their two-fold mode of procedure. The one party have ventured to disregard altogether the historical bearings of the

\* Subjoined is a list of passages quoted in this Epistle with a reference to Messiah. In the first chapter, Ps. ii. 7. 2. Sam. vii. 14. Ps. xvii. 7. (Deut. xxxii. 43.) [Sept.] Ps. xlv. 6-7 cii. 26-27 cx. 1. In the second chapter, Ps. viii. 5. xxii. 22. Is. viii. 17, 18. In the seventh chapter, Ps. xl. 7-9. In the twelfth chapter, Hag. ii. 6.

texts cited from the Old Testament, and (especially in the case of the Psalms) to regard those passages which are quoted in the Gospel and Epistles with a reference to Christ, as primarily and exclusively designed to express the utterances of Messiah. On the other hand, many of this first class have not ventured so far as to deny the historical sense in all places quoted from the Psalms: hence took its rise that warmly contested mode of expounding which gave to some detached fragments a Messianic application, while the context was referred to the personal circumstances of the writer. This system is described by Chrysostom (in Psalm cix.) *καὶ γὰρ τοῦτο προφητείας ἔσθ'· μετὰ δὲ ἡ ἀποκρίσις καὶ ἱστορίαν τινὰ ἐμβάλλειν, καὶ μετὰ τὸ τούτω δεξιθεῖν πάντα ἐπὶ τὰ πρότερα ἐκάνειναι.* The second class derive their origin from that very remarkable commentator Theodoret of Mopsuestia, named by his followers, and not undeservedly, "the Bible Explainer." This Theologian recognized more distinctly than any other commentator of his age the necessity for all expositors of Holy Scripture to keep before them the historical bearings of each passage. This principle induced him to maintain that, to a great extent, the Psalms could be satisfactorily interpreted by a recognition of the historical circumstances of the composers, and he considered that only four of the Psalms must necessarily be regarded as direct prophecies of Christ. How he regarded all the others which are quoted in the New Testament may be fairly gathered from that passage in the introduction to the book of Jonah, where he says "God as the author both of the Old and New Testaments designed the former with a direct reference to the latter, and made its historical facts serve as types of the later dispensation," such namely as the deliverance from Egypt, the brazen serpent, the sacrificial offerings, and the history of Jonah. Whether he regarded this agreement of the New Testament as immediately designed by the Divine Spirit in each particular case, or merely as a result from the general constitution of the Old Testament economy, is a somewhat doubtful point. The latter view seems to be rather the more probable one, if we may judge from a remark made by a disciple of Theodoret, who after saying that David had penned four Psalms exclusively concerning Christ, adds, *ὅτι γὰρ ἐκονομοῖται τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ Χριστοῦ μετὰ τῶν δούλων, ἀλλ' ἰδίαν τοῦ θεοῦ ὡς δεσπότην ἐξίπτεται, καὶ τὰ τῶν δούλων ὡς δούλων.* On such quotations as are found in John xix. 24. and Rom. x. 6. he remarks, *μεταφράζει τὴν χεῖρον ὡς ὁμοσίαν εἰς τὴν ἰδίαν ὑπόθεσιν.* Thus in the case of this ancient author we have this principle laid down, that Old Testament passages quoted in the New Testament serve in

many cases merely as a substratum for the peculiar ideas of the writers: and this view has gained the concurrence of several modern commentators, as e. g. Storr, Steuder, and, to some extent, Stuart.

A large number of that class of commentators who contend for a difference between the historical sense of the Old Testament and the application of the same in the New Testament have distinguished between a higher sense intended by the Holy Spirit, and a subordinate sense. To this class belong especially those Greek expositors who approximate more or less to the peculiarities of Origen, as, Eusebius, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, Gregory of Nyssa; with Calvin, Bucer, Stier, and many others. Bucer frequently seems to hold a contest with himself, as to whether he ought to recognize in all the Psalms the historical sense as the one primarily designed: at last he acquiesces in the affirmative, consoling himself with this reflection "*veritati enim nihil officit, et facit omnia clariora.*"

A peculiarity of later times is the "accommodation-theory," by means of which all citations of that kind which are alleged as evidence in the Epistle to the Hebrews are disposed of as an "*argumentatio concessis.*" If any wish to review a store-house of all the current attempts to reconcile the quotations found in the Epistle to the Hebrews with the text of the Old Testament, they may examine Stuart's Excursus on the subject subjoined to his commentary on that Epistle. This learned American writer attempts the reconciliation by means of every possible mode of adjustment, with the one exception of the "double sense of prophecy" to which he is decidedly hostile.

The question presented a different phase as soon as men threw off the modesty which had hitherto withheld them from representing the Apostles in the same category with the mass of their nation. The diligence of the learned in former ages had culled a large number of instances to shew the arbitrary manner in which the Rabbins had conducted their expositions. Armed with these materials, Doepke adduced them to prove that never in any nation were such senseless interpretations to be found as were current among the Rabbins, and that the Apostles in this respect formed no exception to the rest of their fellow-countrymen. Only one consequence remained to be deduced, viz., that our Lord's own appeals to Scripture were to be classed among the specimens of arbitrary and rabbinical *παρερμηνεία*. It is true that these writers are restrained by some lingering tradi-

tional reverence from making distinct imputations of this kind, and so they either avoid a definite statement on this subject, or contend for an accommodating "argumentatio concessis" which they have ceased already from allowing to the Apostles.

In the circumstances of the present day it may be presumed that even this last barrier to presumption will soon give way : on the other hand, a newly awakened sense of necessity has urged certain religiously disposed minds to seek for some other mode of reconciliation than that which has hitherto gained currency in the Church. Hence some have conceded that the Apostles are not to be deemed free from the expository and exegetical errors of the Rabbins : (with respect to Christ himself they have not yet ventured to declare their opinions ; ) while at the same time they contend that this usage of the Old Testament expressions, so far from being absurd, is rather an actual parallelism of Old and New Testament thoughts ; a real intimation of gospel truths lying at the foundation of such a mode of citation. To this effect has De Wette expressed himself in his valuable dissertation on the typico-symbolical method of the Epistle to the Hebrews. A philosophical view of the case has also contributed its share to the introduction of this method of reconciliation, as may be seen in the following remarks of Billroth on 1 Cor. i. 19. "According to his custom the Apostle quotes, as evidence, passages of the Old Testament which do not in their strict historical sense appear applicable. In order to vindicate St. Paul and other New Testament writers from ignorance on the one hand, or unfaithfulness on the other, it is necessary to suppose that the Old Testament, as a whole, is a type of the New, so that, for example, the prophecies concerning Messiah are not so to be apprehended as if the writers, from a personal knowledge, had alluded to a historical Christ who was born under the reign of Augustus ; but so, that in the words which they speak, there is an utterance of the same divine Spirit which pervades all history, and which consequently has appeared in Christianity. This idea of the divine Spirit working organically in all the disclosures of history, when applied to the connexion of the Old and New Testaments, at once dissipates all those misapprehensions which have gained ground concerning this subject, and have given rise to so many complaints, and even hateful witticisms." Although the view here given presents itself as a novelty, yet it is not difficult to see that, if strictly pressed, it resolves itself into the long current opinion of

a higher and lower, a proximate and distant sense of the Old Testament passages. Now if in the New Testament the Apostles were so well skilled in eliciting from the Old Testament its prophetic tones, and if those prophetic tones, those images of the future, those involutions of truth are no where to be found but only in the Old Testament writings, then must one and the same divine Spirit have ruled in both dispensations ; in the one, to appoint the mysterious treasury wherein truth lies concealed, in the other, to give the ability wherewith that truth might be discerned and developed. What is it that gives to a comparison borrowed from the domain of nature to illustrate spiritual truths its power of persuasiveness over the heart ? Is it the mere fact of a parallel existing ? or is it not rather the conviction of the sameness of divine agency which pervades the kingdoms of nature and grace ? Only in one point is there room for a difference of opinion by those who hold this philosophic view of the subject ; whereas the one class will consider those typical utterances of the prophets as special and momentary illuminations, the other class will deem them a natural, uniform result of the pre-arranged system of the Old Testament.

Thus much may suffice to give a view of the opinions which have been entertained upon this subject. In giving our own views it will be desirable to specify three classes of quotations :—

I.—Those which involve direct Messianic prophecies.

II.—Those which involve typical prophecies.

III.—Those which imply a reference to the Old Testament either for corroboration, or application.

I.—In the case of readers of the present age it may be taken for granted that some of the passages quoted in the first and second chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews do not contain direct prophecies of the Messiah : there is not, perhaps, one commentator to be found who would regard Ps. cii. and Is: viii. 17, 18. in this light. On the other hand, while I am ready to admit that such Psalms as the second, and one hundred and tenth might be interpreted as having a *typical* reference to Christ, without endangering their prophetic and devotional import, yet I cannot help believing that they are strictly Messianic odes. The arguments which have been directed against such a construction of these two Psalms rest upon a misapprehension of the nature of prophecy. Prophecy is too often regarded as a picture of historical events thrown back, as it were through a lens, out of the future upon

earlier ages. It is true that there are some predictions which can only be explained upon the principle, that the divine being who directs the historical course of events brings also the image of the same before the mind of the inspired seer. But the majority of Messianic prophecies cannot be viewed as literal predictions of historical circumstances. They are constructed upon quite another principle, viz. that out of the circumstances of the present or the past as their native soil, the destinies of the future are made gradually to germinate. According to 1 Pet. i. 11. the Spirit of Christ existed in the prophets, and thereby were they enabled to foretell what at some future time Christ was to realize and perfect. The substance of Messianic prophecies is the soul of the New Testament, but veiled beneath the shadows of the Old Testament. In as far, however, as this vital principle is concealed beneath a thick veil, so far do the prophecies themselves carry this veil over them; and those only can rend asunder and strip off the veil who are privileged to behold the historical fulfilment. Blessings which the New Testament dispensation will bestow are drawn by the prophets in colours suited to the Old Testament Theocracy: as for instance in Is. ii. the conversion of the heathen to Christ is depicted as an accession to the Jewish nation, and a pilgrimage to mount Zion. The view which denies to the two Psalms above mentioned a Messianic exposition appears to me very difficult to be supported. Nothing but prejudice against the received Messianic reference could have induced any to make David the object instead of the author of Ps. cx. Is there any historical evidence to prove that David, the restorer of the Priesthood, designed to unite the kingly dignity with the priestly office? See Ps. cx. 2, 4. With respect to Ps. ii. the appeal to 1 Kings xi. 14. &c. in order to represent the insurrection implied in the Psalm as taking place under Solomon, is, to say the least, extremely precarious: this, however, is not the occasion to enter into the details of the correct exposition of these Psalms. The chief reason which weighs with me in attributing to them direct Messianic reference is the following. No one not blinded by prejudice or ignorance can deny that a distinguishing peculiarity of the people of Israel was their yearning after future greatness. That the monarch of such a people, who had raised his kingdom to the highest pinnacle of fame, could not rest satisfied with the present, but looked forward to a still more glorious future, yea, that he actually expected a kingdom of glory to be established among his posterity, may be seen in that remarkable historical evidence



which is found in 2 Sam. xxiii. 3. &c. "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure." After such a definite historical proof as this of an expectation of a Messiah entertained by David, it appears most highly probable that among the numerous lyrical effusions of the royal bard, some few at least must be found in which this hope is expressed. To this argument derived from history may be added one founded upon doctrinal evidence. Can it be denied that Christ in Matt. xxii. 43. treated Ps. cx. as a prophecy of Messiah? The objection sometimes alleged of an "*argumentatio e concessis*," even if otherwise permissible, is altogether cut away by the expression *ἐν πνεύματι*. If Christ had wished to argue with the scribes "*ex concessis*" he would merely have had to say "how then doth David call him Lord?" By the additional words, "in spirit," he states that David could have spoken thus only under the high influence of inspiration.

In the treatment of Ps. xlv. I would speak with less decision than does Rosenmüller; who says "*in qua quidem allegoria deducenda et exornanda totum versatur canticum, quod dicitur, canticorum, cujus idem et nostri psalmi esse argumentum, apud sanos interpretes nulla est dubitatio.*" An accurate study of the Canticles ought to precede any decisive opinion on the character of Ps. xlv. and as I have not devoted sufficient attention to the former, I suspend my judgment on the latter. That every portion of the Canticles or of the Psalm in question will not permit a spiritual application is, however, no objection against their containing an allegory. In the mystical songs of Arabia and Persia which treat of union with Deity, and in the Sanscrit Gîtâgovinda, which treats of the love of the soul to Ram, the poets depict some of the circumstances of the enamoured parties, without exactly designing a special application of each feature.

With confidence, however, I venture to decide that 2 Sam. vii. 14. is a prophecy of Messiah. This passage is to be explained upon this principle, that the family is regarded as a whole, and is described under the form of one individual, while the several expressions describe either the condition of one member of the family, or the several destinies of various members. There is a promise given to David of an everlasting posterity, and of an ever-

lasting empire ; a fatherly relation upon the part of God to his posterity, and that this posterity shall found a house for God. In a subordinate sense this was fulfilled in the immediate posterity of David, viz., in Solomon :—in its complete sense in his glorious descendant, Messiah. All that is prophesied of the glory and the perpetual dominion of the house of David has its especial fulfilment in one individual Christ.

The direct Messianic character of the prophecy of Jer. xxxi. quoted in Heb. viii. and x. and of Hag. ii. quoted in Heb. xii. needs no attempt at establishment.

II.—We may now pass on to the TYPICAL PROPHECIES of the Old Testament. It shall be stated first of all in what sense this expression is to be taken ; we may then shew that the sacred writers of the gospel age quote portions of the Old Testament as typical prophecies ; and thirdly we will inquire in what sense the New Testament writers recognized the inspiration of these typical prophecies.

i.—Types and typical prophecies will be acknowledged in some sense or other by all who have perceived the organic development of historical facts, as may be seen from the extract we have made above from Billroth's commentary. The New Testament teaches us that the Old Testament is a *καὶ τὸ μέγιστον ἀγαθόν*, and herein lies the principle of types, whether they be indicated in acts, or expressed in words. Not only in outward form is the man prefigured in the child, but often times the expressions of the child become prophecies of what the man will become. So if the spirit of the New Testament exist under the veils of the Old Testament, it may here and there be expected to peer forth and present itself to observation. If the Old Testament situations are outward types of what will receive a spiritual fulfilment, it is but natural to expect that those who are placed in such situations will give utterance to expressions which in a higher sense await a fulfilment in their representatives under the newer dispensation. This typical character of persons living under the former dispensation may be clearly seen in the ascription to Messiah of the name of David, Jer. xxx. 9. Ezek. xxxiv. 24. From this point of view no one will object to allow a typical character to many of the expressions of the Old Testament. The only point of divergence of opinion will be, whether such typical expressions are to be regarded as the natural result of Old Testament institutions and history, or whether they are to be regarded as special illuminations accorded for the time to inspired men. We do not hesitate to declare in favour of the latter opinion. Such formulas as "the spirit of the

Lord," or, "the hand of the Lord came upon me" must unquestionably have their foundation in some great reality. The prophets must have had moments of spiritual elevation in which they found themselves raised above their own personal consciousness. The poet who in the moment of mental enthusiasm gives words to the spirit of his age, requires the immediate stimulus of poetic impulse: his strains nevertheless are developed by the circumstances of the times in which he lives. So it is with the prophets. Israel in all their institutions and history were one great prophecy of the future; and in each particular and direct prophecy did the spirit of prophecy which dwelt uniformly in this people manifest itself by an especial effort. Just as the several great thoughts of an imaginative writer seem to stand like lilies in an expanse of water, without a bed, and without a root, and yet are inrooted in one common bed, so also the several and detached prophecies are not to be regarded as scattered and independent manifestations of the divine Spirit, but as based in one common ground, viz. the prophetic character of the nation and its destinies. These remarks apply in common to all prophecies, even to those of a direct kind. In those of a direct kind, however, and even still more in typical prophecies, we may distinguish a gradual progression: the influence of the Spirit manifests itself with more or less power, in proportion just as the event prophesied of stands more or less prominently above the Old Testament range of vision. To account for that expression quoted typically from the Psalms "Zea! for thine house hath eaten me up," we need not presuppose any special and spiritual elevation of the Poet. While such declarations of hope as are found at the close of Ps. xxii. that the glorification of the suffering Messiah will be acknowledged by all nations of the earth and be handed down from one generation to another; or that statement, extending so far as it does beyond the Old Testament range of vision, found in Ps. xl. 7, 8. to the effect that a sacrifice was required not of beasts, but of a voluntary victim; must be referred to special inspiration. Thus there becomes a distinction between such typical prophecies as resulted from the force of circumstances under the Old Testament, and such as required besides a special inspiration.

ii.—We now undertake to shew, in the second place, that Christ and his Apostles recognized prophecies of a typical import. When it is said in Luke xxiv. 27, 44, 45, that our Lord shewed to his disciples out of Moses and all the prophets, the necessity of his suffering and his glorification, we ,

may ask how could passages be selected from all these writers, unless those of a typical import were admitted. (Compare Acts xiii. 29. xvii. 3. 1 Cor. xv. 4. 1 Pet. i. 11.) May not John iii. 14 serve to direct us in our search after our Lord's mode of exposition? Two remarkable passages are found in Matt. xi. 14. Mark ix. 13. in which last it is said, "but I say unto you that Elias has come, and they have done to him whatsoever they would, *as it was written of him.*" We gather that what was said in the Old Testament of Elias, is here explained by our Lord in a typical manner of him who in the New Testament goes forth in the spirit of Elias. Luke i. 17. Nay, I am not sure whether we are not justified by the additional words given by St. Matthew "if ye will receive it" to entertain the belief of our Lord's intending to assert that the prophecy in Mal. iv. 5. was not designed to foretell any personage, but only the power of repentance which must precede the preaching of faith: so that the sense might be thus expressed, "now if ye look for the fulfilment of this prophecy in any particular individual, then ye may look upon John the Baptist as the personage designed." Still more remarkable are the words found in St. Mark's gospel; "as it is written of him." What is written in the Old Testament of the sufferings of John? Can it be supposed that Christ wrested any passage from its historical connexion, and referred it directly to the Baptist? Inexplicable must these words remain, unless it be conceded that Christ, (in so far as the idea of Elias realized itself in John,) regarded the sufferings of the Old Testament Elias as a typical prophecy of his anti-type. Altogether analogous to this method is the statement of Christ in John xiii. 18. xv. 25. that the words of Ps. xli. and lxi. were fulfilled in him. These and all typical prophecies then shew their full significance when the saints both of the Old and New Testaments are regarded as members of one and the same mystical Christ who pervades the whole sacred history.

According to this view, prophecy assumes a more organic, spiritual, and flexible form than that which a strict supernaturalist would approve. It can however be credibly proved that neither our Lord himself, nor his Apostles, adopted that uniform and unbending idea of prophecy which has been advanced by a too materialistic supranaturalism. This more spiritual view is seen in this especially, that one and the same prediction is applied by them to various and differing events, provided that these events may be classed under one general form. Thus Isaiah's prediction of "the light of the

Gentiles," is represented by the aged Simeon (Luke ii. 32.) as fulfilled in the infant Jesus. St. Paul however, in the consciousness that the Apostles were the bearers of this light, found its fulfilment in *them*. Acts xiii. 47. When Peter in Acts ii. 17—21. declares that the prophecy of Joel concerning the out-pouring of the Spirit was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, his meaning surely was not that the prediction referred to this occasion alone, inasmuch as what he quoted in vs. 19, 20. concerning the wonders in nature was not at that time developed. In fact St. Peter referred this very prophecy of Joel, just as he did the promise of Christ "ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost," to the out-pouring of the Spirit upon Cornelius. Acts xi. 16. Peter was not ignorant that our Lord gave this promise primarily to the Apostles; nevertheless he considered that in an application to another event, differing from the out-pouring of the Spirit on the Apostles, yet harmonizing therewith, the promise of our Lord was again realized. So also with regard to that prophecy of Isaiah concerning the hardening of the people's hearts: this is quoted no less than four times in the New Testament, and in each case, with a different reference: Matt. xiii. 14. John xii. 40. Acts xxviii. 26. Rom. xi. 8. To the same purport may be alleged St. Peter's application to the Gospel of the Old Testament passage, "the word of the Lord endureth for ever:" "now this is the Gospel which was preached unto you." 1 Pet. i. 25. This freedom of application is used by our Lord himself, when, in order to shew that the Father teaches the spirits of men, he quotes the passage "they shall be all taught of God," with the formula, "it is written in the prophets." John vi. 45. A similar case is found in John vii. 38. All these examples may be referred to the class of typical prophecies, inasmuch as the original fact to which the Old Testament words directly refer, shadow forth and include those other cases to which they are applied in the New Testament. In like manner St. John himself deals with our Lord's own words recorded in John xvii. 12., when in ch. xviii. 9. he quotes them with *ὡς πρὸς τὸν*, although they were originally spoken of one spiritually lost. Did John, however, fancy that Christ in his address spoke of that fact to which this Apostle applied them? or did he not merely mean that Christ's word was confirmed in this view also?

iii.—We are now brought to a consideration of our third question: *what was the view taken by our Lord and his Apostles of the inspiration of prophecy generally, and especially of typical prophecies?* Immediately after a citation of the,

kind we are discussing, St. Paul in order to justify it, says, Rom. xv. 4. "All things written aforetime were written for our admonition (*ὑποτασκαλία*). The same Apostle (1 Cor. x. 11.) after he has enumerated the punishments inflicted by God upon Israel, adds that this is "written for our admonition," (*νοουθεσία*). These expositions do not tend to prove that in the Old Testament passages the events to which they are applied in the Gospel were especially designed by the Holy Spirit, but merely to justify our application of them in all cases where they can be applied for doctrine and exhortation. There are to be found, however, some expressions which seem to point to the idea of a special divine intention. The remark in 1 Cor. ix. 10. is in this view very noticeable. The Apostle in 1 Tim. v. 18. quotes the passage "thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn," merely as an instructive parallel, and leaves it to the reader to trace the "argumentum a minori" and to derive the doctrine it implies, that, if the ox be worthy, the human labourer is still more worthy of his hire. In the Epistle to the Corinthians he asks the question "doth God take care for oxen? or saith he it altogether for our sakes?" and seems thereby to wish to point out that the divine mind intended that the expression in that passage should be applied to human labourers; nay, not only so, but that the oxen were not even regarded by God in a primary sense. We must not, however, press the statement of St. Paul too closely; the *πᾶντως*, "altogether," merely implies that the expression may be applied with greater propriety to men than to oxen. The labouring beast and the labouring man come under one category; but inasmuch as man stands higher than the beast, so are his right and claim the greater. This would be conveyed more clearly if we supposed the word *μόνον* to be understood before *τῶν βεῶν*. Another instance where a designed *ὑπόκειται* on the part of God seems attached to an expression apparently incidental, is found in John xi. 51. To suppose a providential interposition is even justified by popular usage. When something is uttered accidentally, which, through a turn of circumstances, becomes significant of important events, men are accustomed to say "wonderful, that such a remark should have been made."

Of all the instances hitherto given appertaining to typical prophecy, I would now give a brief explanation. It has been well remarked "God has done so many wonders, in order that we may no longer attribute omnipotence to nature." Just as in the kingdom of nature the power of God appears

to the reflective and pious mind to rule *every where*, but *more especially* there, where, on the one side, the connexion between cause and effect is concealed from man's limited view, and, on the other side, the moment of accomplishment is more distinguishable, so is it also in history. Nature and history have their light spots, in which the Spirit, who ordinarily conducts his operations behind a veil, may be more distinctly discerned exercising his power. Thus, we think, the conviction in the minds of the Apostles of a divine intention in typical prophecies was more or less strong, just as the circumstances hinted at were more or less important, their wise design more or less evident, the connexion of cause and effect more or less concealed. As we say of the daily circumstances of nature, "all is miraculous," so we may say with regard to the incidents of history "all is designed."

If we now inquire what passages of the New Testament, and especially of the Epistle to the Hebrews, belong to the class of typical prophecies, it will be manifest that the difference between typical prophecy on the one hand, and quotation for the purpose of corroboration and application on the other, is by no means a strongly defined difference. Every appeal to Scripture, and every application of the same, presupposes a parallelism. The chief distinction lies in this, that the application of Scripture does not profess any *ὁμοίωμα* intended by the divine author, and the parallel is assumed by the author rather than designed by God. It is somewhat difficult to say whether the quotation found in John ii. 17. is to be classed among typical prophecies, or whether it is a mere application of Scripture. How the Apostle was led to his quotation is evident from the word *ἡμίσθη*. The Old Testament was vividly before the minds of the Apostles; they frequently, if not always, cited it from memory; if an event occurred which seemed to fall under one general idea with an Old Testament event, so that the former seemed a reflection of the latter, they at once refer back to the Old Testament words. Whether the quotation be a mere application of scripture, or whether it indicates a typical prophecy, is to be decided, as we have observed already, by a consideration whether the character of the event requires the supposition of design in the divine mind. Besides the passages noted above we may give the following as instances of quotations involving a typical prophecy. Matt. ii. 15, 18. xxvii. 9, 35. John iii. 14. xix. 24, 36. Acts i. 20. ii. 27—31. With respect to the Epistle to the Hebrews we may certainly include

in this class the quotations from Ps. xxii. in ch. ii., from Ps. xl. in ch. x., and with probability those from Ps. viii. and Is. viii. in ch. ii., and from Psalms xcvii. and cii. in ch. i. The view that the twenty second Psalm especially is to be ranked among the number of passages which prophesy of Messiah under the form of a type is confirmed not only by the numerous details which were fulfilled in Christ, but also by the conclusion of the Psalm, which predicts events far beyond the historical circumstances of David's age. Perhaps Ps. xl. is still more remarkable. The very king who had rigidly adhered to all the prescriptions of the ceremonial law, declares his perception that the real sense of the law requires not an offering of a substituted victim, but a voluntary sacrifice. St. Paul has regarded Ps. viii. in a typical point of view, induced by the expression *παρ' ἀγγέλους*. If we adopt the view of later commentators, and suppose that this Psalm refers to the history of creation and the original condition of man, its typical sense may be well supported, inasmuch as Christ is the second Adam in whom the original conditions of the human race are fully developed. The quotation however, it may be observed, is given by St. Paul in the form of a mere application. The other three citations we may, perhaps, include in the class of typical prophecies; it must, however, be admitted that these, more than any of the others, bear a semblance of arbitrary accommodation. The citation from Ps. xcvii. may be justified on the ground that this Psalm refers to the time when the kingdom of God shall have become extended over the earth by Messiah. The other two scarcely admit of any other construction than that they are *applications* of the Old Testament. But then the question arises, if this be so, how can they be used by the Apostle as *proofs* of what he alleges? In reply we may say, that many quotations made by the Apostles, (as for instance John xix. 36.) and passages alluded to by our Lord himself, (as John v. 46. Luke xxiv. 27, 44, 46. from which he infers a prophetic description of his own life, sufferings, and resurrection) must have been of a typical character: and hence we must either impute an inappropriate mode of proof, or allow a considerable latitude both to the idea of prophecy, and to that of proof. In other words it must be conceded that parallels do in some sense partake of the nature of proof. We have already remarked that comparisons drawn from the kingdom of nature to illustrate the developments of the kingdom of grace are in their nature powerfully persuasive, and therefore are, in a



measure, *proofs* of the same. With regard to the particular passages in the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is observable, that the parties addressed were already convinced of the exalted worth of Christ; and since this was the case, they would not hesitate to allow a reference of those passages to him which he might justly have referred to himself. On this principle St. Paul (Heb. xiii. 6.) puts into the mouths of Christians, an expression which they might properly employ. So the Baptist, (John i. 23.) appropriates to himself what Isaiah had said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." So, (presuming that Is. lxi. 1. contains the words of the Prophet,) Christ without hesitation appropriates this language "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," &c. Luke iv. 18. From all this it appears that the distinction between the quotation of typical prophecy for the purpose of proof, and the application of prophecy does not admit of a broad and decided demarcation.

III.—We now proceed to consider the quotation of Scripture used for the two purposes of corroboration and application. By "QUOTATIONS FOR CORROBORATION" we mean particularly to point out cases where the form of expression indicates that the citation is merely to serve as a substratum for the peculiar thought of the writer; where in fact the quotation is interwoven with the discourse of the writer. On the other hand by "QUOTATIONS FOR APPLICATION," we mean to indicate cases where the quotations are accompanied with some formula. "Quotations for corroboration" are found in Rom. x. 6—8, 13, 18. xi. 34, 35. xii. 20. Eph. iv. 8—10, 26. v. 14, 31. 1 Pet. ii. 10, 24. iii. 10—12, 14, 15. iv. 18. v. 7. In the class of "quotations for application," besides some passages already mentioned, we may include Mat. xiii. 35. xxvi. 31. John ii. 17. Acts. xiii. 41. Rom. xi. 8—10. 1 Cor. ix. 9. 2 Cor. vi. 2. viii. 15. A diligent use of the Holy Scriptures upon this principle is grafted deeply in the heart of all the faithful. By means of every new circumstance which has a correspondent one in Holy Scripture, the divine word is again confirmed.

Among the instances of "quotation for corroboration" in the Epistle to the Hebrews, may be reckoned ch. ii. 6—9 where the words from Ps. viii. form the clue from which the author works out his own peculiar train of thought, and perhaps ch. xi. 25. may according to Calvin's view be included in the same category. This great commentator has generally treated passages of this kind with much shrewdness. At ch. ii. 6. he remarks "*respondeo, non fuisse propositum apostolo,*

genuinam verborum expositionem referre. Nihil enim est incommodi, si allusiones in verbis quærat, ad ornandam præsentem causam. Quenadmodum Paulus quum Rom. x. 6. testimonium citat ex Mose, 'quis ascendet in cœlum' &c. statim non interpretationem, sed exornationem attexit de cœlo et infernis &c." Old Testament expressions are interwoven by St. Paul in Heb. iii. 2. x. 37, 38. xii. 14, 15. xiii. 6. Parallelisms are not drawn in this Epistle with the formulas καθὼς γέγραπται, or ἵνα πληρωθῇ found in other parts of scripture.

It has been objected that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has not only quoted the Old Testament in an arbitrary manner, but also has adopted an unjustifiable minuteness in his interpretation of words. To this we reply that there is a great difference between an expositor who deduces from the ῥῆμα or γράμμα what does *not* inhere according to the δίκαια or πνεῦμα, and one who elicits from the ῥῆμα or γράμμα what does inhere according to the δίκαια or πνεῦμα. Only the former would deserve the imputation of conforming to rabbinical interpretation. The nearest approach to such a system is St. Paul's remark in Gal. iii. 16. where he draws a conclusion from the singular σπέρμα. But with regard to the second case, it is confessedly an evidence of spiritedness of composition when an interpreter can discern the intended thought in the *form* of a word, although that word naturally should serve merely to indicate the existence of the thought. "Ingeniosi videtur," says Cicero, "vim verbi, in aliud atque cæteri accipiant, ducere posse." There is one reference made by the Apostle, where he lays the force upon the word which inheres only in the thing, and yet one which no sensible man will object to consider very spirited, viz. in the mention of the inscription on the Altar at Athens "ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ." Acts xvii. 23. Of a similar kind are several intimations in the Epistle to the Hebrews, e. g. ch. ii. 9. iv. 4—10. x. 5—10. xi. 13. What St. Paul deduces from these quotations κατὰ ῥῆμα lies certainly not in the words, when these are strictly taken in their historical sense; nevertheless it may be shewn that in ch. iv. 4—10 and x. 5—10. the application κατὰ δίκαιαν has not missed the sense of the passage. With regard to the quotation from Ps. viii. in ch. ii. 9. it may be noticed, that the principal thought which occurred to the Apostle was the realization in the person of Jesus of the perfect idea of manhood. In order satisfactorily to decide upon the sense which is attributed in Heb. xi. 13. to the expression of the Patriarch Jacob, it would be requisite to

inquire at some length what expectation of a future state was entertained by holy men under the older dispensations. We can in this place merely glance at the subject. The expression "gathered to his fathers" certainly implies an existence after death, but not necessarily one of blessedness. It must, however, be supposed that the most prominent among the holy men of ancient times had some presentiment of blessedness beyond the grave. Considered physiologically, it would be deemed improbable that a man of Abraham's character should have been devoid of all hope of a state of existence after death. If to this we add the consideration of John viii. 56. we must attribute to Abraham some expectation of a future in which the promised blessings of a Messiah should be enjoyed. The question might be proposed, whether that which evidently does not appear to have formed a part of the general *doctrine* among the Jews before the exile, may not still have entered into the minds of some as a *hope*. When once were spread among the people traditions such as that of Enoch, whom God took, because he walked with him, they must necessarily have awakened in the minds of holy men some anticipation of an unseen world. In Is. xxv. 8. and xxvi. 19. we have a striking evidence how the inspired minds of holy men were open to the belief in the resurrection and in a future state of blessedness. If then such an idea was entertained by the Patriarchs and others, the right cannot be denied the Apostle Paul to find in an expression wherein Jacob speaks of a sad and earthly pilgrimage, an indication of a better hope beyond this world. In case however there be any who cannot allow that such anticipation was entertained by the Patriarch, they may suppose that the Apostle has himself interpreted the Old Testament expression, just as he certainly does in v. 10. when he expounds the life of the Patriarchs in tents as an indication of their expectation of a better home. This plan our Lord himself adopts, when he declares his anointing by the woman recorded in Matt. xxvi. 12. was for his *ἐπιταφισμός*, although the woman herself had not any such design.

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## III.

## ON THE DRIFT OF THE SÁṆKHYA PHILOSOPHY.

Of the three leading systems of Indian philosophy, the Sāṅkhya is the least studied. "The subject indeed (says Professor H. H. Wilson, at page viii. of his preface to the *Sāṅkhya Kārikā*) is but little cultivated by the Pandits, and, during the whole of my intercourse with learned natives, I met but one Brahman who professed to be acquainted with the writings of this school." These writings are not numerous—the half dozen works that are to be met with, exhibiting a very meagre array beside the scores of volumes devoted to the Nyāya. The Sāṅkhya work most generally read in these provinces is the *Tatwa-kaumudī*—a commentary on the seventy 'memorial verses' in which the exposition of the system has been comprised. The commentary of GAUṢAPĀDA, of which Prof. Wilson published a translation, along with Mr. Colebrooke's version of the 'memorial verses,' appears to be known here only by name, except to those who have seen Prof. Wilson's edition of it.

The 'memorial verses' are based on the collection of aphorisms attributed to KAPILA, the alleged author of the doctrine. These aphorisms are given, with annotations, in the KAPILA-BHĀṢHYA, which was printed at Serampore in 1821.

"It appears [says Mr. Colebrooke, at page 231, vol. I, of his collected Essays] from the preface of the KAPILA-BHĀṢHYA, that a more compendious tract, in the same form of *sūtras* or aphorisms, bears the title of *Tatwa-samāsa*, and is ascribed to the same author KAPILA. \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \*. If the authority of the scholiast of KAPILA may be trusted, the *Tatwa-samāsa* is the proper text of the *Sāṅkhya*. \* \* \*  
\* \* \*. Whether the *Tatwa-samāsa* of KAPILA be extant, or whether the *sūtras* of *Panchas'ikha* be so, is not certain. The latter are frequently cited, and by modern authors on the *Sāṅkhya*: whence a presumption, that they may be yet forthcoming."

We have not been able to procure the *sūtras* of *Panchas'ikha* but we have met with a copy of the *Tatwa-samāsa*, from which we shall quote. Our design is to convey concisely, to the general reader, our own conception of the drift and significance of the Sāṅkhya doctrine—a doctrine the details of which the student will find in Mr. Colebrooke's Essay, and in Prof. Wilson's elaborate exposition of the *Sāṅkhya Kārikā*.

Two explanations are given of the term 'Sāṅkhya':—

"The Sāṅkhya philosophy (says Prof. Wilson, page xi.) is so termed, as Mr. Colebrooke has mentioned, because it observes precision of reckoning in the enumeration of its principles, *Sāṅkhya* being understood to signify 'numeral,' agreeably, to the usual acceptations of *Sāṅkhya* 'number;' "and hence its analogy to the Pythagorean philosophy has been presumed." The term is also explained, however, as Mr. Colebrooke proceeds to mention, to denote the result of deliberation or judgment, such being one sense of the word *Sankhyā*, from which *Sāṅkhya* is derived."

We incline (as Prof. Wilson appears to do) to the latter explanation—the system being, as we take it, the result of the "deliberate judgment" of KAPILA on the great problem of the universe—with a special regard to emancipation from the evil that prevails in it.

The commentary on the *Tatwa-samāsa* commences dramatically:—

"A certain Brāhman, aggrieved by the three kinds of pain, had recourse to the great sage KAPILA, the teacher of the *Sāṅkhya*. Having declared his family, his name and race, and his desire of instruction, he said—'Venerable Sir! What is of all things the most important? What is actual truth? And what must I do, in order that I may have done what is fitting to be done?' KAPILA replied—'I will tell you.'"

The sage then enounces the 'aphorisms of the *Sāṅkhya* in the form of twenty-five topics—as follows:—

"Eight 'producers' (*prakṛiti*); sixteen 'productions' (*vikāra*); 'soul' (*puruṣa*); the 'triad of qualities' (*triguṇya*); 'development' (*sanchara*); 'dissolution' (*prati-sanchara*); the 'instruments of soul' (*adhyātma*); 'the province of an organ' (*adhibhūta*); 'the presiding supernatural agent' (*adhidaivata*); the five 'functions of the faculties' (*abhibuddhi*); the five 'sources of action' (*karma-yoni*); the five 'airs' (*vāyu*); the five 'that consist of action' (*karmāmāna*); 'ignorance' (*avidyā*) under five divisions; 'disability' (*as'akti*) of twenty eight kinds; 'acquiescence' (*tushti*) of nine kinds; 'perfectness' (*siddhi*) of eight kinds; the 'radical categories' (*mūlikārtha*) of ten kinds; 'benevolent nature' (*anugraha-sarga*); 'elemental creation' (*bhūta-sarga*) of ten kinds; 'parental creation' (*dhātusansarga*) of three kinds; threefold 'bondage' (*bandha*); threefold 'liberation' (*moksha*); threefold 'proof' (*pramāṇa*); threefold 'pain' (*duḥkha*):—in this consists all actual truth. He who shall have thoroughly understood this, will have done all that is to be done. He will not again be obnoxious to the three kinds of pain."

Such are the aphorisms of the *Sāṅkhya*, entitled the 'Compendium of Principles' (*tatwa-samāsa*).

The rest of the book consists of a commentary (by an anonymous author) on the topics thus enumerated. The writer borrows many passages from the *Bhagavad-gītā* and other poems; and is impartial enough to give the *Vedānti*

arguments in favour of the unity of 'Soul' at about equal length with those quoted in favour of the Sāṅkhya doctrine of its multiplicity. The reader of Prof. Wilson's *Sāṅkhya Kārikā* will have been struck with the occurrence of some terms in the foregoing enumeration, ('*abhibuddhi*,' for example,) which do not seem to occur in the Sāṅkhya works usually read, and which are not noticed in the great Dictionary of our friend the Rājā Rādhākānt Deb. But, to dilate on this, and some other kindred considerations, is no part of our present design.

The topics with which we are chiefly concerned at present are the first three—viz: the 'producers,' the 'productions,' and 'soul.' The eight 'producers' are stated to be the 'undiscrete' (*avyakta*;) 'intellect' (*buddhi*): self-consciousness' (*ahankāra*); and the five 'subtile elements' (*tanmātra*). The sixteen 'productions' are the eleven 'organs' (*indriya*) of intellect and of action; and the five derivative or gross 'elements' (*bhūta*). 'Soul'—enunciated in the third aphorism—is 'that which knows' (*jñā*). These twenty five principles, according to the Sāṅkhya, constitute "all that is"; and Kapila, we have seen, promises the enquirer that his final liberation from all distress will be the result of understanding "the real nature of all that is." What this amounts to, according to Kapila, we have now to try if we can make out.

And first—a noticeable distinction between Kapila's way of speaking of things, and that of the *Naiyāyikas*, presents itself in their respective choice of a fundamental verb. The language of the Nyāya is moulded on the verb "to be," and that of the Sāṅkhya on the verb "to make." The Nyāya asks "what *is*?"—the Sāṅkhya asks "what *makes* it so?" The one (as we observed in a former essay—vol. 1 p. 276.) presents us with a 'compte rendu' of the universe as it stands:—the other presents us with a cosmogony. As the one first subdivides its subject-matter into the two exhaustive categories of Existence and Non-existence, the other exhibits everything (except 'Soul')—the spectator of the phantasmagoria)—under the two aspects of 'producer' and 'production.'

It may somewhat tend to check the mischievous consequences attendant on bluntly regarding any current and influential Hindú doctrine, that happens not to accord with our accustomed notions, as being self-evidently frivolous and effete, if it can be shown that the conceptions involved in the doctrine are still influential in directing the current

of speculation in Europe, in quarters where that current runs (or is supposed to run) deepest. Having an eye to this, in comparing or contrasting the views of the Sāṅkhya with those of modern European speculation, we shall take our representation of the latter chiefly from a writer, Mr. Morell, who does not, from any part of his work (the 'History of modern Philosophy') appear to have directed his attention to India. At this point, then, in the enquiry, we beg the attention of the reader to the following passage from Mr. Morell (vol. 1. p. 208. 2nd ed.) where he speaks of one of the latest German systems—that of Herbart :—

"The process by which the necessity of philosophy comes to be felt is the following :—When we look round us upon the world in which we live, our knowledge commences by a perception of the various objects that present themselves on every hand to our view. What we *immediately* perceive, however, is not actual essence, but phenomena; and after a short time, we discover that many of those phenomena are unreal; that they do not portray to us the actual truth of things as they are; and that if we followed them implicitly, we should soon be landed in the midst of error and contradiction. For example, what we are immediately conscious of in coming into contact with the external world, are such appearances as green, blue, bitter, sour, extension, resistance, &c. These phenomena, upon reflection, we discover not to be so many real independent existences, but properties inhering in certain substances, which we term things. Again, when we examine further into these *substances*, we discover that they are not real ultimate essences, but that they consist of certain elements, by the combination of which they are produced. What we term the *reality*, therefore, is not *the thing as a whole*, but the elements of which it is composed. Thus the further we analyse, the further does the idea of *reality* recede backwards; but still it must always be somewhere, otherwise we should be perceiving a nonentity. The last result of the analysis is the conception of an absolutely simple element, which lies at the basis of all phenomena in the material world, and which we view as the essence that assumes the different properties which come before us in sensation."

This "essence that assumes the different properties which come before us in sensation"—this which the European analyst arrives at as "the last result of the analysis"—is what the Sāṅkhya expositor, proceeding, "more Indico," synthetically, lays down as his first position. This is Kapila's *mūla-prakṛiti*—the "root of all"—the "radical producer"—that which, variously modified, constitutes all that the 'Soul' takes cognizance of. This primordial essence—among the synonyms for which, given in our text-book, are the 'undiscrete' *avyakta*, the 'indestructible' *akāśa*, that 'in which all generated effect is comprehended' '*pradhāna*,' &c. is the 'Absolute' of German speculation. The development of

this principle, according to one of Schelling's views (noticed by Mr. Morell at p. 147., vol. 2d) is "not the free and designed operation of intelligence, but rather a blind impulse working, first unconsciously in nature, and only coming to self-consciousness in mind." So, according to Kapila, "From Nature issues Mind, and thence self-consciousness." But here something strange presents itself—for the self-consciousness, which so many other philosophies assume as the only certain starting-point, and which some of them find it difficult to get beyond, is declared by Kapila to be the error of all errors that the Soul can fall into. In the 61th of the 'memorial verses,' as translated by Mr. Colebrooke, Kapila says:—

"So, through study of principles, the conclusive, incontrovertible, one only knowledge is attained, that neither I AM, nor is aught mine, nor do I exist."

This statement, M. Cousin, not unnaturally regards as amounting to "le nihilisme absolu, dernier fruit du scepticisme"—but Prof. Wilson, on the strength of the commentaries, declares that "It is merely intended as a negation of the soul's having any active participation, any individual interest or property, in human pains, possessions, or feelings." The Soul, according to the Sāṅkhya, might be described in terms in which Fichte speaks of the Mind, "as it were, an intelligent eye, placed in the central point of our inward consciousness, surveying all that takes place there." (Morell vol. 2, p. 95.) In the words of Kapila (verse 19th) "Soul is witness, solitary, bystander, spectator, and passive." Soul being thus passive, all that is done arises from the operation of the 'radical principle'—of which one might correctly speak in the terms employed by Schelling in speaking of the 'Absolute,' where he says—"The primary form of the Absolute is *will*, or *self-action*. It is an absolute power of becoming in reality what it is in the germ." (Morell. vol. 2, p. 150).

The 'Absolute,' the germ, in the hands of Kapila, having taken the form of self-consciousness—*ahankāra*—the 'making of an *I*'—the 'positing of an *Ego*'—the course of subsequent development runs parallel, for some distance, with that followed by Fichte, who takes the 'Ego' as his starting point. According to a concise and luminous writer in Brande's dictionary.

"To use the language of Fichte—the ego is absolute, and posits itself; it is a pure activity. As its activity, however, has certain indefinable



limits, when it experiences this limitation of its activity it also posits a non-ego, and so originates the objective world. The ego, therefore, cannot posit itself without at the same time projecting a non-ego, which, consequently, is in so far the mere creation of the ego."

In like manner the *ahankúra* of Kapila, which is the radical 'activity' (*prakṛiti*) modified, creates out of itself the 'subtile elements' (*tan-mátra*), the bases of the gross elements—so that the world of sense, formed out of these, is, in this, as in Fichte's system, "the mere creation of the ego." This process is what the fifth of the aphorisms of our text book enunciates as 'development' (*sanchara*). The reversal of the process—the *práti-sanchara* of the sixth aphorism—the dissolution of the phantasmagoria—follows, according to Kapila, the Soul's attainment of the knowledge that "neither I am, nor is aught mine, nor do I exist."

It is in the Metempsychosis, we imagine, and in the desire for liberation both from pain and pleasure—without annihilation—that we must look for the reason why Kapila, differing here from Fichte, makes the creative 'Ego' to be something else than 'Soul'—which latter, by confounding itself with the active principle, gets entangled in the distresses of life. The motive of the Brahman's enquiry at Kapila, it will be remembered, is this—that he wishes he may not be "again obnoxious to the three sorts of pain"—in the shape of disease, damage from natural causes, and affliction through causes supernatural—in other words, that he may escape being born again. Of the metempsychosis, Prof. Wilson (*Sáṅkhyā Kárikā* p. x.) says—"This belief is not to be looked upon as a mere popular superstition; it is the main principle of all Hindú metaphysics; it is the foundation of all Hindú philosophy."

The doctrine of the Metempsychosis is, in fact, the Hindú theory on the great question of the "origin of evil." The theory may be thus stated. Evil exists, and it is not to be supposed that evil befalls any one undeservedly. When, therefore, for example, a new-born child, who has had no opportunity of acting either rightly or wrongly, is found suffering evil, it is inferred that the evil is the fruit of evil deeds done in a former state of existence. If you ask how the person became disposed to do evil in that former state of existence, the answer is ready—it was the consequence of evil deeds done in a state of existence still anterior, and so on. You have only now to apply the Newtonian principle—that what is true at every assignable point short of the limit, must be true at the limit—and then, as there is no assignable point „

in the existence of evil in past time at which point its existence cannot be accounted for by the hypothesis of antecedent evil-doing, it follows (argue the Hindús) that the existence of evil is accounted for on this hypothesis;—and further, they contend, it is accountable on no other.

If one will take the pains thoroughly to grasp this conception, and to view the matter, as a German would say, from the same *stand-punkt* as the Hindú, who, holding the past eternity of soul, denies that the 'regressus in infinitum' here involves any absurdity, he will probably acknowledge that the doctrine of the metempsychosis, however false, is not to be treated as a fiction of the poets, when we are arguing with a Hindú. We try to make the Hindú give up the tenet—and we do well:—but we shall also do well to bear in mind that we are calling upon him to give up, without an equivalent, what he has been accustomed to regard as a complete solution of the greatest mystery in the universe—short of the primal mystery of 'Being' itself. The Hindú's explanation we regard as a delusion, and we must tell him so—but we must beware how we allow it to appear as if we were provided with a substitute. The 'origin of evil' has not been revealed. The requirement that we shall maintain our entire reliance on the goodness of God, in the absence of such revelation, is one of the trials—rather it furnishes the substance of all the trials—of our faith. This we have to teach—but we have no equivalent solution of the mystery to offer. On this point the words of Whately should be treasured by every missionary among the Hindús. We quote from the preface [p. xii.] of his "Essays on some of the peculiarities of the Christian religion."

"The origin of evil, again, not a few are apt to speak of, as explained and accounted for, at least in great part, by the Scripture-accounts of 'sin entering the world, and death by sin;' whereas the Scriptures leave us, with respect to the difficulty in question, just where they find us, and are manifestly not designed to remove it. He who professes to *account* for the existence of evil, by merely tracing it up to the *first* evil recorded as occurring, would have no reason to deride the absurdity of an atheist, who should profess to account for the origin of the human race, without having recourse to a Creator, by tracing them up to the *first* pair."

We have taken no notice of such things as the machinery of the 'triad of qualities,' by means of which Kapila seeks to explain the evolution of the perceptible world from the 'Absolute'—our design being limited to the exhibiting in some measure how the conceptions involved in

this perhaps the most ancient of Hindú speculations, correspond with those which have been evolved by some of the boldest speculation of modern Europe. We might have carried out this design in further detail—pointing out, for example, such things as the anticipation of the so often misunderstood Cartesian “*cogito ;—ergo sum*” in the opening argument of Kapila’s sixth chapter—“by the fact that ‘I know,’ the existence of soul is established, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary”—but our aim was, by avoiding details, to give the plainest outline of the leading conceptions. From that bare outline it may be readily gathered that the Sāṅkhya philosophy is not ‘Baconian :’—and this brings us to another question, the consideration of which we shall remit to a (possibly) subsequent paper on “India and the Baconian Philosophy—how they stand towards one another—and why.”

K.

## GREEK ANTHIOLOGY.

*(From Callistratus.)*

Would, oh would that I might be  
 A beauteous lyre of ivory ;  
 That beauteous boys might bear me  
 To Dionysian quires !

Would, oh would that I might be  
 A wreath of fine gold filagrec,  
 That beauteous maid might wear me  
 Preserving pure desires !

## A FRENCHMAN'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO.

A *pilgrimage* to Waterloo in the very year of the Peace Congress! Waterloo not yawned over, between the Hotel de Ville of Brussels and the scenery of the Meuse at Namur, as one of the inevitable sights which it is in all travellers' bonds to visit—but Waterloo traversed in the true scallop-shell spirit of mingled tears and truculence, by a writer of influence with his countrymen, is a fact which jars somewhat with the pacific programme of Messrs. Cobden and Michel Chevalier. Yet M. Léon Gozlan, in whose lively company we propose to revisit the famous field; is by no means one of the regular Anglophagi (still, alas! more numerous amongst his countrymen than is generally supposed) who cry *delenda est Carthago*, and *écrasez l'infime* with true Gallic piety whenever question is made of perfidious Albion. M. Gozlan is a man of wit as well as good breeding, who, if he has national antipathies, instead of placarding, prefers to exhale them in a mocking laugh. He is, moreover, addressing that portion of the French public for whom "*les Anglais*" are always "*pour rire*"—who, as has been remarked, almost forgave *Vilain-ton* his insolent victories in favour of his name—who have analysed the character of John Bull too closely (from the pit of the Variétés or the Porte Saint Martin) to be put off with such sober studies of that stout gentleman's idiosyncrasy as are furnished by philosophers like M. M. Charles, Milsand, Eugène Forcade, and de Vigny. M. Léon Gozlan would not for the world disturb the good old national traditions; and so he paints his Englishman in a costume, and with a complexion and embonpoint which may be recognized a mile off. It must not be forgotten that, for a large number even of the Parisian public, the heroes of Acre and the sliding scale are still *Sir Smith*, and *Sir Peel*; our actresses are *Miss June*, or *Miss Sarah*; and some of the most remarkable speeches delivered in our Upper House are attributed to *le duc Henri*, or *le comte Alfred*. These good people are far too observant not to know that there is a diversity of age and sex to be found in the British Isles as in other countries; but they are well assured also, that there are some characteristics (of which an imperturbable phlegm, and a propensity to overfeeding are, perhaps, the most strongly marked) common to both sexes and all ages of free Britons. It is needless to say that our English gentry are all cold aris-

ocrats, lavishing unheard of sums with the quaintest carelessness, and invariably possessing fabulous wealth to lavish ; and who, if wanted on business, should be looked for by a sagacious inquirer at Chimborazo, or on the top of Cleopatra's needle. In the same way, of course, all English shopkeepers are filled with the spirit vulgarly attributed to Machiavel : and though apparently employed in tying up cheese, or packing a bale of sheetings, are, in thereby glutting their spite against France and with their selfish commerce the chains of half a world." We suspect that in his heart of hearts M. Léon Gozlan has some misgivings as to the perfect accuracy of this portraiture, although out of respect to his auditory he forces himself to dissemble them. It is necessary to keep this in mind while following our pilgrim, or we might take his facts too literally. He is avowedly doing pilgrimage to the Sepulchre of French military supremacy, and if he is religious in respect to national vanity (which he must be confessed to the degree of superstition) we have no right to expect more. The great principle in behalf of which M. Gozlan has assumed the cross is—that Frenchmen have at least as much ground to claim the glory of Waterloo as any other people ;\* and this doctrine he sums up in the following authoritative words :—“The victory of Waterloo is too generally denied to the English for the dread of misinterpretation to deter me from doing justice to the endurance of their soldiers and the resolution of their general. No doubt they lost the battle ; that is they *had* lost it, utterly and without a hope, when Blucher arrived ; but all honour is due to the energy and patience they shewed in encountering the French, who were deficient in patience simply because they had too much courage. At Waterloo there were two armies defeated ; the English and the French, but the English first. The victor was accident, or the Prussians, to whom the English might safely leave the microscopic honour, considering that the Prussians were fresh from all fatigue, whilst the French had been spending their blood and strength during twelve mortal hours—I say nothing here, too, of him who left our army on the eve of battle, nor

\* This he does by exhibiting the whole affair of Waterloo as a rather discreditable concern to all parties. As for the French and English they were so thoroughly beaten in turns, that it is really quite irrelevant to inquire who was beaten *last* ; whilst the Prussians filched a victory which they had'n't earned in a manner which no gentleman can contemplate without abhorrence.

of him who stayed away whilst it was being fought. Between these two Marshals let us pass in peace; God has judged them." This is conclusive in its way; so, far from wishing to quarrel with our ingenious pilgrim, we feel grateful that he has refrained from disproving the occurrence of Waterloo altogether.

M. Gozlan's pilgrimage, strictly speaking, begins only from Brussels. The capital of Belgium seems in his eyes principally notable for possessing M. de Beriot in the body, and his wife's bones. Poor Malibran! Even *her* chief glory would appear to be, according to M. Gozlan, that she inspired the following verses to that illustrious Frenchman, M. de Lamartine:—

Beauté, génie, amour, firent son nom de femme,  
E'crit dans son regard, dans son cœur, dans sa voix ;  
Sous trois formes au ciel appartenait cette âme :  
Pleurez, terre, et vous, cieus, accueillez—la trois fois !

The lines *are* remarkable; for false sentiment and poorness of thought they would be so in any stone-cutter's garland. Mr. Gozlan found the difficulty of procuring conveyance to Waterloo from Brussels to be greater than it used to be, as far as we remember, some years ago. Our pilgrim, far from reaching Peter Pindar's pea-stand-ard of piety, cannot go afoot; and, worst of all, seems rather to grudge the alternative expense of carriage. We think he grumbles unreasonably, for *his* coachman was a real economy. Not a few, we dare say, of our readers (who remember the outlay at which alone they could acquire the sword-hilt, the star of the Legion of Honour, or, it may be, the *Eagle* which formed their treasured souvenir of Waterloo) will now acknowledge that a driver of such commercial information, and candour in imparting it, as M. Gozlan's, would have been a positive saving at a couple of Napoleons. Here is one of the stories by which this Automedon illustrates a curious item of Belgian commerce.

"One day," said the Coachman, "I was bringing in two travellers back from Waterloo; the one was a French artist, the other was by nation a Prussian. The Prussian carried something, of which he took tender care, wrapped in a handkerchief upon his knees. When we had done about half the journey he asked his French companion if he had brought away any memorial of the fatal field. "No, *ma foi*," replied the Frenchman; "I was very near, though, obtaining a very droll one, but they asked too much, a hundred francs, besides it was an awkward thing to carry: yet it certainly would have had the merit of being both singular and appropriate."

"Why, what was it, pray?"

"You must not be annoyed, then, at my candour," replied the French painter:—"Nothing less than the skull of a Prussian colonel, a splendid developement, splendid, the more so that it was pierced by three balls—real Waterloo bullets! One hole was just in the centre of the forehead, and the others neatly on the temples. I must say a lamp made out of the skull of a Prussian colonel killed by the French would have been charming to read by: but, alas! a poor painter can't afford such luxury. *Et vous, monsieur?*" he demanded in his turn.

"Why, for my part," replied the Prussian with some hesitation, as he half-raised the parcel which he held on his knees; "for my part, I . . . but the fact is," he said, interrupting himself, "that I am thunderstruck at the astonishing similarity of your adventure with what has really happened to myself."

"You don't say so?"

"A fact!"

"Let us hear, nevertheless."

"Why, yes, it is really very curious, but I happen to have procured this very morning the skull of a French colonel who was also killed at Waterloo."

"What, you too!"

"Yes," modestly replied the Prussian; "and I'm thinking of having it mounted as a punch-bowl to drink Blucher's health out of on each anniversary of our victory."

"I wonder if your skull is pierced with three balls likewise?" asked the Frenchman.

"I really cannot exactly say," answered the other; "but I almost think. . . . ."

"Come, come, let us see then;" briskly rejoined the artist, who, guessing the precious object which his companion cherished in his lap to be the skull in question, ventured with a rapid motion to unfold the handkerchief which concealed it. Beyond a doubt, there was the skull, and there were the three holes made by the three bullets; or. . . . . by something else. The Prussian seemed as much annoyed as the Frenchman was delighted. "You see, sir," said the Coachman, "it was the same head which became French when offered for sale to an Englishman, or Prussian; in the same way that it was Prussian or English when the hoped for customer was French."

● Every one who has visited Waterloo since the erection of the vast mound, called in guide-parlance the *Montagne du Lion* (from the colossal Belgic lion in bronzed iron which surmounts it) has regretted the unsatisfactory doubt as to the precise scenes of many of the most interesting events of the action, which the wholesale removal of the soil for the construction of the mound has occasioned. Well might the Duke say:—"they have spoilt me my Waterloo;" for, in point of fact, a great part of the field has ceased, as to its individual identity, to exist. In the neighbourhood of the *Montagne* the surface of the plain is lower by some feet than it was on the memorable 18th June, 1815; and those peculiarities of ground, which the English commander

turned to such skilful advantage have now been scraped to "one dead level of uniformity." M. Léon Gozlan animadverts sharply on this fact; though it may be doubted whether he would have regarded the triumphal monument of the allied armies with much greater complacency, even if its constructors had not, in order to effect it, obliterated, or at least confounded, the especial localities of victory. In his criticisms, however, on the great Belgic lion as a work of art, M. Gozlan is as just as severe. No one can deny that the huge animal *has* (like, indeed, most of the Belgian lions) a ridiculously *human* countenance: it is almost sure to remind every spectator of some one of his own acquaintance. But the idea of ordering a work, which was to sum up the history of an epoch—a solemn and conspicuous commemoration by many nations—a work likely to confer fame enough to satisfy a Cellini—the idea of ordering such a work of an iron-founder as it were by the ton-weight!

It is, perhaps, indeed, as well that no Canova invested his genius in a lion of such invidious pretensions, for it may be doubted if any artistic perfection would have protected it from hostile insult, such as the Belgic lion did suffer from the French on their return from the siege of Antwerp. It was at that time very near being blown up in all the forms by French engineers; and all Marshal Gérard's efforts could not save the poor beast's claws and tail from mutilation. Even in its truncated state, however, Mr. Cockerill's lion is quite sufficient to fulfil the proudest aspirations of *les brave Belges*, who acknowledge it on all hands to be the glory of their country.

"There it is! there it is!" cried my conductor with a rapture which I believe he feels himself compelled to repeat at every trip; otherwise, I should have thought, from his enthusiasm, that it was an object as new to his eyes as to mine, with this difference, indeed, in his favour that he did see it, whereas as yet I could perceive nothing of it at all. . . . At last, however, I contrived, under his tuition, to distinguish, though with great difficulty the artificial mountain and the lion in metal which surmounts it. I confess that when I first beheld the colossal monument, erected by our enemies in memory of our heroic disasters, the effect was so agonizing that, in the state of weakness in which a late attack of illness had left me, I was unable to maintain myself erect. My legs shook, my heart was spasmodically contracted, and I felt that the colour had totally left my lips. I fell back almost lifeless on the cushions of the carriage. Let those, who hold patriotism to be a prejudice, come and brave this spectacle, and then I may have some faith in their scepticism.

I need scarcely, perhaps, observe that the 18th of June is the anniversary of Waterloo. I had selected that fatal day for my pilgrimage to Mont St. Jean in the hope of meeting on my road many veterans of the old army whom it was not unnatural I should suppose to have a pious interest in revisiting the immense Calvary. The GRAND ARMY! *Grand*



indeed ! so grand that, methinks, it must need ages to obliterate all relics of it. Yet the road was altogether unfrequented—that accursed road by which the English, thirty-four years ago, twice fled for shelter to Brussels, and by which, the same day, they returned astonished to find themselves victorious ! Could such a road be possibly untravelled upon such a day ! Stop ! no ! it is not altogether untravelled, for far a head of us a carriage may be descried creeping on in the direction of Waterloo.

“ There goes an Englishman, for any money,” exclaimed my coachman.

“ No, something assures me it is a Frenchman,” was my patriotic rejoinder.

“ Will Monsieur back his opinion with a trifle ?” insisted my Antomeldon.

National honour forbade me to refuse ; and our horses as if partaking their masters’ vanity continued the pursuit at an increased speed. The Belgic Lion again came into view, something larger this time than a mouse, and then the church of Waterloo with its rust-coloured dome. At last we succeeded in overtaking the vehicle which, according to my driver, contained an Englishman, but, as I would have it, a Frenchman. Strictly speaking we had both lost. The occupant of the other carriage was indeed English, but she was a lady. However I generously conceded the wager as lost. The Englishwoman was alone, and possibly tired of her loneliness, to judge by the complaisance with which she received my efforts at companionship. It is true she could not speak much French, but then she understood it perfectly, whilst, though I cannot pretend to talk English, yet, by dint of attention to a person speaking that language, I can sufficiently follow its sense. Thus we could, without departing each from our own language, hold almost unrestricted communication.

“ Are you too going to Waterloo ?” inquired my new acquaintance.

“ Where else, madame, could one be going in this forgotten corner of the earth ?”

“ Do you think, sir, I shall be able to get any breakfast at *Mont St. Jean* ?”

“ I have no hesitation in replying, *yes*, madame ; because I am convinced that breakfast may be had all the world over, and dinner too, and even champagne, provided one is not particular about the quality.”

“ Oh, sir, you cannot think how you relieve me.” Here my fair companion breathed a long sigh, as she cast her eyes around. We had entered the wide amphitheatre where the great European quarrel drew to its crisis on the dreadful 18th of June, and where it was decided.

“ You also, sir, are no doubt here to bewail some personal loss, some irreparable bereavement ?”

“ No, madame,” I answered, “ I can lay no claim to the honour of such grief.”

“ Ah ! my poor William !” she exclaimed, pressing a handkerchief to her eyes.

*Who was William ?* I could not help asking myself. In all probability this respectable lady’s father, or husband. He must have been either one or the other : for even granting that she was not too young to have sons fit for killing *now*, they could scarcely have been so at the epoch of Waterloo.

“ And so, sir,” resumed my Englishwoman, “ you are of opinion that we shall find tea, milk and butter at Waterloo ?”

“ I have not a doubt of it, madame, and even poached eggs.”

Some minutes elapsed, when another deep sigh burst from my companion as she exclaimed, again pressing her handkerchief to her eyes :

"Oh! my poor James!"

I must have been mistaken, thought I again. It can't be her father, for she can't have had two of them, nor husbands either. . . . Why, yes, by possibility. . . . But then not both killed on the same day. Here was another difficulty.

"I have acquired the habit," resumed my enigmatical companion "of taking something more solid than eggs for breakfast."

"A beefsteak, for instance?" I suggested.

"Ah, sir, precisely—a beefsteak."

"Well then, madame, never fear: we will have a beefsteak."

We had now reached the causeway which leads from Mont St. Jean to Waterloo; when for the third time my lady friend emitted a profound sigh, as she ejaculated:—"Ah! my poor Tom!"

"Why! really, madame," I cried, with a petulance destined to receive an immediate rebuke, "did you lose *three*?"

"Yes, sir," was the placid answer, "I lost *eight* brothers at Waterloo."

"Eight brothers" I repeated.

"Eight: on the same day and nearly at the same hour. You are no doubt astonished—you, sir, coming from a country where, as I understand, people will soon have no more children at all. You must know then that in England families who lost eight sons at Waterloo are by no means rare; and that some Irish ones have to deplore the loss of twelve, slain on the same day upon this very field."

"I must entreat you to excuse, madame, my too visible astonishment; and pray believe that I sympathize deeply with your grief. You are now fulfilling, in truth, a melancholy duty, which at the same time does you honour."

"And which is compulsory;" interrupted she.

"Compulsory! In what sense?" I ventured to ask.

"I only inherited the whole fortune, which my eight brothers, if they had lived, would have divided with me, upon condition, according to the terms of my father's will, that I should come here, annually on this day, to weep upon their graves."

"Do you know, then, where their graves are?"

"No, sir; and so I cry a little all about."

A French writer formerly remarked, with regard to the manufacturers of spurious memoirs who swarmed in Paris towards the middle of the 18th century, "that it needed some *agréments* to gain the favours of the other Muses but that any fellow with impudence could debauch poor Clio." And many of the most popular French historians of our time seem to have mistaken the condemnation for advice. How many readers of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* have been fairly bewildered into the desperate credence of an outrageous statement by the writer's imperturbable effrontery! The avowed dogma, on which this practice of our neighbours seems to be founded, is amusingly revealed on the present

occasion by M. Léon Gozlan ; and may be stated—to parody a more respectable apothegm—*History exists only as it is received*. M. Gozlan thinks, or affects to think, that to establish the acceptance of a statement is to demonstrate that statement's truth. His favourite arguments are votes : his best witnesses are well-wishers. It is of importance, accordingly to our pilgrim to marshal the partizans of French (as *versus* British) glory in the most imposing array. It is, therefore, we can understand, with an ever-growing conviction that he enumerates “ the Danes, Swedes, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, and Americans of all kinds, as pronouncing openly for the French with regard to the great battle ”—thus leaving to us, as our single and slender barrier against posthumous defeat on the 18th of June, 1815, only the doubtful sympathies of Russia !

One conclusive argument for which also M. Gozlan goes surety, may not with candour be suppressed :—“ I myself saw ” says M. Léon Gozlan, “ a young American lady of rare beauty raise herself on her little feet, which trembled with her emotion, and *spit* as high as she could towards Mr. Cockerill's unhappy lion ; and then, mounting on the third step, cry several times, whilst she waved her handkerchief :—‘ In the name of the Havana, my dear native land, VIVE NAPOLEON ! ’ ” another circumstance which M. Gozlan cites, as bearing on this portion of the question, we may be excused for considering, inasmuch as he refuses to guarantee the facts, as somewhat less decisive :—

“ An English traveller and one from the United States had mounted the *Montagne du Lion* together in order to obtain a comprehensive view of the field of battle. A single guide had undertaken the enlightenment of both travellers, and aware of the delicacy of his task conducted his recital with all the impartiality in his power. Nevertheless there came a time when he could not avoid saying :—‘ Here the French yielded to the fierce charge of the English ; ’ and immediately the American grumbled out :—‘ *That's a lie.* ’ The Englishman looked at him in silence and the guide made haste to continue ; but was soon compelled by the force of habit to continue his usual narration :—‘ There, gentlemen, in that ravine you see yonder, the French cuirassiers were ridden down by the British heavy cavalry. ’ ‘ *That's a lie,* ’ repeated the obstinate Yankee. The Englishman looked at him once more, and quietly turned up his cuffs ; the American, on his side, did the same. The guide, whom these preparations had not escaped, redoubled his rhetorical precautions, but whenever in the inevitable course of his rôle he came to a circumstance which, notwithstanding all his pacific periphrases, was obviously less glorious to the French than to the English, the American coolly repeated : ‘ *That's a lie.* ’ At the eighth contradiction the Englishman sprung on the Yankee who was prepared for the assault. Fists are clenched, and the two men

set to boxing in the most orthodox and scientific manner and in the most profound silence. Great God! there they box on a surface of four square yards, and with a nearly perpendicular abyss of a hundred and forty feet beneath. As they give and receive some blows respectively their rage increases; they grapple together; till, struggling and tearing at each other they totter over the brink of the precipice. Down, down they go, rolling over each other in their tremendous descent, but neither letting go of the other. Strange to say they were not killed, nor even wounded: but, as they regained their feet, the American addressed the Englishman:—‘*Yes, sir, it is a lie.*’”

To do them justice the Waterloo guides are generally too prudent to expose themselves in positions of such embarrassment. Though not less bashful than Irishmen they have a kind of the delicacy which prevents them willingly enacting cicerone to persons of different nations at the same time. M. Gozlan describes this curious population with, as it seems to us, considerable truth:—

“No sooner does a stranger enter Waterloo than he is assailed by the ‘guides.’ These are for the most part wiry, robust men, keen of glance, of a soldierly bearing and fluent enough; but too much accustomed to the repetition of exactly the same story to excite much emotion in their auditors. The guides are of three classes: guides for Frenchmen, for Englishmen, or for Germans. Whenever a traveller presents himself his country is detected by a glance, and the guide for that nation takes possession of him as a matter of course. The English guides earn a great deal more than the French, and the French than the German; from the circumstance that fewer Frenchmen than Englishmen visit Waterloo, and that the Germans scarcely go there at all. Formerly a guide used to cost ten francs, but now they are satisfied with five or even three. Most of them have a personal recollection of the battle with which they were themselves concerned—not, indeed, as soldiers, but as *excavators*: for, whether they liked it or not, they, their fathers and their mothers, their brothers and their sisters, had to dig during eight days incessantly the pits necessary to contain 90,000 corpses. It was a little before the harvest; the crops were consequently lost, but the year after they were magnificent.”

Such being the constitution of the guide-body it is clear that their evidence would not be the most eligible for M. Léon Gozlan’s purpose. Besides, even if the balance of their testimony had been in his favour, he has himself said enough to impair considerably their authority. Our pilgrim, therefore, ardent in the pursuit of authentic materials determines to remount the river to its source and to consult only eye-witnesses. He succeeds accordingly in obtaining the testimony to whom this qualification applies with the greatest justice inasmuch as the poor fellow had lost one of his eyes struck by a splinter as he was surveying the combat through the loophole of a barn.

"Sir," says this witness, an old Belgian labourer, "there was such a storm of iron in the air, *savez-vous* ? that a fly must have been infallibly crushed between two bullets if any fly had been so imprudent as to traverse the village at all, *sais-tu* ?" (*sais-tu* and *savez-vous* are, it seems, graces of speech which incessantly recur in the familiar conversations of all Belgians of the lower class.) "So when I saw that it wasn't wholesome in the farm, I came here for shelter, hoping to be amongst friends. Ah, yes ! pretty friends ! all off young and old ! Some had business at Nivelles, some at Frichermont, in the fields, anywhere. In short there was not a soul left. Oh yes ! I beg pardon there was—a sweet pretty madame, such a tempting young morsel ! and dressed all like a fine lady. Well, how she got there I couldn't think : it couldn't have been through the key-hole. There, however, she was all the day with her head bent down, like a pear-tree broken by the wind, and her arms crossed on her bosom. It was very queer, *savez-vous* ?" "And what did she say," I asked.

"Nothing ; at least nothing but English, and I don't understand English. Every now and then she sprang up as stiff as a ghost and rushed to the window to see if the storm was over. But it didn't look at all like stopping, *sais-tu* ? It rained harder and harder. It was all black and red. The sky and the weather were black, *savez-vous* ? the red was the burning of houses and the flame of the cannons. It was a match between *le bon dieu* and the devil—awful to look upon. It seemed as if *le bon dieu* was trying to put out the flames with his rain, and the devil was kindling them. Well, about four o'clock, the red-coats, the English, passed by the door, crying that *all was lost*. At first I didn't understand them, but it was soon easy to see what they meant, *savez-vous* ? There were thirty pieces of cannon whacking them on the back, and driving them like frightened sheep into the wood of Soignies. They were falling by hundreds at every step ; those who came after had to climb over dead bodies ; then they were killed too and the others had to climb over them. I saw six ranks of corpses strewn on the ground in less time than it takes to drink this glass of beer, *savez-tu* ? Marshal Ney and three generals under him at the head of three columns pursued them all the way from La Haye-Sainte. There was only one Englishman who wouldn't budge : and he stood all along against a tree which your guide will shew you. It was Lord Wellington. He was there in the morning ; he was there at noon ; he was there at night. From that spot he twice saw the defeat and at last the victory of his army with no more emotion than the tree behind him. His whole army set off screaming with terror to Brussels, where his worship, the Burgomaster, had got the keys of the city all ready on a silver dish to offer them to the Emperor. But to come back here to Mont Saint Jean, where there was plenty of business I assure you. In their rout the English had thrown as many of their dead and dying as they could into this room. There they were lying, mangled and with their limbs shattered, where we are sitting now. Well, will you believe it ? that little woman turned them all on their backs and looked them full in the face every man-jack of them ! until she had to run away to get out of the blood which was up to her knees. So then she came into this room, which was not a kitchen then as it is now, and leaned against this very mantel-piece. Oh ! how pale she was ! The cries of the wounded were shocking, but gradually they cried less, and at last not at all. Then one could hear the rain again mixed with the roll of

musketry. Two hours later, those damnable red-coats came back again saying that : 'No, all was *not* lost.' On they came, past this very door right on to Mont Saint Jean, marching with their cannon and their horses over their own dead. The little woman came to the window to see them pass, and she was paler than ever : when they had gone she sat upon the window-sill and looked out as if she were looking for some one. But there was nothing to be seen but volley after volley and torrents of rain :—*Mademoiselle*, said I, *you will get yourself killed if you stay there, savez-vous ?* But she said :—*No, no, no !* So I supposed she expected somebody in particular. Night came at last, and then the fight ceased ; and then in came a fair little officer of the red-coats ; and he and the poor lady kissed each other for a good quarter of an hour. The young man, who seemed so happy, said a great deal to her, but she said nothing, although she was very happy too, *savez-vous ?* And what's more, during the two days they stayed at Mont Saint Jean she never spoke a word. A doctor of one of the red-coat regiments said, as I heard whilst I was digging a grave for some of them, that the agitation she had had during the battle was too much for her, and that she would never recover her speech until she had a child, *sais-tu ?*"

Some of the incidents alluded to in the above extract are certainly somewhat at variance with the popular impressions concerning the course of the battle ; but it is difficult to refuse them, on that account, credence. For, in addition to the altogether respectable authority of M. Gozlan and the honest old Belgian excavator (who, having lost an eye on that day, had the greatest cause to remember the concomitant circumstances, and who, having lost only *one*, had still the means of pursuing his observations) we have the strong incidental corroboration, to at least a part of the story, furnished by M. Léon Gozlan's lady-companion who should be, it would seem, unexceptionable testimony, being herself English and having lost no fewer than eight brothers on that fatal day. She informed our pilgrim that the poor dumb lady alluded to was Lady Pool, and that the young officer in the red-coat was her cousin, an officer in Picton's division, and that they were married after the battle, and had several children, but that the prescription unfortunately failed, and she remained to the end a silent woman. We can easily understand the agitation of the English lady, whose brothers had been so unlucky at Waterloo, as she furnished these details ; and are not, therefore, surprised at learning from our pilgrim that, when she had done so, "she arose and, looking at her watch, declared her intention of going to bewail her brothers *in locis*." Let us leave her, as M. Gozlan appears to have done, alone with her sorrow, and pass on to express our obligations to that writer for the zeal and tact he has shewn in disinterring after

this long interval the authentic testimony of one who had witnessed the affair in all its stages, who

“Had watched by the living, and buried the dead !”

For it must not be supposed that ‘history’ like this is to be found on every hedge-row, in every cottage. We can judge from what follows how often all M. Gozlan’s pertinacity and adroitness were unavailing to elicit any interesting legends :—

“Story ? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir,”

—and so shall best learn to appreciate the merit of his not unfrequent success :—

“When I found my way into La Haye Sainte it was a farm of more than modest pretensions. There were ducks swimming blissfully in a puddle ; a young child, stark naked, was teasing a dog with a switch of osier. A stable-boy was loitering near the horse-shed ; a young woman issued at the noise of the dog barking, from the dairy ; and a very old man, with a cotton night-cap on his head, and a pipe in his mouth, was whetting his scythe by the barn-door. I addressed first of all the ostler boy :—

“My good friend, is this the farm of La Haye Sainte ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“This is the place where there was such terrible fighting ?”

“Yes, last year, at the fair.”

“No, I meant to say at the time of Waterloo.”

“Oh, Waterloo ! Waterloo is out yonder, down there.”

“Yes, I know. . . . . but I wanted to speak about the fighting.”

“What, at last fair ?”

“At the battle of Waterloo.”

“There’s Mont Saint Jean, and Waterloo is just beyond.”

Seeing that I did not understand him, and despairing to make himself understood by so dull a being, he directed me to the young woman in the dairy. I addressed her :—“Madame, although you could not have been born at the time of the battle of Waterloo yet you must have heard of the slaughter which took place in this farm ?”

“Why yes, sir ; but my father, who is sharpening his scythe yonder, will be able to tell you,—only he is very deaf.”

“Thank you, madame.—Sir, sir,” I accordingly cried, in a voice which shewed I had not forgotten the good dame’s warning, “what do you remember of the bloody struggle which took place here ?”

“Here ?”

“Yes, here.”

“When ?”

“In 1815.”

“In 1815 ? no, not in 1815.”

“How do you mean ? *not* in 1815 ?”

“No, for then I was in Friesland.”

“So that you know nothing about it ?”

“About Friesland ?”

"No, about La Haye Sainte, where we are now? Come, collect your thoughts."

The old peasant stared at me with his clear grey eyes in stupid wonderment, and asked:—"what, have you learnt anything new about it?"

This question check-mated our pilgrim; but we hasten to answer the old farmer's question:—Yes, M. Léon Gozlan has collected a great deal that is new concerning Waterloo—much that must poison (if it do not prevent) the festivities of the next "Waterloo Banquet." It is naturally a painful thing to wake and find our most glorious title-deeds waste paper, but we have no right on that account, to quarrel with the acute conveyancer who made the discovery. We ought to be, indeed, grateful that it is, by the nature of the case, impossible that we can be called upon for the mesne profits of national gratulation. The whole matter impresses this conclusion upon us—that there can be no sufficient security for this kind of national property until *cannibalism* or some equivalent practice be adopted as an international usage. If the French, at any of the many periods during which, as M. Gozlan remarks, they had won the battle of Waterloo, had seized the opportunity to devour our vanquished countrymen (but who can blame them for not having done so?) there could have been none of this prolonged misconception of the result of the engagement. It would not have remained for M. Gozlan to designate, A. D. 1819, the long defrauded victor. John Bull, however dishonest and vain-glorious, could not have hoped to impugn the strong simplicity of such an announcement in the *Moniteur* as:—"On the 18th June the Duke of Wellington was defeated *and eaten* with 30,000 of his troops."



## V I .

## THE PASSING-BELL

The Passing-Bell !—the Passing-Bell !  
 It speaks of joy ; it speaks of sadness ;  
 Hark ! its sweetly measured swell,  
 Faltering sorrow, whispers gladness !

Say, for whom it now hath called  
 On fellow-sinners for their prayers ?  
 Or for one who sinks appalled ?  
 Or who casts on Christ his cares ? —  
 Sure, it hath the voice of sorrow  
 Breaking from a hopeless heart,  
 Yet from Peace it seems to borrow  
 Tones to blunt death's keenest dart.

Yes ! it bids me think of those  
 Who, 'twere well, had ne'er been born ;  
 'Tis for such, alas ! it throws  
 Notes that, wailing, far are borne.  
 Such the deep, the long-drawn, sighing  
 Of the hope-- forsaken soul :--  
 Say, is *such* this moment dying ?  
 Breaks of *such* the golden bowl ?—  
 Hence ! Oh, hence ! the thought of *such*  
 And its shuddering, darkling, flight.  
 Sweeter chords of thought, oh ! touch !  
 Tell me not of *that* soul's night.

Oh ! The calmly lengthened sweetness,  
 Measured as the step of Peace,  
 Gliding with the even fleetness  
 Of the soul *blest* by release !  
 Released from battle, toil, and trial,  
 Such now quits the well-fought field,  
 Sin's temptations, pain, denial,  
 No more to it trouble yield.

Hark ! There is no loud exulting,  
 Though that spirit doth not quail,  
 But the placid Hope resulting

From the Faith which doth not fail !  
 Hopeful, humble, sin-confessing,  
 To the Saviour's Cross it clings,  
 Mercy, Glory, Thanks, and Blessing  
 Are the song that now it sings.  
 Yet it is not heard exalting  
 To a *certain* strain its voice,  
 But, in conscious frailty faltering,  
 'Tis too humble to rejoice.

Now, 'tis gone !—That knell is sped !  
 From earth's intermingling din  
 Solitarily 'tis fled :—  
 So, *that* soul from fear of Sin.

Oh, ye mourners, be ye calm !  
 Listen to the peaceful knell !  
 To your spirits gather balm !  
 For it saith that—all is well.

The Passing-Bell ! The Passing-Bell,  
 Of sorrow speaking, falters gladness.  
 Yes ! its sweetly measured swell  
 Whispers joy, amidst its sadness.

*December 3rd, 1840.*

SPHYNX.

ERRATUM.—In “Blessed are the dead the rain rains on” *second Stanza*, after the line “Creation’s throes and groaning” read “O’er the dead and for the dying.”

## VII.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## II.—THE POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

What confers on poetry its high and acknowledged value as a moral instrument is its command over the sympathies of men; and its capacity of awakening those pure and delicate emotions which are the most amiable and socializing traits of our human constitution. For the spell which *it* exercises over these, *no other* can of a possibility be substituted. Rather, poetry *is* that pervading spell which associates man with all that is most noble and most holy, and proportions the shades of sentiment and affection to those fixed standards of ideal excellence which it alone has the power of evoking. In our present imperfect state, whatever is really excellent is ideal; and wherever is ideality, *there* is poetry. *Therefore* it is that the unapproachable glory and purity of the Divine have called forth the deepest strains of poetic fervour. *Therefore* the minuter reciprocities of human love and devotion are expressed in an eloquence which would be sacrilegied by appropriation to every-day communities. Not that the mere language need by any means affect an extraordinary rapture. On the contrary, our gains have been great in point both of morals and of taste, from a school which has been disciplined to express earnest sensibilities in pure, and chastened, and unaffected phrasology. But that we do, by a kind of natural bias, reserve, for the portraiture of spiritual and ideal discernments, words which carry the mind *beyond* the mere form; awakening the emotions of the *writer*, in the *hearer* or the *reader*; drawing them into like sympathies with his, rather from their *implication*, than their *expression*—more indeed because they are *only* implied, than if they had been expressed ever so vividly. For the effect of mere language may be only transient and perishable; but the effect of awakened feeling is actual and undestroyable. A pressure from without may now and then counteract the keenest sensibilities; but this is a thing of earth, and must depart and perish. Whereas the mind and its emotions shall live for ever; and though its suggestions, once realized, may again be overlaid and dormant, yet the faintest associations, of which we cannot say whence they are, can quicken them for everlasting, and prove their fellowship with the Eternal.

We venture even further than this—we believe that the

temper of true inspiration, though not discerned immediately, is often, in an after-thought, understood and acknowledged by clues to the poet's point of intellectual vision discovering themselves we know not how or whence. We think a thousand chances may unfold the true principles of a high and ennobling association, where, originally, it never occurred to us that a remoter reference was designed; or we may not call them *chances*, they are rather *providences*; to teach us how the gifted seer knows what is in *man*, though *men* for a while discern it not. And this, the highest scope of his art, we consider *that* poet will most succeed in, whom a cursory reader might deem least zealous of such success, because his is both the language and the incident of nature.

We have already said enough of Wordsworth's peculiarities to explain why we rank him among the few and gifted men who will ever and increasingly exercise this power upon their species. And yet we are not surprized that they who read only superficially see nothing very remarkable in him and others of his stamp, beyond a naked simpleness, the intent and power of which is not always, or easily, appreciable at first sight. Modern schools, too often rather soaring than sedate, and illusory than suggestive, have done much to quench man's sensibility to the charms of homely nature and undisguised humanity; and so far to deaden the reflective and *really* penetrating faculties, that they have grown; very commonly, powerless to extract the wisdom and instruction which is always latent in the actual and the natural. The world is prurient for such dangerous stimulants as extraordinary combinations and transcendental unrealities; it enjoys not, nor receives, the ruder, but healthier nourishment of "sober certainty." Lost altogether to the simple majesty of truth we may hope and believe the impressible mind will never be. Still would it be no small blessing were we better schooled to identify their living lessons with the very lineaments of the things which *are*—did we know, and warm to, the sentimentality which inheres in truthful and unfantastic presentations of nature and of feeling. But this sensibility to what is *below* the surface, from the exposure of the surface *only*, like the buried gems of an unwrought mine, is discoverable only by the practised eye, and needs a deeper and more researchful analysis than men, unhappily, are wont to exercise. Therefore, in a generation rather practical and experimental, than analytical and reflective; wherein men's thoughts are turned rather on the *objective* than the *subjective*; that kind of writ-

ing can have but little influence on the many, whose very purpose is to suggest what is in the heart of man. On the contrary, we believe it may be fairly presumed, that in the present strife after the tangible, and indifference to the ideal, Wordsworth and such as he never can become popular, or be even loved and esteemed beyond the most thoughtful and educated class. How he is honoured there we ourselves have seen, when from distance and obstruction we failed to catch a glimpse of the poet, or recognized him not among the brilliant multitude who met at Oxford to witness the installation of her illustrious Chancellor. But no one, we recollect, save the Duke himself, was received with such tumultuous and reiterated cheers as he whom they designated "the poet of the poor." Beyond such concourse his great merits have not been recognized; nor, as we said before, are they likely to be, except by a didactic analysis of the deep undercurrent which "wends its easy way" so quietly and unobtrusively.

This is nowhere more evident than in the poem which we shall first quote:—

"Strange fits of passion have I known :  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day  
Fresh as a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide lea ;  
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot ;  
And, as we climbed the hill,  
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
Came near and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon !  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on ; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped :  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
 Into a Lover's head !  
 'O mercy !' to myself I cried,  
 'If Lucy should be dead !' "

It seems to us evident that the affections of a *really* impassioned lover, on nearing his maiden's home, and an infinitude of gentle and undefinable emotions, are no less vividly suggested in this truthful delineation of nature and humanity, than they were actually associated in the poet's mind, as gazing on the sinking moon he dwelt in sweet dreams. And Wordsworth, we conjecture, designed in these stanzas to exercise the heart of the reader with such of the many emotions which the description *might* educe, as accord with his particular tone and temperament. *Why* the suggestion correlative to the setting of the moon, and no other, is supplied, appears to us obvious and striking. It is the key-note of that synthesis as an exercise for which the whole poem is constructed ; it strikes a chord to summon those activities of the inner man which the poet desires to be associated with his delineations of external nature. But whether this be so or not, is it credible that a man of the smallest taste and judgment—not to say an eminent critic, should maintain from 1808 to 1844, in reference to this poem, that "Mr. Wordsworth has thought fit to compose a piece, illustrating the copious subject of love, and the fantasies of lovers, by a *single thought* ?" This is the sort of criticism by which the Edinburgh Reviewers did what they might to retard our poet's homage from a grateful generation. Strange that the same hand which set down this censure of Wordsworth could write learnedly and philosophically on the "wholesome exercise" which the study of the Laws of Association "afford to the faculties, and the delight which is produced by the consciousness of intellectual exertion."\*

The secret is that our poet's works were for a long while very generally denied the amount of intellectual exertion needful for an appreciation of their peculiar excellencies. Drawing his resources with steady purpose from the lower walks of men, and clothing a detail, often of extreme mi-

\* However, we must not forget what a debt of gratitude our poet owes even to his harshest critic Lord Jeffrey. We have collated some poems as they at present stand with the early impressions ; and so are able to speak of the judicious care with which they have been scrutinized. How far an exaggeration of the limits within which good taste may range carried Wordsworth, while his principles of composition were yet in course of proof, it is impossible to say from study of his works as they at present

nuteness, in the simplest language of common life, what he has studied to express became entirely lost sight of ;—that the affections, the fancy and the imagination are more wholesomely moved by faithful drafts from every-day humanities, than by those conventional rules of art which draw a broad distinction between the effects of the intercourse we entertain with one another, and the effects of the intercourse we hold with the poet through his creations. By exaggerated antitheses infinitely more subversive of correct principles of taste than any of Wordsworth's blemishes, men had learned almost to *believe* that nothing written otherwise than in tropes or abstractions could move the sympathies or touch the heart ;—that the very scenes which, *actually experienced*, affect us by their inherent impressiveness, cannot affect us, *in description*, by their real and simple lineaments. Men lost sight of the analogy between the mental and the corporeal vision ;—that glare and glitter operate on both *immediately*, but are blistering plagues which neither can endure *permanently* ; whereas a steady gaze upon the “ plain in neatness,” though it may be long before its inspiration be discerned, may be indulged painlessly, and will at length produce impressions which, as offsets of the actual, may be enjoyed healthfully and continuously.

Among the longest poems in this collection is one principally in dialogue, “The Brothers.” Dramatic it can hardly be called ; for the speakers, so far as we perceive, produce no new cast of thought or sentiment on one another ; nor does it seem to us to awaken that lively movement of the thoughts and expectation of the issue which is the element of dramatic interest. Even as a conversation, it does not, perhaps, possess the charm of graceful proportion. We think that Wordsworth has measured his strength well in having written so little in direct dialogue, without intermediation of the narrator's reflections. For he seems habituated to turn his mind *inward* upon *itself* ; and thus to have acquired such a distinct individuality, as incapacitates a

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stand. One example will suffice. In the poem now so exquisitely finished, “The Blind Highland Boy,” the—

“Shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly ear of Amphitrite  
That sportive dolphins drew,”

was originally recorded as—

“A household tub, like one of those  
Which women use to wash their clothes.”

poet (if he be not of the very highest class of all, a Sophocles or a Shakespere) for sustaining, through any length of scene, those nice discriminations of character without which the dialogue becomes cold and unnatural. Still the poem shows much mastery of the pencil, and explores, (as indeed does that other on the same affection, "Artegal and Elidure," though we like not much its treatment or its versification) the depth of the fountains of brotherly love by incidents very striking and affecting.

These incidents arise from the return of a shepherd to his native village after twenty years of voyaging. How graphic and picturesque are his thoughts on shipboard, thus recorded narratively in the introduction.

—————"He had been reared  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind  
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,  
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,  
Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours  
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang  
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;  
And, while the broad green wave and sparkling foam  
Flashed round him images and hues that wrought  
In union with the employment of his heart,  
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,  
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,  
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed  
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,  
And shepherds clad in the same country grey  
Which he himself had worn."

Returned to his native village, Leonard first sought the church-yard;

"That, as he knew in what particular spot  
His family were laid, he thence might learn  
If still his brother lived, or to the file  
Another grave were added."

Attracted by the unusual sight of a stranger lingering by the village graves,

"Where neither epitaph nor monument,  
Tombstone nor name—only the turf we tread,"

the "homely priest of Ennerdale" repairs to the spot, and "peruses" Leonard "with a gay complacency." He recog-



nizes the good Vicar, but addresses him as one unknown to him. The quiet serenity of a dalesman's life, contrasted with the changefulness of surrounding nature from the alternations of the seasons and the ravages of the mountain torrents, lead to touching reflection on the heart-writ records of those villagers who, having rested from their labours, need not graven names nor epitaphs to preserve their memory ; and then advancing, or rather allured, to their place of family sepulture, the priest (he knows not to whom) retraces Leonard's kindred's history. This description of a healthful but embarrassed cottager appears to us truthful both in portraiture and sentiment, though perhaps it is a little too encumbered to be picturesque.

“That's Walter Ewbank.

He had as white a head and fresh a cheek  
As ever were produced by youth and age  
Engendering in the blood of hale four-score.  
Through five long generations had the heart  
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the bounds  
Of their inheritance, that single cottage—  
You see it yonder! and those few green fields.  
They toiled, and wrought, and still, from sire to son,  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little—yet a little—and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burdens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept up  
A cheerful mind,—and, buffeted with bond,  
Interest, and mortgages, at last he sank.  
And went into the grave before his time.  
Poor Walter! Whether it was care that spurred him  
God only knows, but to the very last  
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:  
His pace was never that of an old man:  
I almost see him tripping down the path  
With his two grandsons after him.”

Hearts pious and affectionate these grandsons had, one of whom the Vicar, as it chanced, was addressing :—they truly loved the old man their uncle, he said ;

“But that was what we almost overlooked,  
They were such darlings of each other. Yes,  
Though from their cradle they had lived with Walter,  
The only kinsman near them ; and though he  
Inclined to both, by reason of his age,  
With a more fond familiar tenderness,  
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,  
And it all went into each others hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Never did worthier lads break English bread ;  
 The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw  
 Could never keep those boys away from Church  
 Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.  
 Leonard and James ! I warrant, every corner  
 Among these rocks, and every hollow place  
 That venturous foot could reach, to one or both  
 Was known as well as to the flowers that grew there.  
 Like roebucks they went bounding o'er the hills ;  
 They played like two young ravens on the crags."

But old Walter died, and estate and house and sheep were  
 sold ; and the boys were destitute ;

" And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake  
 Resolved to try his fortune on the seas."

James feels his loneliness, the colour fades upon his delicate  
 cheek ; he droops and pines, and is nursed affectionately by the  
 sympathizing villagers.

" We took him to us  
 He was the child of all the dale—he lived  
 Three months with one and six months with another ;  
 And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love :  
 And many, many happy days were his.  
 But whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief  
 His absent Brother still was at his heart."

The event of poor James's melancholy is thus touchingly  
 recited :—

" One sweet May-Morning,  
 (It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)  
 He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,  
 With two or three companions, whom their course  
 Of occupation led from height to height  
 Under a cloudless sun—till he, at length,  
 Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge  
 The humour of the moment, lagged behind.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Upon an æry summit crowned with heath,  
 The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades,  
 Lay stretched at ease ; but, passing by the place  
 On their return, they found that he was gone.  
 No ill was feared ; till one of them by chance  
 Entering, when evening was far spent, the house  
 Which at that time was James's home, there learned  
 That nobody had seen him all that day :  
 The morning came, and still he was unheard of :  
 The neighbours were alarmed, and to the brook  
 Some hastened ; some ran to the lake : ere noon  
 They found him at the foot of that same rock  
 Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after  
 I buried him, poor youth, and there he lies !"

The result of the affecting disclosure is that Leonard cannot thank the priest, for "a gushing at the heart which took away the power of speech;" but steals silently from the spot, returns on shipboard, "and is now a seaman and grey-headed mariner."

We have dwelt the longer upon this poem, because we think it a good specimen of our poet's strong, and of his weaker points. In sentiment and description it is full of truth and grace; and is the evidence of an eye learned in the mysteries of nature, of a discriminative management of landscape, and of a deep insight into what some modern poets are fond of calling *the human*, and perhaps there is not a terser expression for what we mean. What it seems to us deficient in is action, equipoise, and strength of contrast. The figures are not well relieved or marked. The interest depends more on detail than on character. We miss that unmistakeable study of the intellectual world without, in which vigour and compactness find their strongest nourishment; and that firm handling of *men* rather than of *man* to compass which denotes the highest finish of the inventive genius.

It would be an interesting enquiry, and might open much psychological speculation, why, in the sister arts of poetry and painting, command of figure and of landscape have been so rarely attained by the same individual: why the statuesque has, in the development of *both* arts in every country, been prior to the picturesque: why, in any one age and place, the *two* have never grown up together;\* why the reflex and elaborating faculties as sensibly predominate in the sentimentality and detail of schools formed upon a model, as does the plastic faculty in the compression and unity of the creations of those original geniuses who have hewn out models from the rough material. All students of antiquity are aware of how the pictorial is subdued to the *human* in the Greek school—how, except only Sophocles, there is not a single Greek poet who has left us a landscape—how Homer embodies all the detail he needs of still-life in a single massive epithet; of which, as one of the Harers has remarked, future poetical descriptions have been in chief part little else than expansions and amplifications. Put *the best* of these descriptions behind a group of Homer's, and *each* will lose its grace and symmetry;—just as each *also*

\* Michael Angelo, the Homer of artists, the inventor of Epic painting, is only a unique exception. No other man has ever so combined breadth with detail, grandeur of figure with subordination of parts.

would, in a composite of Raphael's Madonnas and Poussin's landscapes, though the latter attained his wondrous mastery of detail by an enthusiastic study of Raphael and the antique. On these grounds, perhaps, Flaxman saw that Homer's creations can be embodied only in the statuesque. Sophocles would require the mixed-art of Domenichino; Wordsworth, the pure picturesque of Claude Lorraine. Then again, none but *founders* in the Epic and Dramatic Schools, as Shakspeare and Milton were in England, have ever chiselled like Æschylus and Homer; whereas the *élèves* of *all* (Sophocles only excepted) though far behind their masters in producing the *group*, have found a compensation for their deficiency in their management of background. We have thought long, but unsuccessfully, about the law on which this succession in the fine-arts depends. That there *is* such a law, we think universal artistic development establishes. Its discovery might lead to a correct induction of the true principles of eclecticism in the Beautiful. We conjecture that Sophocles knew it, and that if we had a larger collection of them, it might be eliminated from a study of his writings. Of all poets, he seems to have attained the highest degree of combined perfectness.

We do not intend to say that Wordsworth does not often display a considerable mastery of figure. If we, and this Magazine be spared long enough for a large survey of his works, there will be abundant opportunity of shewing his treatment of the group. This he does best (as we infer from the principles of art must usually be) where he makes the picturesque subordinate. One of the best embodiments of character in these "Poems founded on the Affections" will be recognized, we think, in his fine ballad, "The Armenian Lady's Love." A Christian nobleman works as a slave in the garden of the Soldan, whose daughter becomes enamoured of him. Though she discovers him to be a wedded Knight, they escape together, and preserve a holy innocence during a flight to Venice, where the one is welcomed by his Countess, and the other is converted to Christianity, and all live a life of love and peace, until—

" Mute memorial of that union  
In a Saxon church survives,  
Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured .  
As between two wedded wives."

We can find room but for one or two extracts. The first may be a short dialogue in which the Moslem Princess, in—

viting the slave's escape with her, discovers him to be married.

"Tempt me not, I pray ; my doom is  
These base implements to wield ;  
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,  
Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield !  
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,  
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed hours."

"Prisoner ! pardon youthful fancies ;  
Wedded ? If you *can*, say no !  
Blessed is and be your consort ;  
Hopes I cherished—let them go !  
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free  
Without another link to my felicity."

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
Lady, is a mystery rare ;  
Body, heart, and soul in union  
Make one being of a pair.  
Humble love in me would look for no return,  
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn."

"Gracious Allah ! by such title  
Do I dare to thank the God,  
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
Flower of an unchristian sod !  
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in Heaven dost wear ?  
What have I seen, and heard, or dream'd ? Where am I, where ?"

Arrived at Venice, the redeemed count sees a faithful servant on the pier, and sends greeting to his wife, and a pray-er that he may present his deliverer to her. And the sequel is thus detailed :—

"Swiftly went that grey-haired servant,  
Soon returned a trusty Page  
Charged with greetings, benedictions,  
Thanks and praises, each a gage  
For many a sunny thought to cheer the stranger's way,  
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay.

And how blest the reunited,  
While beneath their castle-walls  
Runs a deafening noise of welcome !  
Blest, though every tear that falls  
Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,  
And makes a meeting seem most like a dear farewell.

Through a haze of human nature,  
Glorified by heavenly light,  
Looked the beautiful Deliverer

On that overpowering sight,  
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,  
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

On the ground the weeping Countess  
Knelt, and kissed the stranger's hand;  
Act of soul-devoted homage,  
Pledge of an eternal band:  
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,  
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify.

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
Gentle pleasures round her moved,  
Like a tutelary spirit  
Reverenced, like a sister, loved.  
Christian meekness soothed for all the path of life,  
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love, their only strife."

Our ballad poetry has been vastly enriched in these latter days. We calculate that a volume from the works of living Englishmen, not inferior to those imperishable ones of Percy, might without difficulty be collected. Of these ballads, we owe many—even most, we believe—to the school of Tennyson, who, despite his affectation, deserves our gratitude and regard. His "Lord of Burleigh," "Day-dream," and "Locksby Hall" present three varieties of the ballad style, the excellency of either of which would not be easily surpassed. Only after him, we rank the erudite Mrs. Browning, better known, perhaps, as Miss Barrett. Nothing can be more exquisite than her "Romaunt of Marg'ret," or "Bertha in the Lanc."\*

In this scene of trial and bereavement, how many are aware of the agonizing effect of the beautiful, when it is parent to reminiscences of sorrow and of suffering, from its association with the memory of those who no longer share it with us! The "happy garden of seclusion deep," what less would it become than a desolate and howling wilderness, without the "gentle maid of lowly heart" only for whose sake it was the *dear spot*, which our poet "watched with tender heed."

"Bringing it chosen plants and blossoms blown  
Among the distant mountains?"

\* An extremely elegant volume, "*Original Ballads by Living Authors*," which reckons some of the ablest men in the Church among its contributors, has lately been edited by the Rev. Henry Thompson. We recommend it as, in every way, a most delectable book. Next month, we hope to find room for one of the poems which will be generally acceptable.

All who have tasted the poignancy of such alternations, and how recollections are stirred by the invariableness of still-life will feel the pathos of these really sweet verses.

“ Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind that oak !  
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
That in some other way yon smoke  
May mount into the sky !  
The clouds pass on ; they from the heavens depart :  
I look—the sky is empty space ;  
I know not what I trace ;  
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

O ! what a weight is in these shades ! ye leaves,  
That murmur once so dear, when will it cease ?  
Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,  
It robs my heart of peace.  
Thou Thrush that singest loud—and loud and free,  
Into you row of willows flit,  
Upon that alder sit ;  
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.  
Roll back, sweet Rill ! back to thy mountain-bounds,  
And there for ever be thy waters chained !  
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds  
That cannot be sustained ;  
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough  
Oh let it then be dumb !  
Be any thing, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now.”

Where shall we look for three other stanzas, in any author but Wordsworth, combining so completely the graceful, the touching, and the harmonious ?

The afflictation of simplicity and low life, in some of the poems which we pass over, transgresses, in our opinion, the limits of good taste. At length, however, we meet with one of the most charming of the collection. “The Emigrant Mother,” in which we detect a surprizing command of really feminine passions and sensibilities. We could hardly have believed that any one except a really feeling woman could have produced either “The complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman,” to which, as our space is limited, we can merely refer our readers ; or this song of a French refugee to an English cottager's infant from which we extract a large portion.

“ Dear Babe, thou daughter of another,  
A moment let me be thy mother !  
An infant's face and looks are thine,  
And sure a mother's heart is mine :  
Thy own dear mother's far away  
At labour in the harvest-field :

Thy little sister is at play ;—  
 What warmth and comfort would it yield  
 To my poor heart if thou would'st be  
 One little hour a child to me ?

Across the waters I am come,  
 And I have left a babe at home :  
 A long long way of land and sea !  
 Come to me—I'm no enemy :  
 I am the same who at thy side  
 Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
 For thee, sweet Baby ! thou hast tried,  
 Thou knowest the pillow of my breast ;  
 Good, good art thou :—alas to me  
 Far more than I can be to thee.

Here, little darling, dost thou lie ;  
 An infant thou, a mother I !  
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears ;  
 Mine art thou--spite of these my tears.  
 Alas ! before I left the spot,  
 My baby and its dwelling-place ;  
 The nurse said to me, 'Tears should not  
 Be shed upon an infant's face,  
 It was unlucky !'—no, no, no ;  
 No truth is in them who say so !

My own dear little-one will sigh,  
 Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die.  
 'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,  
 And you may see his hour is come.'  
 Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
 Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
 Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
 Thy countenance like a summer's day  
 They would have hopes of him ;—and then  
 I should behold his face again.

And the remainder of the poem is not less impassioned or pathetic.

Indeed Wordsworth is, in our discernment, the most impassioned of all the modern poets we know—there is a life-fulness in his utterances of emotion for which versified rhetoric is but a feeble substitute. Deep feeling, of what ever character, finds its best embodiment in whisper and reserve ; loud ejaculation and frantic turbulence are but the disguise of apathy and insensibility. It is strange that what few dispute, in living subjectivity, many are slow to discern in written transcript. We ordinarily measure the intensity of *actual* passion, by its subduing the capacity for outward expression ; and habitually take count of the breadth and depth of love and joy and grief, by the control they exercise on



the faculties, by their rendering them impotent for organic utterance. Why then should the same emotions in poetic representation be otherwise than analogously judged of? Why must they be symbolized in interrupted periods, by convulsed ejaculations? Every one of the lyrically-constructed poems in the collection we are now reviewing, and more or less, the whole body of Wordsworth's writings, prove the proverb that it is the stillest water which runs the deepest. Take, for instance, the following "Complaint," which exhibits the impassioned regrets of the heart left desolate with a stirring calmness and suggestive brevity.

"There is a change—and I am poor ;  
Your love hath been, not long ago,  
A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
Whose only business was to flow ;  
And flow it did ; not taking heed  
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count !  
Blest was I then all bliss above !  
Now, for that consecrated fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?  
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—  
I trust it is,—and never dry :  
What matter ? if the waters sleep  
In silence and obscurity..  
—Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor."

Our paper would be considered incomplete by both classes of readers, those who most admire Wordsworth, and those who most depreciate him, without some word on that much discussed poem, "The Idiot Boy." We confess ourselves at a loss how to treat it. We quite agree with an able and diffusely-read critic in the *Calcutta Review* (vol. x. p. 97) that "friendly and parental affection and solicitude were never better delineated ;" yet, though, upon the whole, we admire the poem greatly, we are not quite sure that its pathos is not injured by quaint artlessness laid on with overdone affectation. There is not, so far as we know, a single word which may not be truthful and characteristic ; but truth and character must not be indiscriminately laid bare :—here, for instance, we have our doubt if the strange nakedness of the language sustains the gravity of the design. There are somewhere about a hundred stan-

zas about Betty Foy, and her idiot son, and the pony mild and good, and Susan Gale—to transfer all is beyond our limit, and it is impossible to convey any idea of the whole by an extract. Indeed, take it from what part we might, we believe that, in its disjointure, it would be taxed with silliness; and that, we feel sure, would be the height of injustice. We incline to believe this and one or two others of a similar stamp to be those of Wordsworth's lesser works which Scott has justly characterized as "*caviare*, not only to the multitude, but to all who judge of poetry by the established rules of criticism." We do not believe, from remarks which we have seen and heard, that either Betty Foy or Peter Bell are especial favourites, even of Wordsworth's most thorough-going admirers; (highly as he himself is supposed to pride himself on their fatherhood); and though we think we discern an excellence and impressiveness in each portrait on the whole; we profess not to like the treatment in detail, or to consider the full structure more impressive or appealing from its Doric undisguised.

"Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ."

As we cast our eye down our pages, we fear lest much which we have written, be counted finical. Though Wordsworth be the last of men to have loaded his subjects with undesigned excellencies, it is by no means so certain that we have unravelled his designs:—yet care not to plead guilty of being over recondite, in asserting the merits of one who has here been so amply denied all merit. Our aim is to be precise in recording our estimate of blemishes, as well as beauties. This estimate we have not formed hastily; yet have we found but few here of whom we may hope that they will be convinced by our judgment, without the evidence in detail. Wordsworth, as yet, has made but little way in India. We think we cannot have seen half a dozen copies of his works in the collections of a considerable number of more or less educated and discriminating men whom we have met with in the course of the last seven or eight years. In our schools and colleges, we doubt if he is known, even by a single scantily-thumbed copy in the library. Pope's Homer—the book which did most to viciate the poetic faculty for above a century, initiates our rising generation in opposing the *vis inertiae* of oriental tinsel and tawdriness to the purer conceptions of what we must already call the *last* age. A "mock-heroic falsetto" destroys the appetite for rude

verity and wholesome imaginings. Still we will be thankful that it is not so elsewhere. We will rejoice that we find Wordsworth recognized by a leading periodical of our native land as he "whom all the world consents to honour;—who, living, already ranks among the greatest of the dead."\* We have no wish to cover one of his short-comings—his blemishes we acknowledge—they trouble us not. By their bold independence and contrast to his rare excellencies, they are to us the very signals of genius. And as for his beauties, if we have explored one which he designed not—(we use language better than our own)—"what of that? If it be there, his genius meant it. This is the very mark whereby to know a true poet. There will always be a number of beauties in his works which he never meant to put in them."†

\* Blackwood's Magazine, cccii. p. 453.

† Guesses at Truth, 1st Series, p. 250.

## Extracts and Intelligence.

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### ANNUAL LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN JERUSALEM.

“ Samuel, by Divine permission Bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland in Jerusalem, to all brethren who pray and labour for the coming of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved : grace, mercy, and peace.

“ Beloved Brethren,—Again a year, marked by judgment and mercy, has been added to the long time of grace which a merciful God has set apart for the ingathering of His redeemed from all nations and tongues and kindreds, since I last addressed you, and endeavoured to bring Zion to your remembrance, and to commend her sons and daughters to your love and prayers.

“ Alas ! Jerusalem still continues to be trodden down of the Gentiles, and the veil remains over the eyes of Israel, the messenger of good tidings must often weep bitterly ; but yet the Lord is with us, and during this year, as in former years, He has given us tokens of His favour and grace through good and evil report, to continue His witnesses before Jews and Gentiles. Wherefore, it is again my agreeable duty to invite you all, in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, to unite with us in prayers and thanksgiving on the approaching day, which for a series of years has been set apart for that purpose by the true friends of Israel, viz. the 21st of January, 1850, being the eighth anniversary of the entrance of the first Protestant Bishop into Jerusalem, and at the same time the first anniversary of the consecration of the first Protestant church in the Holy City. And as according to many thankfully received reports, the Lord has been with you and richly blessed you on former similar occasions, so may He be with you and with us on this coming day, and pour upon us all an abundant measure of His spirit, to quicken us and to fill us with the love of Christ, that we may continue faithful in His service, and that His good pleasure may prosper in our hand.

“ Although we have been preserved from the sword that has ravaged several countries of Europe, and from the pestilence with which God has so severely visited England, still the past year has been to us a year of rebuke, and of much anxiety and disappointment, and, I trust, of self-humiliation. Besides a general want of spiritual life and Christian graces amongst several of the proselytes, two of them, too proud to receive the admonitions faithfully addressed to them, have for several months past avoided the house of prayer, and refused all Christian advice ; and the conduct of several inquirers has been such as to oblige us to suspend their instruction and withdraw from them. All this, besides the frequent failings, I trust of weakness rather than malice, of those whom

I believe to be sincere and truly converted to God by faith in Christ, has often filled my heart with sorrow and my eyes with tears. But my own conscience, which compels me to make this melancholy statement, forces me publicly to confess myself guilty of much of the evil which I bewail, by my own want of spiritual life, and consequent languor in intercessory prayer. And I have no doubt that my brethren the missionaries feel with me our need of Divine grace, and of the help of the believing intercession of all our brethren abroad, whose heart is engaged in the important work committed to our hand. In making this statement, I am perfectly aware that the enemies of Israel, of Christ, and His people, will consider it as a cause of triumph on their part, but I cannot help it; let them exult whilst we confess our misery in the presence of Him who resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble.

"But, beside this dark side of our individual and collective life, I am thankful to be able to say, that there is another side on which the Sun of righteousness has shone. For we have been permitted to observe indubitable signs of the grace of God working in the hearts and on the lives of some of the proselytes, not to say that, notwithstanding the want of spirituality complained of, the greater number of baptized Israelites have endeavoured to walk worthily of their calling, as far as their outward behaviour is concerned, especially those who have latterly been received into the Church by baptism. And surely the friends of Israel abroad will derive reasons to be thankful with us, from the fact that, during the course of this year, nine adult Israelites have been received into the Christian Church, after giving strong evidence of their sincerity and faith in Christ, as far as their understanding is concerned, whilst one and another have given proofs that they are partakers of a new life in Christ Jesus, for which His holy name be praised.

"In the outward development of the Mission, that is, with respect to the means of bringing the word of truth to bear upon Jews, proselytes, and others, several important steps have been made.

"First: Christ Church, on Mount Zion, the erection of which has met with so much opposition, that from this very fact we are entitled to expect it to be a means of much blessing, was consecrated on the 21st of January, in the presence of a native Bishop, several priests, and others, and a number of Jews: and has since been our visible sanctuary. On the same day two Israelites were baptized in it.

"Secondly: a House of Industry was opened on the 21st of December, 1848, under very promising circumstances, and placed under the management of a proselyte educated at our late college. There the Jews, who, generally persuaded that Jesus is the Christ, come to us for further instruction, are received, lodged, fed, and in general taken care of, during the time of their special instruction, previous to their being baptized, and the time necessary for them to learn a trade. During the time of their stay in the house, they are placed as apprentices, with masters of trades, members of our Church, as tailors, shoemakers, watchmakers, silversmiths, &c.; whilst every evening they receive instruction in reading and writing in German and English (most of them being German Jews), in arithmetic, &c., but especially in the Word of God. There are now eight, all young men but one, who give us real encouragement by their steady conduct, diligence, and obedience; five of them were baptized during this year, and two are unbaptized. This institution, now chiefly supported from a fund bestowed by a pious lady, enables us to provide for the wants of other proselytes and inquirers with much less difficulty than formerly. In which

respect, too, we have reason to be thankful for the help received from the Jews' Society's Relief Fund, and other sources.

"Thirdly; in the Jewish Hospital the Hebrew New Testament is not only placed in every ward for the free use of the patients, but daily prayers, in which all are free to take part, have also been begun and continued during this year, without causing the least diminution in the number of patients; two of its inmates are now under instruction. Yet with all this, during great part of this year, Jews have been, if not less accessible, at least less open for the reception of the Gospel than in former years, from different causes, now for the most part no longer existing. The poor Jews have received some relief during the last summer from one of their richer brethren who has visited them, yet thousands of them are still in very great misery, and I would again recommend them to the charity of Jews and Christians abroad.

"The Diocesan School has prospered beyond what could have been reasonably expected under existing circumstances. It has suffered considerably from the failing of the health of our excellent teacher; but as by this time I hope she will have received a real help in the person of a friend, of high qualifications, as second teacher, I have no doubt but this school will increasingly continue to be a blessing to many a lost lamb of the house of Israel and others. The number of children, almost all of Jewish origin, which has hitherto been received, is about fifty, whilst the average number at school for some months past is twenty-nine, of whom several give very pleasing indications that they are under the influence of the spirit of grace, and nearly all of them are making hopeful progress in the knowledge of the Word of God.

"The school at Nablous, too, chiefly for children of native Christians, has been very prosperous during this year, and is attracting the attention of the natives of all the neighbouring places, who repeatedly entreat me to establish Bible Schools (as they say) in their several localities. I believe there are few schools in Europe where the Bible is better known and understood; and by means of the boys, the knowledge of the Bible is spreading amongst almost all the adult Christians of Nablous. Although the Samaritans, who for some time sent their children to the school, have been obliged by the Musselmén to withdraw them, yet the school numbers now above forty, including a few girls.

"I have also lately opened a school at Tiberias, on similar principles, which at the end of the first week numbered twenty-two boys. My former school at Salt, which, for peace sake, I had placed under a priest, not having succeeded, I had opened another there during this summer under a more efficient teacher; but the Greek Patriarch has undertaken to pay all its expenses, with the promise of keeping the teacher appointed by me, and of introducing no other books into it than those which I had introduced, on the condition that the natives do not call it an English school! This I considered a first step of the Patriarch towards me, and rejoiced that my first endeavours had led him to open a normal school at Jerusalem under a very able, and I believe, good man; when I learnt that he was about to leave Jerusalem during this month. With the Armenian Patriarch and the Syrian Bishop I remain on good and friendly terms.

"Of the three Bible readers whom I have continued to direct, one who laboured, not without success, among the Jews, has just been

obliged to leave the country on account of ill health. On the other hand, I have latterly appointed a pious youth as Scripture reader among the Druses, where he finds already more difficulty, on account of their deceitfulness, than he and others had expected.

"Of the Christians of different Churches in Palestine and Syria, I will at present say little, beyond stating the fact that there is almost a general movement from Aleppo to Jerusalem, by no means exclusively religious, but yet arising from the almost universal conviction that hitherto they have lived in ignorance and error, that no care or interest is taken for their souls, and that consequently they must look for some other Church or form of religion. They are pressed by the feeling of some want, of the nature of which they are scarcely conscious. And as two important documents emanating from the Porte have lately been published, in the one of which the Sultan reproves the high clergy of the Greek Church for making themselves daily guilty of the worst crimes: and in the other, gives permission, and promises protection to all his Christian subjects who shall choose to embrace any form of Protestantism, it seems to me that great numbers will soon decide upon adopting the most democratical form of what they will call Protestantism, if in the least encouraged to it from without. Under such circumstances, all that I can do is to disseminate as widely as possible the Word of God, which people are much more disposed to read than formerly! and to open schools where it is taught to the exclusion of all other religious books, where I find it practicable according to my means. And here I again take the opportunity of expressing my warmest thanks to all the Christian friends who during the past years have contributed to the furtherance of any branch of the work entrusted to my charge, whether for the schools, or the dissemination of the word of life, or the relief of proselytes and Jews, assuring them that their contributions are conscientiously applied according to advice.

"I am writing this from Cairo, where I have been a few days, after visiting Alexandria. In the latter place I saw two of our Jewish converts of Jerusalem, one baptized, the other still unbaptized, but I was glad to hear from divers persons that both walk consistently with their profession, and witness for the truth of Christ, according to their ability, in the presence of other Jews. I need scarcely say, that there is an increasing English congregation at Alexandria with a clergyman, but they have no church. A few years ago the Pasha, Mohammed Ali, gave them a well located site for a church, and soon after, in order to answer the munificence of the Pasha, they began building a church upon a footing, which has since proved to be beyond their means, although they have contributed liberally; so that now the work has been at a stand for about eighteen months. Now, thinking it a pity that such a building should remain unfinished, and the congregation deprived of a proper place of worship, besides feeling a little ashamed with many others, at the fact that this unfinished church, in the midst of Alexandria, should be a reproach to the English nation in the sight of all nations, and especially of the Roman Catholics, who have in the mean time built a much larger church in the neighbourhood, I resolved to call upon Englishmen and Christians to come to the help of their brethren in this land of superstition, irreligion and sin. The sum required to complete the building will be about 3000*l*.

"At Cairo there is a small varying English congregation, under the

ministry of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, who are actively engaged in the dissemination of the Word of God and other books, in teaching the young, and in general in endeavouring to pave the way for the saving truth of God into the deeply fallen church and corrupt and dark hearts of the Copts and others.

"I have been delighted in making the acquaintance of Mr. Lauria, the zealous lay missionary of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. I have visited several Jewish families with him, where he is both respected and beloved. From what I hear from Mr. Lauria and others, and what I have seen, I believe that there is an open and promising missionary field among the 5000 Jews of Cairo; but in order to insure success, I think that this mission should be strengthened by at least an ordained clergyman and a good schoolmaster.

"And now praying that God may bless and keep his people every where, in these trying times, and give them the spirit of prayer and true love to His ancient people Israel, still wandering far from the God of salvation, and commending ourselves to the prayers of all the true disciples of Christ, that we may be a saviour of life unto life to many Jews and Gentiles, I remain,

"In Christian fellowship,

"Your faithful servant,

(Signed,) S. ANGL. IIEROSOL.

"Cairo, Nov. 2, 1849."

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### THE NEW COLLEGE AT OXFORD.

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We rejoice at the prospect of a foundation which will render an education at Oxford eligible to the humbler class of English students. The proposed new College, under judicious government, seems well calculated to meet the growing zeal for high scholastic attainments, and to counteract the baneful deficiencies of un-ecclesiastical institutions of modern growth. In a missionary point of view, too, it may not be unimportant; if it enable our great Church Societies to train their candidates to a higher scholarship than has hitherto been generally practicable and to send them out as graduates of one of our ancient seats of learning; with, perhaps, a subsequent and immediate training in Saint Augustin's College, Canterbury. To difficulties suggested by the *Morning Chronicle*, that the Members of the New College would find their position irksome in the University, from the slights of more favored undergraduates; the Rev. C. Marriott, an eminent tutor in one of the most distinguished Colleges has replied in the following letter:—

"Sir—Although I have usually but little time for the public journals, I have been led, by a friend, to take notice of an article in your Wednesday's paper, bearing upon a scheme I have long had at heart. I do not expect to bring you over exactly to my own views; but I still wish to say a few words on the discouraging considerations you have brought forward. I would not venture an intemperate, or even an unkind, attack; but I may parley with one, who comes forward on national principles.



And in a candid spirit. I may venture to assure you that those who are concerned in the plan are far too practical to be amusing themselves with medievalisms, and that a plain, straightforward, economical college is intended. And why such a college should not find place in Oxford, after twenty years experience I cannot understand. I have witnessed a gradual growth, during the whole of that period, of sympathy with the poorer students, and I believe it is time to take advantage of that growth by a positive step. You will excuse me if I should not regret its turning away the hand of the spoiler from institutions which I love, even in their decay, and believe to be still capable of restoration—that belief being grounded on what I have known and experienced.

"The truth is, Oxford is already open to the poor scholar, though less extensively than I could wish. Poverty and wealth are relative terms; and many that are not entirely destitute of means need assistance, in order to make themselves good scholars and efficient men, or to enter on life with tolerable comfort and success. The endowments of Oxford are already mainly in the hands of this latter class, and considering that the whole of them do not equal the income of some private individuals, they already accomplish a good deal of good. If you fear incidental evils in a plan evidently good in itself, I may be allowed to fear the loss of some good in sweeping reformation from without.

"I have no sympathy with those who would acquiesce in the displacement of the poor by the rich. But I must maintain that Oxford ought still to educate the rich; and I further think that she may allow them some little safety-valves in the way of expenditure—less, indeed, than at present, but still more than would be desirable for those who can with difficulty muster 80*l.* or 100*l.* a year. I do not say it would do any harm to the sons of our millionaires to live for a time under such control; but I say that, while John Bull is John Bull, they will not, as a class, do so: and yet I hope quiet people may take their own way, and live by rule if they like it.

"Now, Oxford clearly wants more *rooms*, for there is a real want long before every corner is actually full. The corner is not always the cheapest to occupy; and there is a large class to whom increased accommodation at small expense would be a great boon. Under such circumstances our forefathers came forward with *foundations*; and why should not we? Theirs were for a fourth part of our population, and most of them for a country crowded with monasteries. They were not for the poor alone, but for all classes, so far as general education is concerned; and, I believe even very early, with a distinction of classes.

"The difficulties you mention have, of course, occurred to us, and have been carefully weighed a thousand times, and the result is, that all who are at all acquainted with the present working of things here are well assured they can be surmounted. If the assertion of one who has lived in Oxford nearly the whole of the last twenty years, with his eye directed to the point in question from the very commencement of his residence, is worth listening to, I may be allowed to say that contempt or jealousy toward poor scholars exists in Oxford to no extent that could injure a vigorous and industrious college. Fashionable young men will have such failings while fashionable young men exist, and a few others will be fools enough to be led by them; but a plain honest man can leave them to themselves, and go about his own business as if they did not exist.

"As to a rivalry of classes, I cannot think it is much to be feared here. So long as 'order of merit' is kept out of our schools there is hardly any scope for it. Besides, we have no colleges that can take such

a position in this University as Trinity and St. John's do in Cambridge. We have no bitter rivalry now, though our colleges have their characteristics; nor should we have any the more for having one more college, or two or three more. It remains to be proved that such a circumstance would lead to any thing more than a little of that reasonable and laudable emulation which is already produced whenever any college, like Balliol, or Lincoln of late, takes to *working*: and I am much mistaken if practice will prove it so. It may be safely affirmed that an Oriel fellowship will be as open to deserving members of a poor scholars' college as it is now to our own Bible clerks, two of whom I have known to be admitted in open competition with the University. The facility with which men pass from one college to another makes Oxford much less liable to divisions than Cambridge. I know those who retain their Balliol, Corpus, or Exeter attachments at Oriel, or their Oriel ones at Balliol or Magdalen, and a new college would very soon establish similar relations with its neighbours. Again, a new field is more favourable for an improved example, and it is not the least unlikely that if a new system were attended with success, old colleges would adopt it, in whole or in part. Such is the history of monastic reforms of old; and though the case is different, the analogy is almost perfect. However, I trust it will not be long before we are able to give a far more effectual answer to objections, by the less logical but very effective method, '*solvitur ambulando*,' and to that test I appeal with simple and undoubting confidence. I know poor scholars, and I know what they can do, and I know the existing scholars of Oxford, and what they are ready to do; and, knowing these well, no man can doubt but that such an attempt would amply repay a liberal expenditure.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“C. MARRIOTT,

“Oriel College, Oxford, Nov. 24, 1849.”

#### IRVINGISM—ITS PRESENT ASPECT IN GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND.

We had hoped that this heresy, notwithstanding the in many respects wonderful powers and popular fascinations of its founder and preacher, had gradually died out. We learn therefore with the more sorrow from the *Süddeutsche Warte*, a Stuttgart journal, of October 25th 1849, that it is assuming a new and alarming phase upon the continent of Europe. Its earliest proselytes in Germany appear to have settled themselves at Frankfort on the Maine; where from certain similarities to the Roman ceremonial (forms never entertained by Edward Irving) very few adherents were gained. But in Berlin, the heresy excited a much livelier interest; and it is said that the congregation already numbers four hundred. Irvingites celebrated a secret worship, for a long period, in Switzerland, and especially in the city of Basle: but it was in the autumn of 1849 that they first adventured a public development of their peculiar doctrines and institutes; which up to the present time, indeed, are but little known, as the sect is still very reserved in its communications with the uninitiated. In the article of justification, they deviate from the plain sense of the Word of God, as expounded in the Confessions of the Reformed Churches. But the most singular features are exposed in their

●emonial and institutions. They profess to have re-produced the lapsed offices of the primitive Church ; and especially the Apostolical College, limited to twelve members, who enjoy a constituted precedence in the society. These they hold to be inspired, that is, endowed with special gifts of the Holy Ghost ; and they therefore demand an implicit obedience to their injunctions. An account of their services, as practised at Basle, was published by an Englishman whom we understand to be the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in that city, Dr. Marriot, in the *Basler Volksboten*.

“ Last Sunday, at ten o'clock, I was present at a service of the Irvingites of Basle. The house in which they assemble stands at the extreme end of the New Suburb, having its entrance from the Rampart. I warned my friends some time ago that their then existing position would not satisfy the Irvingites in these parts ; but that by and by they would draw back the veil which then concealed their true projects. Then I was discredited ; but the lapse of only a few weeks revealed more and more of their real character. A simple statement of their proceedings during Divine worship will satisfactorily represent what this is. Two individuals took the leading part. Both wore albs, which reached to their feet, and were relieved by bright-coloured scapularies. The scapulary of one of them, Dr. Woringer, hung on his breast in form of a cross. Two assistants wore similar albs, one of whom had a red band over the shoulder. On the entry of these four ministrants, they proceeded to the altar and bowed, a ceremony which they repeated several times during the service. The larger part of the liturgy was chaunted in the form and manner of the Romish Church, and, together with the Sacrament, occupied the whole time of worship, that is, from ten o'clock till five minutes before twelve. For the few words of exposition which Dr. Waringer addressed, upon the Epistle and Gospel, were scarce of five minutes duration. These he uttered from the left of the altar, having read the Gospel from the right. In the recital of certain sentences of the liturgy, he raised his right hand above his head. Indeed his whole demeanour was decidedly theatrical.

“ After the liturgy, the four ministrants retired, while the preliminaries to the Sacrament were arranged. And on their ingress and egress, which was four times repeated, the whole congregation rose. Mr. Caird, the other of the chief ministers, and a so-called Evangelist, again appeared in an alb ; but whether of the same material as the former one I cannot tell. Over this he wore a long white scapulary, on either end of which was hung a crucifix, as on the dresses of Romish Priests. Dr. Woringer was also attired in an alb, but over it he wore a dress of the cut which peculiarizes the Romish Mass-dress. The other ministrant exchanged his red shoulder-strap for one of alternate stripes of white and azure.

Among the Irvingites, as in the Church of Rome, the altar-service and the liturgy are considered the most solemn parts of the ceremonial. Of their chapel I have further to remark that about a third of the whole area is partitioned off, and contains a platform of three gradations, on which each rank in the ministry takes its allotted place. To each is appropriated a chair, and an embroidered fald-stool.

“ How purely Romish is the ceremonial, may be gathered from various prayers, addressed to the ‘ *Blessed Virgin Mary* ’ and other saints. But my attention was particularly arrested by a passage in which they prayed for the ‘ *Bishop of the Diocese* ; ’ and although I could guess

who was meant thereby, I wished to be certified of it by an Irvingite. So at the conclusion of the service, I enquired of one whom I knew to be of the regular congregation, their Bishop's name. By his demeanour, I should judge that he did not know. Therefore I resolved to return to this new-Romish Church in the evening. When all had withdrawn except the Sacristan, I went to the vestry. I was accosted by Dr. Woringer—'Come with me;' and remarked, 'Permit me to ask who is your *Bishop of the Diocese*.' He replied in English—'that is no business of yours.' I told him that I wished to be thoroughly conversant with their whole ritual. Again he spoke in English. 'It's an impudent question.' He expressly declined a direct reply, and referred me to the 'Evangelist.' Just then Mr. Caird, with two other gentlemen entered the precincts, and I referred the question to him. He replied,—'The Bishop of Basle.'

'What is his name?' I asked.

'He lives at Solothurn.'

'I should like to know his baptismal and sur-name.'

'He is the Catholic Bishop of Basle.'

'He's the Romish Bishop,' said I 'and this is popery.'

Mr. Caird and his two companions then proceeded up the New Suburb; and I addressed myself to Dr. Woringer:—'Your system is clearly jesuitical and papistical.' 'Why, Protestants we are not,' he answered. 'I will note this,' I said, 'in my pocket-book in your presence;—and therefore made a memorandum of his confession, 'Protestants we are not.' Although on the few occasions when I had previously met Dr. Woringer, no unfriendly word ever passed between us, yet on the present occasion his behaviour was most unpolite; which I thus account for; he must have known that for a long while I had been warning people of the jesuistry of the Irvingites.

"This sect generally declines to answer questions. If you utter a warning against them, they denounce you as no Christian. Like the Romanists, they hold the priestly authority to be decretory—for—say they—the Apostles (meaning those now living) and the Evangelists so declare, and to doubt them is a sin; or even to make a question about their decisions.

"I further communicate that I saw the two inferior ministers, after having put off their albs, habited in a dress of the same material and cut, which is worn by a certain Romish order, but which they put off when they left the chapel. Whether Mr. Caird and Dr. Woringer had such habits under their albs I cannot say; for when I saw them after service, they were dressed in their usual clothes. Irvingism I pronounce not merely Romish, but jesuitical; for whereas many of them profess to be Protestants, they partake of the Holy Communion only in one kind. I rejoice that that has come to light which I detected years ago; and that I elicited the confession '*Protestants we are not*.' The sect designates itself 'The Church General of' or 'in Basle.' This too is jesuitical; for they pray for the Romish Bishop, declare themselves '*not Protestants*,' and therefore make common cause with the Papacy, and not with Protestants."

### THE CHURCH'S OFFICES—THEIR WHOLESOME INFLUENCE ON THE POOR.

A correspondent invites our attention to what has been, and still is doing in the newly-constituted district of St. Jude's, Bristol, where a very

beautiful church was consecrated by the Bishop on the last day of October. The site, the only one that could be procured, was till, very lately, the scene of an annual bull-baiting; and the character of the population is such that it was not without precautions beyond even the power of the police to furnish that the ground was originally fenced and barricaded in order to enable the builders to pursue their work unmolested. Since that time a clergyman, the Rev. W. Battersby, has been following his unwearied labour in the district, celebrating the offices of the Church in a licensed building. Since the dedication divine service has been said and sermons preached daily; and these services have been attended by congregations of poor inhabitants, exceeding frequently the means of accommodation. "The poor people," our informant writes, "throw their pence right willingly into the offertory; the numbers that come every evening to be instructed are very large; the average week-day attendance is from two hundred to three hundred; and on Sunday and some other evenings as many have been sent away as were admitted. I am sure the church would be filled if it were thrice as large. There are plenty of candidates for holy baptism as well as for matrimony. We have a very good surpliced choir of boys and men. Prayers are said at ten A.M. and seven every evening. The beauty of the architecture takes with the poor: they stay after the service crying and admiring. I have thought that this account might be not only interesting to you, but useful; as showing how the Church's offices will always reclaim the people,—I mean those who most want it—the poor, if they be thoroughly and effectually carried out. I subjoin a list of the subjects of the sermons which have been preached during the month by the incumbent with the assistance of a few of his brethren in our city. You will observe they form a course of sermons on the Church's offices as set forth in her Book of Common Prayer;—1. Forms of Prayer, useful; 2. Daily Prayer 3. Sentences, Exhortation, and Confession; 4. Special Thanksgiving (November 15); 5. Absolution; 6 The Lord's Prayer; 7 Venite, Psalms, *Te Deum*, and other hymns; 8. The Lessons; 9. The Creed; 10. The Prayer and Thanksgiving; 11. The Litany; 12; Collects, Epistles, and Gospels; 13. Communion Service; 14. Holy Baptism and Confirmation, 15. Matrimony and Churching of Women; 16. Visitation of Sick and Burial Service; 17. Communion Service; 18. Ordaining of Priests and Deacons."

*Guardian, London, Nov. 29, 1849.*

#### THE RECENT TRIAL AT MADRAS—WHITFORD v. LUGARD.

We participate in the painful sympathy with both plaintiff and defendant which this lamentable trial must have excited throughout the Church in India. It is beyond denial that not one particle of direct evidence has been adduced against the clergyman who has been deposed from his chaplaincy, in the Supreme Court at Madras. It is not too much to say, that he has suffered the extremest penalty which can be visited on his order, without the promulgation of one single proof that he has deserved such signal chastisement. Still it is our opinion that for the last issue, he must blame only himself, or his professional advisers. The case for adjudication being simply whether the letter addressed by Mr. Lugard and nine other of the clergy, to the Archdeacon of Madras be libellous, slanderous and defamatory, or not, all evidence on the *foundation* for suspicions therein exposed would be manifestly out of place, if the Court

should decide that the expositors were privileged to communicate *any suspicion* touching the conduct of the plaintiff, to their common ecclesiastical Superior. That they were so privileged is absolutely certain—we quite agree with the Advocate-General that the address at issue is “a candid, conscientious, privileged and just communication reflecting credit on the gentlemen forwarding it for the performance of their lawful duty.” And therefore we are extremely grieved that by any error or mismanagement, on one part or another, Mr. Lugard has been summoned for a defence so inexpedient.

We consider also that the whole censure which Mr. Smythe, the counsel for the prosecution, attempts to hurl at the Court of Directors is entirely irrelevant and uncandid. It can hardly admit of doubt that this step was suggested to, or imposed on the Court by communications received either directly, or through the Government, from the Archdeacon of Madras. The Court knew the said Archdeacon to be, in the absence of the Bishop, vested with authority in all things not reserved for the Episcopal office; and therefore competent to institute proceeding, *ex-officio*, and to pass judgment in the Court over which he had jurisdiction. And notwithstanding the plaintiff's Counsel's untimely assertion that Mr. Whitford came into Court, “not before he had applied to the highest authorities, in Church and State to clear his character, and had been refused;” we must defer to Sir William Burton's judgment, that “it is not for us” (as indeed it was not for the authorities at home) “to presume, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that the high persons to whom misconduct was imputed were actually guilty of what was stated against them; that they had listened to charges behind his back, that they had offered him no opportunity of rebutting those charges, that he had been deprived of his chaplaincy, and that his licence was revoked, before he was made aware that he was considered a guilty individual, and as such that he merited the treatment he experienced.” In default of evidence to the contrary, we consider it fairly presumable that certain very grave imputations reached the Court of Directors; and that in the full belief that these had been competently heard and adjudged before an Ecclesiastical tribunal competent to take cognizance of them, they considered them so heinous as to call for an annulment of the *pleasure* during which every chaplain holds preferment under the East India Company.

With Sir William Burton, we cannot believe that the charges imputed have been transacted by an ecclesiastical authority of Madras. But we also are convinced by him that if such be the case, (which it is scarcely possible to conceive,) great injustice has been done Mr. Whitford before God and man. And we think that the Church in India is plainly privileged to demand and to know whether Mr. Whitford had been cited to the Archdeacon's Consistory, for due investigation of any crimes laid to his charge, prior to December 7th. 1847, (the date of the letter addressed by the Archdeacon to the Chief Secretary to Government;) or whether there appeared such *proof positive* of certain transactions, as may palliate the enormity of acting under *ex-parte* statements; or whether it be the fact that in a chaplain's absence, and on suspicions which he is prepared to challenge, an Indian Archdeacon has committed himself to proceedings which have led to the deprivation of that chaplain, and made him an outcast from Society.

Supposing no results sinister to Mr. Whitford's reputation to have been arrived at, after due citations, prior to his absence on furlough, it seems to us that the belief entertained, and officially expressed, by Mr. Lugard and his colleagues might have been quite enough

to warrant the Archdeacon's appeal for an immediate cancelment of Mr. Whitford's furlough, and his return, in order to citation, on penalty of deprivation. For the peace of the Church, and the character of Mr. Whitford would both have been endangered by the delay of two or three years, and the growing rumours on the grounds for certain measures proposed, and debate of their issue, which would find place in all societies, by the very nature of their constitution. On the other hand, with all the deference becoming unprofessional men, we submit that if Mr. Whitford *knew* what his counsel intimates, that enquiries had been instituted, in his absence, and by co-operation of the Archdeacon of Madras, which, though he was prepared to contest the evidence elicited, had in effect, deprived him of preferment station and respectability, his plaint had been more justly laid against that Archdeacon. At the same time we think that his omission so to sue, or to proceed criminally, having sworn his innocence, (as suggested by the Advocate General) is, in some degree, presumption against him.

Though we think that it does not affect the ecclesiastical question, still it may be considered proper to say that the Court of Directors are now stated to have decided on Mr. Whitford's dismissal before they heard of the *new* charges brought against him. So much the more inexpedient would be any such *ex-parte* proceedings as are said by the plaintiff's counsel to have been resorted to. Of course there are degrees of delinquency which are not visited with due severity by mere revocation of licence, and expulsion from one diocese. But if a church dignitary will resort to measures which may scandalize a clergyman already, virtually, without his jurisdiction, through Christendom; at least let there be an opportunity for his defence.

How such investigations are managed at home appears from the case of the Revd. Seton Karr, Vicar of Berkeley, of which we received intelligence by a recent mail. A suit was commenced against this gentleman, in the Court of Arches, on the promotion of the Rural Dean, the Revd. G. Madan, for "offending against the laws Ecclesiastical by profane cursing and swearing, and for lewd and indecent conduct and conversation, and for having permitted and encouraged lewd and indecent conduct in his household, and for having been repeatedly guilty——— and for having been repeatedly guilty of acts of drunkenness, and having by excesses and irregularities, and conduct and demeanour unbecoming a clergyman, brought great scandal upon the Church." Mr. Karr requested his Diocesan, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who had suspended him from the duties of his office while the suit in Arches was pending, to institute a private investigation; offering to resign his living, if any single charge should be proved against him, to the satisfaction of indifferent and unprejudiced parties. On the Bishop's informing him that he was not at liberty to withdraw the inhibition, Earl Fitzhardinge, and other of Mr. Seton Karr's parishioners addressed his Lordship a letter, the tenor of which will appear from the following equitable reply, which presents the strongest possible contrast to the alleged proceedings at Madras.

*Stapleton, January 9, 1850.*

"My Lord,—I have received a letter signed by your lordship and a large number of parishioners of Berkeley, of both sexes, in which you complain of my having inhibited the Rev. John Seton Karr from the performance of the services of the Church, so long as the charges against him are under investigation.

" I reply, that being convinced, from the nature of the offences charged, that the greatest scandal was likely to arise from his continuing to officiate, and that his ministrations must be worse than useless while such foul imputations were pending against him, I deemed it my imperative duty to follow the course which the law had prescribed.

" The case, indeed, is so exactly met by the provisions of the statute (3 and 4 Vict., c. 86, sec. 14), that cannot believe that any Bishop, or any other person who had seen the depositions which I have seen, could hesitate about the course which ought to be adopted.

" That this temporary inhibition is of the nature of a punishment, I do not admit; most Clergymen would desire to be relieved from their sacred duties while labouring under charges of such a nature, however strong they might feel in conscious innocence. Nor can I recognize it as being at variance with the other institutions of our country. A person charged with offences in the civil courts is imprisoned or held on bail till he can be brought to trial. In the army, an accused officer is suspended from his professional duties until a court-martial has decided upon the justice of the accusation. In causes ecclesiastical there appears to be a still greater necessity for the intermission of the services of an accused Clergyman during the process. Nothing can be more offensive to the religious feelings of the people than that the Word of God should be pronounced, and the Holy Sacrament administered, by one who is at the same moment himself charged with scandalous immorality.

" Your lordship, and the ladies and gentlemen whose names follow your lordship's, have, it seems, never till now heard of any such enormities being laid to the charge of your Vicar. Nevertheless, it is certain that rumours of that description, though they did not reach your ears, have been for some time in Berkeley and the neighbouring country; of that fact I was informed several months ago by several of his brother Clergymen, who found that great scandal was thereby caused to the Church, particularly by one report, of a circumstantial nature, which was obtaining extensive circulation. The method which I adopted to protect the Church and the clerical character was this:—I empowered a commission of five Clergymen, of high character, to inquire into the truth of the reports, and if they were ill-founded, or if they believed them to proceed not from criminality, but only from levity of conduct, to make known their opinion in such a manner as might tend to what I had hoped. I am sorry to say that the investigation, carried on in Mr. Karr's own presence, left upon the minds of the Clergymen an impression of his guilt, and a conviction that the case could only be properly dealt with in a court of judicature.

" Your lordship cannot fail to observe that, in prosecuting an action of this nature, a Clergyman can have no motive except a wish to see justice done to the Church, and preserve the clerical character untarnished;—beyond this public benefit no imaginable advantage can be in his contemplation, while much trouble and considerable expense are incurred. For myself, I shall sincerely rejoice if, by the issue of these proceedings, the Vicar of Berkeley can be restored with a pure and untainted character to the discharge of his sacred functions.

I am, my lord, your lordship's obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) " J. H. GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

" The Right Hon. Earl Fitzhardinge, Berkeley Castle, Berkeley."



We are not aware whether any precisely parallel proceedings are available to our Colonial dignitaries. But we do know that in certain dioceses, the Bishop's Consistorial Court is a ready instrument for the vindication of injured clergy, and the punishment of the injurious. We well recollect, in 1842, the citation of a priest to Sydney, from a remote part of the Diocese of Australia, to answer charges preferred by some of his parishioners; and only very lately, the advance of a Deacon in the same see to the order of the Priesthood having been objected to, on the ground of his having slandered his brethren in the ministry and insulted the Bishop; he was cited into the Consistorial Court, sentenced to three months suspension, and inhibited from performing any Diaconal office until he should have satisfactorily acknowledged his fault to the Bishop.

### TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND.

As we observe an announcement in the "Home News" of the 7th of February that an English Clergyman, the Rev. A. Lendrum, Principal of St. Margaret's College, Crief, will undertake to receive the Sons of Indian officials for education at Trinity College, Glenalmond, we are happy to extend the circulation of the following Pastoral letter addressed by the Bishops to the Members of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, with other interesting details, which have appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*.

"Whereas the Collegiate Institution, known by the name of Trinity College, and situated within the united Diocese of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, was eight years ago designed and set on foot in order to supply the defect of a suitable place of sound and religious education for the sons of the middle and upper classes of society in communion with the Episcopal Church in this country, and more especially to furnish the disciplinary means of religious training and preparation (in addition to the doctrinal instruction before provided), for such students of more advanced age as should propose to become candidates for Holy Orders:

"And whereas, knowing that the deficiency under which our communion then laboured in both these respects was generally acknowledged and complained of, and feeling ourselves deeply concerned to do all that in us lies to effect its removal; when God had put it into the hearts of certain lay members of the Church to set on foot an institution which might tend, by His blessing, to remedy these defects, we received with all joy and thankfulness, both to God and to them, the communication of their pious design, and we scrupled not, as you know, to make a public appeal to the members of the Church, both here and elsewhere, in behalf of a work of such paramount importance, recommending 'it to our brethren in Christ as a fitting object for their prayers and alms;' which accordingly we did in our Pastoral letter, dated from Edinburgh, September 2, 1841:—

"And whereas the said College has been now in partial operation for upwards of two years, during which time it has given sufficient proof that the hopes we had entertained of the benefit to arise from its establishment, as a place both of general education and of preparation of candidates for Holy Orders, were well founded; of which, indeed, we could entertain no reasonable doubt, considering the eminent qualifications of those to whose hands the administration of its teaching and discipline has been committed, and the sacrifices they have so munificently made for the furtherance of this great object:

"And whereas, though the College is now partially built, a very considerable sum—probably not less than 20,000*l.*—is still required to complete the erection according to the original design; and thereby to secure to the members of our communion the full benefits which the said admirable design is calculated to convey; combining, as it does, with all the necessary internal accommodation, those external features of grandeur and stability which suitably represent its noble purposes:

"Now, We, taking into our consideration the unspeakable importance of this good and sacred work, the pressing need which has arisen for additional aid, in order to its completion, and the very great advantages which all the members of our communion cannot fail to derive, more or less directly, from the foundation, when the state of its resources shall suffice to extend the blessings of its operation more widely; and having in view both the temporal and spiritual benefit of the flock committed to our charge; do hereby affectionately recommend that the Clergyman and vestry in every congregation within our several Dioceses, do appoint an offertory to be made on behalf of the funds of Trinity College, in Glenalmond, on such Lord's Day as they shall respectively deem most convenient and suitable, within six months from this present date, and that the Clergy, on that occasion, do move their several flocks to contribute liberally according to their abilities, to the furtherance and support of the said design.

"Now, brethren, we commend you to God, and to the Word of His Grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

"Your faithful Bishops and Pastors in Christ."

[Signed by the Primus and all the other Bishops.]

The buildings of the College, it seems, at present completed, consist of two sides, north and west, of a large quadrangle, 190 feet square; comprehending the warden's house—apartments for the sub-warden and five assistants—complete accommodation for 130 boys (of whom the forty seniors have each separate sleeping rooms, and the rest, distinct and private compartments, in three large dormitories running along the whole of the north and the half of the west side of the quadrangle,) and rooms for thirteen divinity students. The east side of the quadrangle, which is to comprehend the large school-room (with accommodation for domestics in the upper story), and the hall, remain to be built; as does also the south side, which is to consist of a cloister connecting the Chapel (which stands out from the quadrangle at the south-east corner) with the warden's house. The grounds comprehend a space of twenty acres, which has been laid out in kitchen-garden, walks, and play-ground, for cricket, fives, &c., for the boys.

The works already completed (including stabling, washing-house, and other out-houses,) have required an expenditure of little less than 42,000*l.* Of this sum, about 36,000*l.* have been raised by subscriptions, of which far the greater part has been collected in England. The remaining 6,000*l.* have been recently advanced on loan by members of the council and other friends of the College, in order to meet an offer of the Warden—the Rev. Charles Wordsworth, son of the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and nephew of the Poet Laureate—who, in addition to his former munifi-

ficent donation of 5,000*l.*, proposed to take upon himself the erection of the Chapel, at the cost of between 5,000*l.* and 6,000*l.*, provided that others should be willing to advance a similar sum for other portions of the work ; and provided, also, that both parties should be gradually reimbursed, in equal shares, out of the first available surplus of the College funds. To repay these several parties, and to complete the quadrangle by the erection of the school-room, hall, and south cloisters, it is estimated that a further sum, little short of 20,000*l.*, will be required. The Warden's offer having been liberally met by the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir John Gladstone, Mr. Smythe of Methven, Mr. Walker of Bowland, and others, the Chapel was immediately proceeded with, and is now in rapid progress.

The number of boys at present in the junior department is forty-seven ; of students in the senior department, seven. The Chapel and school-room must be completed before any large addition to these numbers can be received. Of the forty-seven boys ten (who are mostly sons of Clergy) are receiving exhibitions from the College, each of the value of 30*l.* per annum. And if the College continues to succeed and flourish, it is intended that the number of these Exhibitioners shall be proportionably increased. The students of the senior department also are, almost all, largely assisted by Bursaries, varying in value from 10*l.* to 25*l.*

The subscription-list includes the names of the Queen Dowager, the late Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishops of London, Gloucester, Salisbury, Oxford, St. Davids, Elphin, Calcutta, Madras, the late Bishops of Bangor, St. Asaph's and Barbadoes, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Deans and Chapters of Winchester and Salisbury, Magdalene and Jesus Colleges, Oxford, Winchester College, and a long array of the Scotch aristocracy and gentry.

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# THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

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## I.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE RAMGURH DISTRICT.

THE year 1831 passed with me in the Ramgurh district, where I was then Register and Assistant to the Magistrate and Collector. The constitution of this district was, in consequence of its great extent and the variety of its races, necessarily different from that of other zillahs. This large district reached from the bank of Monghyr near the Nursingpoor hills to the southern extent of Chota Nagpoor, and from the extremity of the Bancoorah district eastward, commencing at Gomeah Chutty, to the bank of the river Soane in the west. These very circumstances, I am now inclined to allow, fully justified the measure which the Government subsequently adopted, of breaking up this immense area into many sub-divisions, and of placing it under charge of many subordinate officers residing at places in the territory; whereas, in the times of which I write, the offices of Government were at the very north-western extremity of the principality, and, in some cases, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from the police stations. The consequences which flowed from this state of things may be conceived by any one acquainted with Indian police and native notions. The Darogas of police were, in many respects, the virtual masters of the country; and did as they pleased—for few people had the time and the money to come a fourteen or even a seven days journey to complain of anything but a vital injury. The native inhabitants of this district were, and are still, saving alone the higher classes—(and of these the proportion is very small,) in a state border-

ing on the primitive, while they occupy a country in many places notorious for its unhealthiness, not only to Europeans, but also to any Indians but those born in it. From the general absence of all education among this people, and even of a knowledge of reading and writing, it arises that it is next to impossible to find among them persons in any way calculated to hold office; to which such a knowledge is indispensable. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary to select for office men from the northern and more civilized parts of the country. These men were not only not accustomed to the hill people and their habits, but were liable to all the ailments and sicknesses which a sudden transfer from a well cultivated and champaign country to one of hills and dense forests, is likely to engender. I perfectly recollect more than one instance of the singular effect produced on natives of the upper country, by a residence in Chota Nagpore of only one year's duration; in which men of very fair complexions, and well to do as to their corporeal dimensions, returned to the Sudder station almost as dark as the natives of that country, and with bodies attenuated to most slender proportions. Besides these drawbacks to the holding of office in Chota Nagpore, there was another, and, to some minds, a much greater evil to be incurred. The belief in spells, incantations, and magic is rife throughout all India: nor are the most educated free from this delusion. It is universally credited in the more civilized parts of the country, that the people of the South are powerful in spells, and that, among the hills and forests, ghosts or "bhoots," a kind of mischievous devils, abound.

All these things, as may be supposed, were against the obtaining as Police Officers men of a description in any way likely to discharge the duties of the office as they should be done. In fact, no respectable man would willingly accept office in Chota Nagpore, and then only when driven to it by absolute necessity. Thus the generality of the police in that country were rapacious and needy characters, who lived, as the native proverb says, with their lives in their hands, being daily subject to attacks of disease which would prostrate their strength, and require them to return, as the only chance of cure, to their native province. On these accounts every man departed from Behar to take up office in Chota Nagpore with a determination to make hay while the sun shone, and to collect as much money as possible in the shortest space of time. That the methods adopted to insure this end were none of the purest and most gentle, will be readily con-

ceived ; and so it came to pass that we, at head quarters, generally knew very little of what was going on in these remote parts : and the great distance of the country from the seat of power ensured almost immunity of detection. It must, therefore, be fully allowed, that the poor hill men had reason to complain of the system under which they lived, which was, in its nature, faulty. At the same time it must be allowed, that the Coles, as they were called, did not offer a very tempting field for extortion or oppression. With them money is a rarity, and the stock in trade of a hill family is scanty in the extreme. A large hempen net contains a few brass pots for cooking, which is generally his whole wealth, and his axe in his hand furnishes him with wood from the surrounding forests wherewith to manufacture a hut, and with fuel. He clears away a small spot of ground which he cultivates, and on which he grows the grain which is to enable him to pay a slight rent and support his little ones. Petty vexations and extortions up to a certain point he may stand, but beyond that he will resist. He has nothing to bind him to his soil, his house is of no value, as he will with no difficulty find the means of erecting another, and any neighbouring Chief will readily give him protection. If, therefore, his patience be too strongly tried, he throws his net and brass pots over his shoulder, and, taking his axe in his hand, sets off with his wife and children to some other spot where the tyrant's hand is slackened. People of this kind do not afford much grasp to any officer, however rapacious he may be ; and I am, therefore, led to think that where money was made by the police, it must have been received from the higher and the richer classes, of whom, however, there were but a few thinly scattered over the face of the country.

It was in the most distant part of the district Khu-nugdeca, zillah Ramgurh, that the event occurred which I am about to narrate, and which is as deliberate and cold-blooded a murder as I ever heard of. It was about the middle of the month of April, just as the hot winds begin to set in with the greatest violence, and the most inclement season of India commences, when every one who would retain his health hides his head within his house, and never moves from behind a well-watered tattee save in a case of absolute necessity, that the Thannadar of the town of Khu-nugdeca sent in a report to the Magistrate, stating that a foul murder had been committed on the person of a widowed Rance of a place which I shall call Nathpoor, under circum-

stances of peculiar atrocity, and he assured the *chef* that he was forthwith going to the spot, where he would spare no pains to bring to justice the perpetrators of the crime.

Before any more detailed information could be received from the police, rumour began to speak with her hundred tongues, and reports reached the ear that this was no common case, and that some influential persons were at the bottom of it. At last it was broadly asserted that the instigator of the murder was the brother-in-law of the deceased, by name, the Rajah Nawab Singh; and that every effort would be made, large sums of money spent, and threats used, if necessary, to pervert the course of justice. The distance, too, of Nathpoo, which was about a hundred miles from Sherghatty, and in the middle of a wild hilly country where no European had ever set his foot since the first conquest of the territory, all tended to facilitate the machinations which might be set on foot. It became, therefore, needful to take some strong step to crush these things in the bud, and my worthy *chef* deemed it necessary to depute me in person to the spot. This, in effect, constituted me sole authority to investigate the crime charged, since by the Regulation specifically enacted for Ramgurh, the Assistant Magistrate, when travelling in the district, possessed Magisterial power. The prospect of the trip, as far as the weather was concerned, did not please me much, for the heat was indescribable, nor had Khunugdeea a very good repute for climate. I had been, however, by far too well educated in the Service to make any demur at Mr. C.'s wishes; and my zeal, which was then at its zenith, was amply sufficient to prompt a more than ready compliance with them. It was, of course, an object to arrive at the spot as speedily as might be, since every hour gained by the intriguers was lost to justice. It was, however, wholly impossible for me at that season to go *dâk* in a country, where neither the food nor the shelter fit for an European was to be procured; and I was, therefore, compelled to adopt the plan of marching. Two days sufficed to make my preparations, and the morning of the third saw me *en route* for Nathpoo.

So singular a district was ours of Ramgurh, that, although I might have *marched* through it to my journey's end, yet the road passed through thick jungles and over high ghauts in the hills, which were barely pervious to the carriage which it was necessary to take with me. On this account I chose to pursue my journey through my old district of Behar; a roundabout way, it is true, but one which, as I was assured,

and afterwards found true, led me eventually to my destination more speedily than I could have marched by the other. I pass by the opportunity which now offers of depicting the very interesting town of Gya, the great resort of pilgrims from all parts of India, with its multitude of variously dressed strangers, and its bloated unwieldy Gyawals or Priests, who dispatch their emissaries in every direction to beat up for recruits to visit the shrines, and their concomitant abominations. I may hereafter draw a picture of these things. My road lay through a very picturesque country, and as I neared Khunugdeea, the passes or ghauts in the hills which presented themselves in successive ranges were very grand. Travelling in the day time was out of the question. I, contrary to the usual custom, preferred travelling in the evening by torch light. As in many of these hills there was a large quantity of *ubour* or *mica*, the particles of which had been scattered about by the winds, and by the dropping of pieces from the backs of the beasts of burden—the light of the torches shining on the ground bestrewed with this glittering substance was a peculiarly pleasing sight. At other times we used to come in sight of lines of burning jungle\* extending for several miles and diverging into many different branches, so as to give a very vivid idea of rivers of molten gold, while every now and then some tree falling would send up a volume of sparks, as if some large fish were leaping in the waters. Very lovely

\* It is a very disputed question how these jungles, and bamboo forests in general, become ignited. In many cases the forests are set on fire in consequence of careless travellers leaving their cooking fires unextinguished, and the lighted pieces being blown about by the wind. In some parts of the hills where the mowa tree grows, which is used as food by the poorer classes and affords an article of immense traffic for the purpose of distillation, the people who put up the fruit are afraid to penetrate the jungles lest they should be seized by a tiger. In these parts it is not uncommon to find villages on the Government Rolls assessed at so much per annum, in which there is neither house nor inhabitant; the mowa fruit is the available asset. To get at these trees in safety, the people set fire to the grass and jungle; and then the fire extends to a great distance. It has been asserted that in the hot weather the bamboos ignite by the friction of the branches, and I have heard this very confidently asserted by the natives. It has, however, been as strenuously denied—and the learned say that such a thing is impossible. I find that Colonel Todd, in his Western India, alludes to the same subject, and seems to accept as true the native account. All I can say is that the spectacle is magnificent—but as to its origin—non nostrum est etc., etc.



were some of these scenes,—a fact which even the great heat could not deter me from remarking;—nor were more stirring incidents wanting to enliven the road; for the country, almost wholly uncultivated, save some patches in the plains between the hills, was full of wild beasts; and the roar of the tiger was not unfrequently heard among the cries of smaller animals. The strength of my party and the lights carried by the attendants, however, prevented their making any inroads on us; and the jungle was too dense for us to pursue them with any chance of success.\* Not unfrequently we came to passes over which the elephants could travel only with difficulty and I was obliged to dismount that the beasts might scramble through. This was the road represented to me as the more accessible: what might be the nature of that which I, in the exercise of my discretion, had avoided, may be conceived. On the whole, notwithstanding a few drawbacks, the journey was very pleasant;—the scenery to one accustomed to the plains, was very interesting, the mission on which I was sent was one of importance, its having been entrusted to me was a proof of the confidence reposed in me. I might, I thought, distinguish myself, and I was young and had few cares on my shoulders.

In my way, nothing very material occurred. I rejoiced to see at Gya my friends the I.'s; poor Duncan Macleod, who gave promise of much future excellence as an officer, and whose early zeal wore away prematurely the spring of life; and also G. P. Beauchamp, the soul of high feeling, and full of the milk of human kindness. He was the Collector of Pilgrim tax,—an office long since abolished, together with the tax the collection of which was its object. Of these four, death has laid his hand on three; there were others whom I looked on as my friends—but they are alive, and might not care to be noticed in public.

\* In these countries the usual method of tiger-shooting on elephants cannot be practised; even elephants are not able to penetrate these jungles. The natives lay wait for them and shoot them from the tops of machans. When a tiger is particularly troublesome, and has killed many men or cattle, his death is resolved on. His usual place for drinking is discovered, and the people build in some tree close by a platform, and roof it in. Here they take up their station with guns and some food, and await the coming of the beast, who seldom eventually escapes, though he sometimes keeps them a long while in suspense. The Pathan Musulmans are very fond of this amusement—but to me, a long session under a tree, especially while I had plenty else to do, did not seem very inviting.

When I arrived at Hussooa in Behar, and before I re-entered my own district by the western ghaut, a native of the place called on me, and asked if I had any objection to see the Rajah Sahib. I was a little astonished at the request, since, having been previously in Behar, I knew personally the greatest part of the magnates, and *all* of them by name. That of the Rajah of Hussooa had never come to my ears : in course of enquiry, the mystery was explained. The poor lad who sought an interview with me was the lineal descendant of the Raja Ekbal Ally Khan, who was in former days a man of great influence in these parts, he being then the zemindar of four pergunnas estimated as producing some six lakhs of rupees. It seems that Ekbal Ally, though subject to, and living under the protection of, the British, had very little affection for his legal superiors ; but in this respect he was not, I fear, much worse than the Musulman Chiefs of the present day. It so happened that about the time of the insurrection of Chyt Singh at Benares, an English medical officer of the name of Hodgkiss had proceeded into the interior of the Behar district for the purpose of pursuing some botanical researches ; and he was encamped on the estate of the Rajah. News arrived, while Mr. H. was there, of the Benares outbreak, and report at first proclaimed that it had been successful, and, in the transports which arose from the idea that the rule of the Feringhee was at an end, the unfortunate botanist was massacred.

Things soon righted themselves at Benares, and the affairs of the English were established on a firmer basis than before ; inquisition must be made for the innocent blood which had been shed. Of the murder there could be no manner of doubt—but who did the deed ? It had been done by the servants and dependants of the Rajah, and he represented that they had acted without his orders, and that he himself was in no way privy to the act. It is altogether uncertain whether this plea were true or not ; and the chances were altogether against its being so. It was well known that the intentions of Chyt Singh had been revealed by emissaries sent from Benares to every potentate and person of note in Benares and Behar ; and it was equally a matter of notoriety that, had the English been worsted at Benares, the whole country would have been in arms. It was also utterly unlikely that in India, where dependants are obedient even to obsequiousness, the servants of the Rajah should take upon themselves to commit an act which must necessarily embroil their master with the British, unless he had given his tacit sanc-

tion to the measure. The probabilities were, therefore, all in favour of the Rajah's guilt : there could in fact be no moral doubt about it. But those were not times in which the Government could afford to be very nice ; disaffection was at work in the heart of our own country, and it became necessary to shew the Princes of India, that while we knew how to reward with no niggard hand those who had stood by us in the hour of danger, we yet knew how to recompense those who took advantage of that danger to raise the standard of rebellion, and to add murder to disloyalty. Ekbal Ally absconded, but no attempt was made to bring him to justice. The Government took the act as one of treachery and treason, and, while it guaranteed safety of life and limb to the criminal, at one blow confiscated his property. A severer doom has rarely fallen on man—from wealth and influence he became a pauper and a nonentity. Repeatedly did the Rajah and his immediate successor petition against the order, and pray for some modification of its severity ; but each succeeding Governor turned a deaf ear to the representation, and at length the poor people succumbed under the hopelessness of the case. It was the great grandson of Ekbal Ally on whose behalf the interview was sought. I never could discover the reason why the lad, who was not above five years old, was brought to me, as it was not in my power to do anything for him : he was a dweller in another district. The whole scene pained me much, and had a distressing effect on my mind. Natives possessing any pretensions to rank are always most particular on the subject of etiquette, the manner of their reception, &c., as these things mark their status in society. The agent on behalf of this descendant of a once powerful house made no attempt to stipulate for his client ; he was too fallen from his high estate to stand on any ceremony ; he never even proposed that the poor child should be brought inside my tent, into which I would, had I been asked, have admitted him readily. In the evening, as I was loitering about my tent, I beheld my applicant of the morning accompanied by a man bearing in his arms across his hip a young child meanly and scantily dressed, having for his ornaments two silver rings worn to such a degree of attenuation, that they resembled wire more than any thing else. My astonishment was great when I beheld in this lad the descendant of Ekbal Ally Khan ; pomp and circumstance I had not looked for, but some attempt to support the appearance of dignity I had expected, and I was not, therefore, prepared for such dire degradation. It proceeded, as I subsequently learned from the

depths of poverty into which the whole family was plunged. I shewed the lad what civility I could, and then bade him farewell with a sorrowful heart. Verily the fathers eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. I never saw a more forcible illustration of the proverb, than that on which I had recently set my eyes.

In due time I reached Khunugdeea, which was within two marches of Nathpoor; and here I first received from the police daroga still residing at the latter place, a paper containing an account of what he had done in the matter of the Rance's murder, but the investigation had not been formally concluded. The papers stated that the suspicions against the Rajah Nawab Singh had been very considerably increased, but that adequate judicial proof to warrant his committal to close custody had not been found—he had, therefore, been released on bail. This strong suspicion too existed in respect to the instigation of the murder, since as yet no one had come forward to charge the Rajah with having been personally present when the deed was done. Unfortunately, in India, there are generally many instruments ready to do the bidding of unscrupulous principals, who are unwilling to run the risk of personally encountering the threatenings of the law; and there is no deficiency of agents who, for a consideration, are willing to suffer the vicarious punishment due to another. It is equally to be lamented that in India, where this facility exists to an unusually great degree, the law is very favorable to it; strict proof is required of the fact of the crime, and of the criminals by whom it has been done; but beyond this point, the case is barely ever pressed, and then with small hope of success, as the law now stands. The present instance is in point.

I could do nothing effectively at Khunugdeea, and so I proceeded forthwith to Nathpoor, and being on my way thither, I shall relate the circumstances connected with the family in which this murder had been committed. The family was of the Rajpoot race, and the estate was named Ghidhore, which in process of time descended to the Rajah Jeswunt Singh, the husband of the Rance above mentioned, and the elder brother of the present Rajah Nawab Singh, on whom suspicion had fallen. The Rajah Jeswunt Singh died very young and without male heirs, and some very unpleasant stories were in circulation as to the manner of his demise and the author of it. Credit, however, must be accorded with great caution to all reports of this sort; for in almost every instance of speedy death in India, the same report is

circulated, and some one or other inculpated. Could one be brought to believe that in one fourth of the instances of which we hear, there was the slightest ground for believing the charge true, it would present the Indian community in a point of view more shocking than any which it has been hitherto exhibited in by its worst enemy. Still, however, amidst a people, which, as a whole, I may with reason call moral ;—striking instances do occur enough to stagger belief.

India is from first to last an exemplification of anomalies. The Hindoo law is based in a disallowing of primogeniture as a valid cause for dispossessing all younger sons for the benefit of the eldest. A small portion of land in excess of his brothers, (*called Jethuns*;) is all that the eldest could claim ; and this right or claim was rarely advanced. Though this was, and is now the law, yet before the time when the English Company appeared as rulers of the land, this law was practically disregarded. Where might was right, and where being owner of land ensured only ill treatment at the hands of the collecting officers, in the time of the Moghul rule, many persons declined incurring responsibility, and preferred going out to service with belligerent potentates, whose continual petty wars offered ample opportunities of employment to all comers. The most able financier or manager remained at home and took care of the family property—and he would not permit of its division or separation. Under the British rule, where property is secure and therefore valuable, nothing is so much coveted as a share in landed property. The Hindoos soon learned to claim their several shares, and as we profess to administer to them their own Civil Law, the claims were declared valid ; thus came forth the strange fact that the laws of Menu as to inheritance were first given practical effect to by British Courts of Justice.

To this general rule there has been, however, an exception in favour of some particular estates of Rajahs and others, in which the principle of subdivision has been over-ruled in favor of primogeniture, and in such cases the younger children have generally a small portion of land allotted to them for subsistence. It would seem that the Raj or estate of Ghidhore was of this description, since the whole property came undivided to Jeswunt Singh, Nawab Singh's brother, and Nawab Singh himself had no part nor parcel therein save what his brother chose to give him. On the death, however, of Jeswunt, who had no male heirs, the property passed to Nawab Singh, who consequently entered on possession. But before Jeswunt's death, a provision for his wife and two young daughters was

agitated ; and how this was effected I do not rightly comprehend. By the laws current in Bengal, widows invariably succeed to a share of the husband's property : by that extant in Behar, a widow is entitled to nothing more than a provision of food, clothing and lodging for life, save where the property has been held in severalty by her husband, in which case she succeeds. Now the latter was the situation of the Ghidhore property, and it therefore seemed that whether the Ranee's position was judged by the shasters of Behar or of Bengal, she had a decided right to some portion of the property. The location of Ghidhore, properly speaking neither in Behar nor in Bengal, but between the two, gave a semblance of difficulty to the moot point ; but as the civil matters of Ghidhore, by a singular arrangement, were referrible in appeal to the Court at Moorsshedabad, and not to that at Patna, the leaning seems to have been towards Bengal.

It was in all probability to provide against this uncertainty, as well as to secure a provision for his family independent of the caprice of a third party, that the Raja Jeswunt Singh, shortly before his decease, executed a deed whereby he separated off and made over to his wife two and twenty villages free from the control of his brother, for the support and protection of the family. The deed was not apparently produced until after the death of Jeswunt Singh, and caused the new Rajah great astonishment and annoyance. He had hoped to incur no expense on account of his sister-in-law and her offspring but that of food and lodging ; and his chagrin was great to find " a huge cantle " cut out of his inheritance. He first tried all his powers of persuasion on the Ranee to induce her to abandon her claim ; and made magnificent promises as to the future. Without, however, imputing to the Ranee any undue mistrust of her brother-in-law, it is not to be wondered at that she declined his offer ; and that she preferred being the free and unfettered mistress of her own acts and movements, to being the inmate of a family with which she could feel little sympathy, and where she would be at least a cypher and perhaps a servant. If to this mistrust were added whatever grounds good or bad might then have existed, it must be amply acknowledged that subsequent events justified to the fullest extent whatever fears were entertained.

Foiled in his attempt to induce the Ranee to yield on this point, he took the first hostile step ; he refused to abide by the deed, alleging it to be a forgery ; adding that had it been *bona fide* executed by Jeswunt Singh, it would have been published before, and not kept back until death had sealed his

lips. The Ranee appealed to the witnesses to the deed, and to her husband's seal affixed thereto ; the witnesses, he said, had their own interests to serve in supporting the Ranee's claim to an independent subsistence, and as to the seal, it was in the Ranee's power to do with it what she pleased. I may here explain that to natives of either persuasion, Hindoo or Mussulman, nothing can be more repugnant than allusions to their female relations, and the public mention of their names ; yet such is the force of circumstances, that even this feeling fades away before avarice. This unseemly contest between the lady and her brother-in-law, however much both parties disliked publicity, could not be brought to an amicable termination by the intervention of mutual friends. Law was the only resource. The Rajah peremptorily declined to deliver over possession of the property demanded. The Ranee had her backers, who agreed to stand by her. She, one day suddenly left the Rajbaree at Ghidhore which had been partially occupied by Nawab Singh, and with her two infant daughters fled to the house of a relation.

Here an attempt was made very characteristic of India and the Indians. The regular and legitimate course of the Ranee was the institution of a civil suit in the Dewany Court to obtain possession of the lands which she claimed ; but this did not consist with her views and those of her advisers. They all knew well that it would take much money to follow this plan, and, considering the existing state of the Courts, they could not reasonably expect a decision for four or five years, after which they would have to run the gauntlet of the Appellate Court. Why should all this trouble and expense be incurred, when by a little management, and a few oaths of unblushing perjury, a chance of immediate success presented itself ? A case was therefore got up in the Foujdary or Criminal Court under the Regulation xv of 1824, which empowered the Magistrate to retain in possession any one who, having been in legal possession of houses or lands, should be forcibly dispossessed of them. It was abundantly plain to all who knew anything of the history of the transaction, that the Ranee had never for one instant received possession of the villages claimed ; but this was no hindrance whatever. A petition was duly presented to the Magistrate, which set forth, that the Rajah Nawab Singh had, with a body of armed men, or rather by the instrumentality of a force, turned her out of her lands.

Fortune, however, did not favour the Ranee in the present instance. The circumstances attending Jeswunt Singh's death

were not of a nature to be easily concealed—for they were in fact the talk of the whole country. The Ranee's agents, notwithstanding the careful way in which they got up their case, and backed it with very decisive, though perjured testimony, failed in persuading the Magistrate that the Ranee had ever been in possession of the villages; and he dismissed her claim to summary restitution. There then remained to her one course only—viz: that which she originally should have adopted, a regular suit in the Civil Courts. This she in the end did—and after some years those Courts decreed definitely in favour of the genuineness of the deed in her favour, and also of Jeswunt Singh having been legally empowered to execute the same. It appears strange that during the deliberate investigation and discussion with which the passing of this decree was attended, no opinion was elicited or given as to the precise nature of the interest conveyed by the document in dispute; that is, whether the Ranee became in consequence thereof the virtual owner of the property, or whether it was merely a grant for life, which on her death lapsed to the grantor, or those who stood in his place. Had this been any where declared, it is more than probable that the deed which called for my presence in Khunugdea would not have been done. Nothing, however, at the time called for the mooted of the principle. The Ranee applied for the execution of her decree, and it was fully carried out by her being put in possession of her twenty-two villages, while the costs of both sides were paid by Nawab Singh. The Ranee being now wholly independent of her brother-in-law, set up a household of her own; she established herself at Nath-poor, where she built a kind of a garhí or fort, in which, with her two young daughters, she took up her abode.

Time passed on, during which nothing material to this history occurred. The quondam belligerent parties were never on good terms; but there was no active hostility between them. This, however, was not destined to last very long; and matters soon occurred, which led to collision and deadly results. It is the object of every one in India, but especially with the Rajpoots, to get a respectable match for their daughters; but the difficulty of doing this, and the great expense attending the ceremony, are very serious obstacles to the completion of a matrimonial engagement. To have unmarried daughters is a reflection, and, from other obvious causes, to the sensitive Rajpoot, a calamity; and to this feeling it is that the former prevalence of the custom of female infanticide is to be attributed. I have here used



the word "former," as we have now good reason to hope that this abomination is, except in very rare instances, rooted out of the British dominions. The Nathpooor Ranee was not behind the other Rajpoot families in her anxiety to have her daughters married; and as she was not only independent, but also well to do in the world, there was no deficiency of suitable matches. It was I think about the year 1826 or 1827 that the eldest of the two daughters was betrothed, and the auspicious date was calculated by the Brahmins for bringing away the bride from her mother's house to that of her husband. Before the completion of this ceremony, however, it was bruited abroad as a topic of conversation that the Rancee had been persuaded to write a deed in her daughter's favour of one-half her property—conditioning that the gift, though absolute at the period of writing, should take effect only after the writer's death, by which means she would during her life enjoy the profits of the Estate. News of this in due time reached the Rajah Nawab Singh, who was greatly disquieted thereby. He had not contemplated the possibility of a move in this direction. He had grieved sorely over his dismembered estate, but had all along comforted himself with the notion that sooner or later the *disjecta membra* would be united once more to the stock, and the whole Raj be again unclipped of its fair proportions. His hopes, as far as it remained in the power of the Rancee to frustrate them, were at once levelled to the ground, and rudely trampled on. Nawab Singh was at a loss how to act. Situated as he was with his brother's wife, he saw little prospect of any amicable termination of this second dispute; while his recent taste of law, in which he had come off second best, and had had to disburse largely, had raised in him a strong disinclination to tempt the frowns of fate again in the arena of litigation. Hopeless, therefore, as was the prospect, he was fain to try his arts of dissuasion; and he wrote letters as well as sent messengers to remonstrate with the lady on the course which she was pursuing. He found her, however, on the present occasion, as little amenable to suasion as she had proved to be on the former one.

Nawab Singh then, however loth, was obliged to plunge into law, and sued the Rancee in the Courts, calling on them to interfere, and set aside the deed of gift in favor of the daughter; and thus they were again fairly at issue. But other circumstances now began to arise, which indicated that the Rancee had excited more than usual rancour in the minds

of some person or persons; and the quarter in which it had arisen was more than divined. Unusual calamities befel the Ranee; her herds and flocks were stolen, the water-courses were cut, and her fort caught fire twice in a manner which could scarcely be attributed to pure accident. Nawab Singh was the person to whom all persons looked as the author of these evils, and although there were no means of proving or bringing them home, I doubt not that suspicion had not fallen on the wrong person. Subsequent events strongly confirmed the suspicion. It was in the year 1831 that the Ranee had arranged with a highly respectable Rajpoot family the preliminaries of the marriage of her second daughter, and the usual ceremonies were in preparation. The suit which Nawab Singh had instituted to try the Ranee's power of alienation over her estates had not only not been brought to a conclusion, but from the multiplicity of suits pending, was not likely to come on for some time. This she heeded not; she deemed that she held the power, and she resolved to act upon it. Again the report reached Rajah Nawab Singh that a further, and, perhaps, for aught he knew, a final alienation of what he thought his patrimony was about to take place. What he did on this occasion is not for me to say; as, though he was suspected of being the mover of what follows, there was nothing to connect him with it, but the internal evidence of the transaction, and that would not stand good in law. Suffice it to say, the contemplated alienation never took place; before the deed could be executed, a body of men entered the fort at Nathpoo, and murdered the Ranee. The question was who had committed this crime. The suspicion was very strong against the Rajah Nawab Singh of Ghidhore, and the circumstances attending the commission of the murder strengthened it very much.

I arrived at last at Nathpoo and then began to see the real merits of the matter. The well-wishers of Nawab Singh had not been inactive, and had tried hard to disseminate a report that the attack had been made by a band of dacoits in the hope of finding extensive plunder, especially as preparations were going on for the ceremonies of marriage. The supposition was ridiculous, and could not hold ground for one second in the mind of any unprejudiced person. It appeared from the facts adduced, that the Ranee, in consequence of the repeated attacks on her property and her fort, knowing that her present position was not pleasing to her brother, and apprehending further violence, had hired a body

of men for her protection. These men were stationed at various points of the walls, and were well armed. This fact must have been well known to the assassins; and they must have foreseen the necessity of drawing off the attention of a party which might have frustrated their designs. Accordingly the assassins silently approaching the fort to the south side, which was directly the furthest point from the muhul or ladies' apartments in which the Ranee dwelt, set fire to a small out-house. The people on the watch raised a cry of fire; and all the rest, little apprehending the plot that had been laid, rushed to the quarter where danger appeared, and left unguarded the wicket which led to the muhul. The assassins entered the gate without opposition, and made straight for the muhul, where they committed the murder, and hacked off the Ranee's finger on which was her signet ring. They then departed unopposed, leaving untouched all the property which was lying about, and which might easily have been carried off.

All these facts negatived the idea of the criminals being ordinary dacoits. It was plain that plunder was not their object; otherwise the jewels and other property of the Ranee were at their mercy. Dacoits will occasionally kill unresisting people, but never kill women; whereas here the facts detailed in evidence exhibited a degree of ferocious determination such as I have rarely heard of, and that was shewn towards an unoffending unresisting woman. The first question naturally arising in the mind was, to whom would the Ranee's death be a benefit? She had lived in peace and quietness with all her neighbours, and was at enmity with no one but her brother-in-law; and he alone of all the people could in any way benefit by her demise. The fact, however, which morally speaking weighed down the balance, was that of the hacking off the Ranee's signet ring; and that finger pointed but too clearly to the instigator. To those who were sworn to as, and subsequently proved to have been the actual perpetrators of the murder, the signet could be of no manner of use, as far as regards the purposes to which as a seal it might have been put; and it was absurd to imagine that it had been taken for its value, when goods equally portable, and infinitely more valuable, presented themselves to the murderers, had they been plunderers also. This fact evidently pointed at some one else behind the scenes, who did not appear on the stage, but who moved the wires of the puppets, and profited by the result. Who could this be but the Rajah Nawab Singh of Ghidhore? He was not only

manifestly interested in the Ranee's death, but in possession of her seal, which in other hands, and especially in those of the family into which the daughter was about to marry, might be to him the cause of much annoyance and detriment. The Ranee had already, so said report, promised her property to her daughter; and her husband's friends doubtless considered it as good as given already; they would not in such case much hesitate to fabricate a deed of gift, and such an act might sit upon their consciences lightly, if they deemed, that they were in the right and had been wronged. On all accounts it was of vital importance to Nawab Singh to secure this ring, and to no one else was its possession of any value. All these are the inferences which the outline of the case, throwing out of view the positive evidence to the fact, presented to the mind. The evidence, as will be seen, filled up the only link wanting to establish the strongest conviction of Nawab Singh being the instigator.

One of the first things which I felt it my duty to do soon after my arrival at Nathpoo, was to visit the fort; that I might satisfy myself as to the localities of the place of murder, and that I might furnish an accurate plan for the use of the authorities who eventually would have the ultimate disposal of the trial. I also took advantage of this inspection to pay a visit to the Couerain, the deceased Ranee's young daughter whose espousal had been thus roughly interrupted. The intended husband had called on me immediately on my arrival, and besought me to pay the visit, as it would be a mark of honor, and also a great consolation to one who had suffered so severely. It appeared also that the Couerain had been present at the awful scene, and could give evidence as to the murderers; and her testimony was, therefore, judicially necessary. She too as next of kin had to stand forth as ostensible prosecutrix, though the Government was in truth the party aggrieved. The reader must be aware that it was quite contrary to the rules of etiquette as well as to the Regulations of Government, that ladies of rank should appear to give evidence in Courts; and this decided me on proceeding in person to the Rance's abode. The husband elect was very urgent that vengeance should be duly executed on Nawab Singh; and he inveighed very vehemently against the daroga of police, who had hitherto kept the Rajah in a species of honorable captivity instead of treating him ignominiously as a felon. All this he attributed to the influence of money; and it is possible that some may have been given; but no fault could be found with the police officer for doing as he

had done, where proof was deficient of the Rajah's being himself a party concerned. It is also worthy of remark, that at this interview with me, the spouse elect dwelt only on the allegation, which he assumed as a fact, that the Rajah was the instigator of the crime, he never attempted to inculcate the Rajah as having been actually present.

I called on the Couerain. The reader may feel very anxious to know all about her, and might envy me my opportunities of viewing the mysteries of the muhul. The lady was young, a Rajpootnee of high blood; and fair as are the daughters of that noble race, she was, if report said true, fairer than ordinary. I regret that I must disappoint my anxious expectants. I might easily concoct a romantic story, and depict in glowing terms the beauty of the bereaved orphan; and no one would be one whit the wiser. There is to this plan, however, but one objection, and that is that such a detail would be false; whatever demerits these reminiscences may possess, they at least possess the essential ingredient of truth. Alas for romance and for the curious reader, not only do not ladies of rank appear in Courts, but they do not even shew their faces to those who go to see them. This was not the custom in days of yore among the Hindoos; but since the Mussulman conquest, the conquered have adhered to the custom of the victors in this respect. I was ushered into a small and not very clean room on the lower floor, in the centre of which hung a decidedly dirty curtain put up for the occasion. A low plaintive voice welcomed me to Nathpoor, and claimed justice at my hands against Nawab Singh. I offered every assurance that justice should be done to her against the murderers, explaining that it was to that end that I had come at such a season of the year from so distant a place. Eventually her deposition was taken in form, but not without some difficulty, for when the deponent came to the details of her mother's death, hysterical sobs stopped her utterance, and it required some persuasion to induce her to conclude her sad narrative. At length it was ended, and I took my leave, after speaking such words of consolation as I thought best calculated to sooth her agitation.

I had now to perform another singular duty, which was that of receiving a visit, if so it may be called, or of granting an interview to the accused Rajah Nawab Singh, whom the police daroga had, as I have before said, kept in secure but honorable detention, and who had been subjected to no degradation or deprivation consistent with security. This was done, however, more for form's sake than from neces-

sity ; for it was not the Rajah's game to escape. He felt nearly sure that, as matters had been managed, it would be next to impossible to inculcate him personally ; and he knew enough of the manner of our administration of law to trust to the improbability of our being able to connect him with the act on merely circumstantial grounds. No means of escape, however, were to be left untried, and it would seem by the sequel that bribery of the European functionaries was not excluded from the list.

Very shortly after my arrival, the Rajah's Mooktar had waited on me, and requested that his master might be allowed to present himself, as he had much to say to me of great importance. I granted the request. It is a very stringent and most excellent precept of the Apostle, which warns against not only evil, but even its appearance. A young officer in India cannot be too guarded in giving occasion for speaking as to his integrity and impartiality. To me at this stage of the case to keep up every demonstration of rigid rectitude was of dire importance. I knew what might be said and misrepresented of any interview of a private nature which I might grant to the accused—and I was yet unwilling to shew a man of rank and station like him such dishonor as to entirely refuse him. I, therefore, hit upon the expedient of receiving him under a tree near my tent door, and in the presence of the people of the surrounding villages, who used to lounge all day around my camp, attracted partly by the novelty of an European face, up to that time unseen in that country, and partly by the interest caused by the arrest and detention of such a great personage as Nawab Singh.

The Rajah would have preferred admission to my tent, and wished a reception there ; but finding that he could not succeed in this, he came on my terms. He was in a palanquin and was accompanied by three or four attendants, who were again outflanked by burkundazes. Our conversation here was neither long nor interesting. I lamented the necessity of keeping a person of such distinction in restraint, was sorry to see him implicated in such an affair, and hoped he would be able to clear himself. A vehement assertion of innocence was his reply, and he made an appeal to the well-known justice of the Company Bahadur. He was then very desirous of entering into a discussion of the merits of his case, and of the falsehoods which, he said, had been launched against him, and of which he was the victim. I, however, declined to open up this subject, for which that was neither the time nor the place, and merely observed that I had not yet had time

to peruse the whole of the evidence with that degree of attention which its importance demanded. Finding that he had as yet gotten nothing by his motion, he forthwith re-attacked me with much earnestness, and solicited a private interview, urging at the same time that he had a communication of the first importance to make to me. I was puzzled how to act. I have stated why I objected to the measure solicited—and on the other hand I was apprehensive that the promised communication might possibly have a serious bearing on the case. I believed that I had no right to refuse it.

Having made up my mind, I directed ten chairs to be placed in a small plain at a short distance from where we were sitting, so that when we took our places there, we should be completely out of earshot, and there could be no one privily lurking to catch our words. We took our places accordingly, and the result astonished me not a little. After a few unmeaning words, Nawab Singh put up his joined hands, and burst out into a rhapsody, which he concluded by begging me to take his goods, family, property, everything he had, provided his life was spared. I was at first inclined to construe this speech into an admission of guilt, and it certainly did not wear the appearance of one from an innocent man; but it was impossible to come to this conclusion. Whenever a native wishes to say anything, or to make a proposal of the favorable reception of which he has a doubt, he usually couches his meaning in terms so ambiguous, as to permit of his backing out in case he finds himself disappointed or mistaken. It was, too, out of the line of my duty as Magistrate to do anything which might induce a criminal to confess. I was, therefore, left in uncertainty on this head. As to the rest of this speech, it equally admitted of diverse interpretation. It might be considered as a mere form of speech signifying a general casting himself on the mercy of the State, a not unusual form among the Indians; or it was a direct offer to me as an individual to give me my own price for some order or other which might ensure his liberation. I chose to assume the first of these suppositions to be his intent, being unwilling to imagine that personal corruption was his object. I replied to him in general terms that the Government wanted neither his money nor property, but that in the due execution of justice, he as well as every other person in India, prince, potentate or beggar, must indifferently answer any offence against the law: but that if innocent he had no cause for fear. He then saw that I had not comprehended his real meaning, and addressed me in

terms which left no doubt in my mind that it was to me personally that the offer was made, and that it was put forth as a feeler. As soon as I saw his drift, my anger nearly boiled over ; but I recovered. I was then young, and had no very great command of myself ; and I do not know what, in an ordinary case, I might have done ; but here I recollected that I had before me a prisoner, who was doing what he thought the best for himself, and acting up to his own notions in offering to me the same inducement which in a parallel case, had he been a Magistrate, would have influenced him. I, however, stifled my feelings, and perceiving that this alone had been the cause of his seeking private speech with me, I would not take the hint nor comprehend the offer, and pleading other necessary business, dismissed the Rajah.

I have before said that the Nawab would never try to escape, because he trusted that the connexion between him and the murderers could not be proved ; and it will be asked why then should he, relying on this, offer me money or what not to release or exonerate him. It is not an easy question to answer. It appears to me that the deficiency of proof was his main stay should every thing else fail ; but that he was resolved to try every method of effecting his security. His emotion and self-abandonment in my presence seem to have arisen from some sudden thought that perhaps, notwithstanding all his skill and cunning, his well-laid scheme might explode ; that one traitor might be within the walls ; then conviction would ensue, and nothing could save him from an ignominious death. The best of men are not always consistent ; how then can we expect criminals to be so, who are compelled to resort to wiles and subterfuge ?

These two visits, important as they were, were soon despatched ; and then a third very grave and serious duty had to be executed. I have before detailed how the assassins had by a false alarm drawn away the guardians from the north part of the fort, and found their way through the *khirkí* or wicket which led to the ladies apartments. It will be seen below that strong suspicion existed that there was some one in the fort in the interest of the assassins ; and this person must have had access to the muhul, as the fastenings of the wicket or door were not forcibly broken, but were loosened from the inside. The Ranee had gone to sleep in a room with her daughter and seven girls, all slaves, among whom was one old woman who had been the Ranee's nurse. Save these women, not a soul was in the muhul at the time—nor could there be ; and these were the only wit-



nesses to the fact. On their testimony the whole case turned. Of these, save the Ranee killed, not a soul was injured by the assassins but the nurse. She, poor creature, ever faithful even to the last, had being unable to resist, and prevented from going out to give the alarm, threw herself across her mistress's body to protect her from the blows which were aimed; nor was it until she had been most severely handled and considered dying that they could drag her away to get at the Ranee. The nurse did not die immediately as was expected, and I found her alive on my arrival at Nathpoor, though she was supposed then to be on the point of death. She had a dozen wounds on her body, a severe sword-cut on the head, and had lost three of her fingers. It was of great import to the cause of justice that this woman's testimony should not be lost in case of her decease. I therefore proceeded to the place where she was, and took her deposition as *in articulo mortis*, for such her condition appeared to be. As this deposition contains the whole particulars of the crime, and it was fully corroborated by the rest of the girls, I shall give it as near as I recollect in her own words.

"It was on such and such a day that my mistress the Ranee, her daughter, myself and six others were in the *muhul*, and all the rest had gone to sleep. I alone, not being very well, remained sitting up. About midnight I saw a light towards the other side of the fort, and a cry of "*Ag lugga*" reached my ears. I thought to myself that the Ranee's enemies had again, as they had before done, been trying to injure her. I called out to the *deoreedur* or door-keeper to learn what was the matter, but he had gone with all the rest to put out the fire. I did not think it necessary to tell this to my mistress, thinking that in a short while all would be over. In a short time I heard a tramp of footsteps near the *muhul* door; and I said to myself that the guards had returned, and the alarm was false. The sound came nearer the door, and I became alarmed at something so unusual, and at seeing the light of a *mussal* or torch. My heart misgave me, and I uttered a shriek. My lady and her daughter awoke, and at that moment six armed men with drawn swords entered the room. I gave up all for lost, for I at once recognised as the leader Nawab Singh of Boojha, a well known dependent of the Rajah Nawab Singh of Ghidhore, my mistress's brother-in-law. With him were five other men, all slaves and dependents of the Rajah. (Here she named them). I know them all well. They have been frequently at Nathpoor carrying messages, and coming here on the part of Rajah Na-

wab Singh. I cannot possibly mistake them. I have before seen them a hundred times, and they were a full quarter of an hour in the muhul. There was a light in the room, and the dakoos—(so she called them) had a torch. On seeing these enter, I knew bloodshed must ensue, and that it was the life of the Rance which they sought. I tried to escape and alarm the people, and was creeping out at the door when Mungroo (here she pointed him out) pulled me back. I then saw after some delay and whispering, that the dacoits approached the Rance's charpai, who then began to cry out. They all at once began to flourish their swords, on which I ran and threw myself on my mistress to protect her, thinking that help might come. After this I cannot say what share in the murder each one had; all used their swords and you see my condition, and the Rance was killed as the villains thought. Before they left, Nawab Singh Boojhait cut off the Rance's finger with her ring, because he could not pull the ring off the finger without cutting it. The dacoits left the room—when the slave girls, who lay on the ground motionless from fear, got up to help us; one by name Dihea saw that the Rance still breathed. She ran outside the muhul and called aloud "O bring some water as quickly as possible. The Rance still survives." I was glad to hear this, as I could not move from where I had fallen on the ground; I could not go to her help, and I thought her dead. I had scarcely spoken a few words to the other girls telling them what to do, when to my horror the ruffians again entered the room. They went towards the Rance. Mungroo seized her by the body, another grasped her head, while Nawab Singh Boojhait with his sword divided the head from the trunk, and cast it on the ground. What more can I say? I recognise Nawab Singh Boojhait and the other five men here present as the persons who killed my mistress, and I, as a dying woman, swear to the fact. They are all dependents and servants of Rajah Nawab Singh, and must have been sent by him. They themselves have no cause of enmity to my mistress, and I believe they murdered her by his order. The assassins wounded no one else, nor did they take away a single thing of value save the seal ring."

There are three points worthy of remark in this deposition, confirmed as it was by the rest of those present. In the first place the undoubted fact of all the prisoners being servants of the Rajah Nawab Singh added a very strong link to the chain of presumptive evidence which connected him with the transaction. Nawab Boojhait, who was the leader of

the band, was what is called a Jageerdar or holder of service land under the Rajah Nawab Singh; he was bound to perform suit and service at his feudal lord's command, though no one will admit that the commission of murder was among the obligatory services. The most difficult part of the case was *legally* to connect the Jageerdar Nawab Singh with his chief—and here we failed; although those who know the peculiar feelings of the Rajpoot tribes will acknowledge that their notions of obedience to their chiefs is unlimited, and might more than account for that which at the first blush seems unnatural. The other five men were the Rajah's slaves and dependents. The second thing to be remarked is the fact of the return of the assassins after hearing the exclamation of the girl Dihea. It was subsequently ascertained that she had formed a connexion with Mungroo Kahar, one of the gang; and it was suspected that she it was who, having an understanding with her lover, opened the wicket gates. It was, perhaps, a natural inference that her last action was not as disinterested as it at first sight appeared. She knew the object of those who entered to be murder; and it was then believed that her calling aloud for water and crying out that the Ranee was alive, was solely for the purpose of intimating to her friends that the work which they came to do had not been perfected. At all events it was a most unhappy event—for had the last blow not been struck, the Ranee might have been as singularly preserved as was her nurse. Her wonderful recovery is the third remarkable fact. Severely wounded as she was, and when I took her deposition to all appearance at death's door, she nevertheless recovered, and her *vivâ voce* evidence was the principal means of convicting the assassins in the Circuit Court. She was an additional instance added to the very long list of natives, who recover from injuries of a severity under which Europeans would succumb, and from which *they* escape only in consequence of the simplicity of their diet and their temperate mode of life.

I now addressed myself to the task of studying the rest of the evidence, and prosecuting my researches in the neighbouring villages, if perchance I might discover some traces of the way by which the assassins had come and retired. I thought it possible that in this way I might be able to trace out the source whence the murder originated, and thus secure him who was in reality the most guilty of all. I deputed my most active people to enquire, and I offered pecuniary rewards to all who would give information which would lead to the conviction of the instigator. I regret to say

every effort failed ; both money and threats had been abundantly distributed, and no one would come forward. Lamenting much this state of things, I do not much wonder at it. The people of the country were poor, illiterate and timid ; they knew that the Rajah's power was great, and that were any one instrumental in bringing him to justice, he would suffer for it. There was little or no protection against his power. As long as I remained on the spot, nothing was to be apprehended ; but I should soon return to Sherghatty, a distance of a hundred miles, and the local police must be well paid to move in such a case, even if they stirred at all. At length after some days' stay, and much arduous and unprofitable labor in a burning and pestilential climate, and with none of those small comforts which, though deemed luxuries by those who live in the enjoyment of a healthy country, are in fact absolutely needful to us in our life of exile, I was, obliged to confess that for all that I had done in furtherance of the course of justice, I might almost as well have remained at head quarters. With every moral conviction of the Rajah's having been the instigator of the crime, I failed in connecting him with it in such a way as to produce a conviction before the Sessions Judge. On this subject the laws and rules which guide the Magistrates are very stringent, and little latitude is allowed. The committing officer is prohibited from sending up a case for trial where there is no reasonable prospect of conviction ; and any glaring contravention of this fair and proper prohibition is visited on the offender's head with a sharp rebuke. My private conviction was no legal proof, and save this I could not produce one iota of evidence. I was therefore most reluctantly compelled to release the Rajah Nawab Singh from custody, holding him however to heavy bail to answer any charge which might be preferred against him, should the Sessions Judge, who then had the power which has been since withdrawn, to direct any one to be committed to his own court for trial, take a view of the case different to that which had presented itself to me.

On the publication of the proceedings which set forth the above order, an occurrence happened which is peculiarly Oriental. I think I had elsewhere observed that the natives in general are very unwilling to believe that a functionary is so bound by law that he *cannot* do such and such an act which they wish him to do, and that his refusal is seldom attributed to inability, but to unwillingness. In this case all the district felt as convinced as I myself was as to

the guilt of the real criminal ; and they seemed to think that there could be no doubt that he would be brought to justice. My order caused both astonishment and regret ; as to the latter feeling, I was as sensibly touched as any of them. The intended husband of the young Coucraïn waited on me in my office tent and earnestly remonstrated, asking me where justice was to be had if I did not give it to him. I referred to my proceedings, and explained to him my position—that without further evidence as to the Rajah Nawab Singh's being the abettor of the murder, or otherwise concerned in it, I had no right to detain him, or to commit him to a tribunal which could not convict him. The result of my attempt at explanation was so unsatisfactory, that I was compelled to desist, and to speak authoritatively ; pointing out to the remonstrant that I had no pretensions to infallibility, and that the law expressly contemplated fallibility on the part of their officers by appointing Courts of Appeal. I told him that were he displeased with what I had done, he must apply to my superiors, as I had done what to me appeared best.

I thought that this had settled the vexed question ; but no, it re-appeared in a more formidable manner. Just as I had wound up my proceedings, and was on the eve of ordering my tents to be sent on the first retrograde march, and had begun to contemplate with some satisfaction the comparative comfort of my own thatched roof, albeit the hot winds were blowing in their full fury, when behold the husband elect made his appearance with a long petition in his hand, and with a countenance in which triumph was strongly marked, and which seemed to say “Now here I am. I have cleared all the difficulties in my way—and those too in yours likewise.” I can scarcely say that I was surprised at the contents of the petition. It set forth that the petitioner, having exerted himself to the utmost, had at last discovered evidence by which he could prove conclusively that the Rajah had himself gone with the gang of assassins, and was seen on the night of the murder standing outside the wicket with a drawn sword. It concluded with a list of some twenty witnesses who were heard to attest the truth of the statement. I had not been then very long in India, but I had resided long enough to see through this trick. A feeling of incredulity passed through my mind, and I hope that a smile did not cross my face. With a heavy heart I countermanded my preparations for departure, and set to work to unravel this new skein, with many misgivings

that the issue of my labours would be as valueless as that of my preceding toil. •

A full week, I think, elapsed ere all the testifiers could be summoned and collected, and then I set to work. It would be a profitless task to wade through the mass of falsehood and inconsistencies presented to my view, in this lately concocted story. It could never stand in any court for one moment, and I did not hesitate to record my disbelief of the whole story, fabricated as it was to inculcate the Rajah. The parties themselves were, I apprehend, a little ashamed of their folly, when they saw the fabric of their construction fall to the ground—for further remonstrance heard I none. I was thus fruitlessly kept out ten days more than I need have been for any useful purpose; and I was not sorry when I was able really to turn my face homewards, bringing with me Nawab Singh Boojhait and the other five Prisoners, who were all committed to take their trial before the Session Court.

The end of the case I did not personally see, as I was subsequently sent to act as Judge of Behar, and went thence to Delhi; I was, however, kept well informed on a point wherein I was naturally so much interested. Owing to the Colewar and other intervening circumstances, the trial of the accused did not take place as soon as it otherwise would have done. Ere that period, two of those charged passed away from this earth. There are few parts of India which are not visited by that mysterious scourge the Cholera, and at Sherghatty it used to attack the Jail with great virulence, inasmuch that it became at times necessary to pass over crimes of small magnitude rather than to subject the criminal to the risk of being included in the ten per cent average mortality of the Jail hospital. In one of these visits two of the minor actors in the Nathpore tragedy perished, leaving Nawab Singh Boojhait and three others to appear before the Session Court; when they were all found guilty, and on reference to the Nizamut Adalat, sentenced to death and executed. The Court seemed to concur with me as to the inadvisability of putting the Rajah on his trial, and never sent for him. There he remained unmolested, and has so continued ever since—being to my conviction a memorable instance of the fact that our laws were unable to reach the instigator of murder, though the actual instruments and perpetrators were brought to justice.

Of the history of the Ranees two daughters, and what decision was given as to her right to convey away her estate, I have had no opportunity of hearing any account.

## II.

## AN EXAMINATION OF ISAIAH VII. 14-16.

Two difficulties attend this remarkable prophecy: the one concerns the connexion which it holds with the circumstances detailed in the previous part of the chapter, and may be cleared up by a consideration of the events referred to: the other is of a more recondite nature, and can be solved only by an investigation into the structure of prophecy, and by a minute analysis of some peculiarities of the Hebrew language. The former difficulty is involved in this question: how, could the assurance of a *far distant* event, such as the birth of Messiah, serve for a pledge of a *speedy* deliverance from the *already prepared* hostility of Rezin King of Syria and Pekin King of Israel; and that too, as it might seem, in behalf of a man who had just before deliberately refused the offer of any miraculous sign he might choose to demand? The second difficulty is this; how can we be authorized to consider the announcement of the birth of the promised child to be a prophecy of the miraculous incarnation of the Messiah, when we find that the time when the land should be delivered appears to synchronize with the advance of this child to an age when he would be able to discriminate between good and evil? Or in other words, if, as we know from history, the deliverance from the confederate assault of Rezin and Pekah was accomplished in three years and a half from the date of the prophecy, how can the child, who is supposed to have then reached his third year, be the Messiah, whose birth did not take place until more than seven hundred years later? To solve these two difficulties will be the object of this article; premising that the solution is professedly not entitled to originality, but will be elicited by an examination of several schemes which have been proposed.

To remove the first difficulty, and to shew the close connexion between the prophecy and the events which immediately demanded it, we propose to give a paraphrase of the first fourteen verses; interspersing in the narrative such additional information as is found in the Books of Kings and Chronicles.

During the reign of Ahaz, Rezin the King of Syria, and Pekin the son of Remaliah, King of Israel, having entered into an alliance, besieged the city of Jerusalem. When this confederacy was first made known in Jerusalem, the king and his people were struck with consternation, and fear-

ed that their own resources against two such powerful monarchs would be unequal to avert the utter overthrow of the kingdom. In this state of alarm, Ahaz, instead of applying to Jehovah for succour, sent to Tiglath Pileser, king of Assyria, and earnestly besought his intervention. It was at this juncture that the Prophet Isaiah, at the express command of God, endeavours to dissuade the Jewish monarch from a course not only inexpedient, because indicative of want of faith in the divine protection, but also impolitic and dangerous. When Ahab was making the necessary defences for the metropolis, and with that view had gone down to the conduit of the upper pool to arrange for the cutting off supplies of water from the approaching enemy, (compare Is. vii. 3. with 2 Chron. xxxii. 3. 4.) Isaiah meets him : the occasion was favorable, for he there had the opportunity of addressing the King in the presence of his court who accompanied him (see v. 14, where not only the King, but the house of David are addressed in the plural number, *mikkem*) some of whom may be supposed to have remained faithful to their God even in that degenerate age. The object of Isaiah is to evoke the confidence of the King the nobles and the people in their almighty protector, and to dissuade them from trusting in an arm of flesh. To accomplish this, the prophet sets Shearjashub before them, as one whose name (meaning, the remnant shall return) was significant of the destinies of the people. He may have pointed to the boy and said, "so surely as he bears this name, so surely shall a time come when Judah shall be carried captive, and but a remnant shall remain : and so surely as he bears that name, so surely shall the remnant of Judah, though scattered and few, return to the land of their fathers. By no human device or effort can the deserved punishment be prevented, when the measure of iniquity is full ; by no human confederacy can Judah be utterly overthrown ; for God hath promised restoration. Seek not then human aid, but cleave to the Lord your God." This symbolical instruction being disregarded, Isaiah declares the subsequent portion of his commission. He says "these two monarchies ye so much dread, are already near their decay. Though the fire of their hostility may threaten your destruction, that fire is well nigh spent :—they are but like the remnants of smouldering fire-brands, soon to be utterly extinguished. Though they have meditated the overthrow of Judah's king, and designed to set a tributary prince, the son of Tabeal, upon an overturned and emptied throne, their schemes shall be dis-



concerted ; as Rezin now reigns over Syria, and Remaliah's son over Ephraim, so shall their respective boundaries continue unextended, they shall not reign in Jerusalem. Jerusalem shall never be, as these confederates design it, the metropolis of Syria or Samaria. Nay not only so, but within the next seventy-five years, one of the nations ye so much dread shall be utterly ruined and carried into captivity. Believe ye then this assurance of Jehovah, repair not unto Assyria for help, believe, and ye shall be established."

The consolatory assurance of the prophet is, however, disregarded by the impious Ahaz : no expression of returning confidence in God is uttered ; to Assyria, and not to heaven, are the eyes of Judah's royal house directed for succour. The prophet then, possessed of divine authority, makes a proposition sufficiently explicit to allay the doubts of any man who had not deliberately hardened his heart in wilful infidelity. "Ask," says Isaiah, "any confirmation of my words" you please ; demand the attestation of God himself—hear Him speak in the voice of nature—seek a miraculous interposition of Deity manifest to the senses either in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath : and it shall be granted as a proof that God is faithful to his promise, that He is able and willing to defend Jerusalem." The King of Judah, however, hypocritically declines the proffered wonder, under the semblance of humility ; "I will not ask, neither will I tempt the Lord." It is not certain what were the feelings which led him to reject the prophet's offer : it may have been utter contempt and unbelief, as if he would say, "it is useless to demand the sign ; for if asked, it cannot be granted," or it may have been merely doubt and uncertainty, which would lead him to think that if the sign should be asked, and not perfectly fulfilled, the hearts of his people might become still more dejected, from the thought that Jehovah refused to give a pledge of his interposition in their favor. On this guilty rejection of the effort of divine condescension, the prophet turns with lofty indignation, to Ahaz and his nobles : "Ye have already rejected me as a prophet of the Lord, when ye refused to believe my assurance that the enemies ye dread shall fail in their design against the holy city : this contempt which ye have shewn to me, I could bear with patience. But now it is not I, it is not man whom ye reject and contemn, it is God Himself."

Thus a three-fold effort had been made to dissuade Ahaz from his unfaithful and impolitic design to call in the aid of the Assyrian against the expected invaders. The child

Shearjashub, by his symbolical name, had indicated the destinies of the people. •The direct assurance had been given that the strength of Israel and Syria were well nigh exhausted, and would be unequal to the conquest of Jerusalem. And as the last effort of condescension, Ahaz was directed to make choice of any miracle which might be considered confirmatory of the prophet's declaration, with the assurance that it should be granted. But all in vain. The unfaithful, who we may believe were the largest portion of the people, had now received and rejected all the means which, if accepted, would have availed to remove their unbelief, and to allay their disquietude. It cannot be expected that God will urge a sign upon them, and coerce their minds to believe. He now, therefore, takes into consideration the case of the few who amid the mass of unbelievers, might still remain faithful, and He appoints a sign which, while aptly designed to reanimate their hopes, would be altogether ineffectual for this purpose in the case of the apostate nation at large.

The birth of Messiah is again announced: He who had long since, and oftentimes been promised as the Deliverer of His people. The minds of the pious Jews were recalled to the expectations which had already cheered them in times of temporal distress as well as of spiritual depression, in seasons of national as well as of personal danger. They are reminded of the assurance that One should appear, who would bruise the enemy under His feet, that One of Abraham's seed should be born to bless the nations of the earth, that the promised Shiloh should come, to Whom the gathering of the nations should be; that One of David's royal race should at length sit upon His father's throne, and that His kingdom should be established for ever. These promises were believed. They are again confirmed—and therefore all apprehensions of present overthrow are vain. The faithful remnant are hereby secured. They know that if David's royal line is to end in the succession of One born to everlasting dominion, no enemy however powerful or numerous shall avail to establish a foreign dynasty, or to disinherit the expected Prince of Peace.

That a remote event might be employed as a confirmatory sign of another nearer event is evident from Ex. iii. 12. "This shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee; When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain." The fact of the people of Israel serving God upon Mount Horeb was one yet to be accomplished in the far distant future, and yet it is

here appointed as a sign to confirm the present commission with which Moses was now intrusted. The source from which a sign of this kind derives its efficacy appears to be the omniscience of God. It is an appeal to faith in this omniscience. "You may know" says God, "that the immediate deliverance of the people under thy guidance shall take effect, because I have already fore-ordained the results of that deliverance. You may know that the Theocracy shall not be overthrown by the efforts of Syria and Israel, because events yet future have been decreed which necessarily suppose the existence of the Theocracy. If Messiah must be born of David's race, that race cannot become extinct."

We have now accomplished the first part of our proposal, and have shewn the immediate connexion between the prophecy, and the events which demanded its utterance. We have now to solve the second difficulty, and to shew how the growth of the promised child to the period of distinction between good and evil does not militate against the Messianic interpretation.

It is not necessary for us to prove that this child can be none other than the Christ, miraculously conceived and born of the virgin Mary. The language of St. Matt. when quoting this prophecy altogether excludes the possibility of a mere accommodation, or secondary application. The words *ταῦτο δὲ ὅλον γέγονεν ἵνα πληρωθῇ*, fix the event as the direct and primary subject of the prophecy, and we, therefore, dismiss without consideration the notions of rationalistic interpreters, who suppose that some newly married woman, or the prophet's wife, was pointed to as pregnant, whose child should no sooner reach the age of about three years, than the rival empires should be bereft of their kings.

The Messianic application then being assumed, we are to adjust the intimations appended to the prophecy of the birth of this Son, and to shew their bearing on the events of the time when the prophecy was delivered. Bishop Lowth in his commentary on the passage admits that the child is the Messiah, but considers the 15th and part of the 16th verse to be used hypothetically with reference to the then present time—as if the Prophet had said, "*If this child were now to be born*, then before the period of time could elapse at the expiration of which he could distinguish between good and evil, that is, before three years shall have passed away, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." The learned Bishop also adopts the idea of Dr. Jobb, that the eating of butter and honey was intended

to be a note of the prosperity of the country; and affixing the idea of "when" to the *l'* in *l' daq'tho*, he considers that a promise is given, that when the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, then he shall eat butter and honey: or in other words when three years of scarcity caused by war shall have transpired, plenty will be restored to the kingdom.

To this scheme several objections may be offered. First, there is not the slightest indication of any such hypothesis or condition, but decidedly the reverse; if the infinitive were used, *b'therem daqth hannaqar*, such a conjecture could not at least militate against the grammatical structure of the sentence; but when the absolute form of the future *b'therem yedaq hannaqar* is used, hypothesis is excluded, and fact is stated. Besides this, the eating of butter and honey is not a mark of prosperity. In v. 22. of this very chapter it is spoken of as an indication of scarcity. It is predicted that in consequence of the invasion of Assyria, the ordinary supplies will fail, and that the support of a wandering life will be resorted to, viz., butter and honey. Again the use of the *l'* in the sense "when" is not only not justified by the two passages produced by Bishop Lowth in its favor, but is opposed to the original idea which enters into all the modifications of which that particle is susceptible. *L'* certainly may be translated "at," or "when," with the idea of "*direction towards*," either with regard to place or time; but never with the idea of "*direction from*:" it implies a "*terminus ad quem*," but never a "*terminus a quo*:" and yet it is in the latter signification the Bishop uses it, when he translates "Butter and honey shall he eat, when he shall know," &c. that is "from the time when he shall know," which rendering involves the solecism we have exposed.

In the critical commentary of Dr. Henderson, a new solution, differing from any other we have before met with, is brought forward. In his translation he follows Bishop Lowth and translates, "when he shall know," and makes this remark in his commentary: "The *l'* in *l'daqtho* is used in its temporal signification, *at* or, *about* the time of his knowing, or the like, as Gen. xxiv. 63. 2 Sam. xviii. 29." But neither of these passages involves a terminus *a quo*, but a terminus *ad quem*. In the former, "Isaac went out to meditate in the field *at eventide*," (*liphnoth qereb*) means, he went out and continued out up to the time of evening, or he went out at the time which was advancing towards evening. In the latter passage "When Joab sent the king's servant, I saw a great tumult"

the meaning is, I saw a great tumult, which continued up to the sending, or arrival of the king's servant. This part of Dr. Henderson's view is subject to the same objection as was Bishop Lowth's. The originality however, to which we referred is in the translation of v. 16, "The land, which thou destroyest, shall be forsaken by both its kings;" and in the commentary on this verse he says, "by the land, is meant, by way of eminence, the land of Canaan, called Jehovah's land, xiv. 2, and Immanuel's land, viii. 8..... The two kings therefore, were not those of Israel and Syria, but those of Israel and Judah..... The prophet pointedly accuses Ahaz of breaking up or destroying the peace of the whole land—his sins being the cause of the Syrian invasion, which not only disturbed the tranquillity of Judah, but also that of Israel, through which the foreign army passed on its way. Kings, stands here, as in Dan. vii. 17. Rev. xvii. 10., for *kingdoms* or dominions, in which a sovereign or independent authority was exercised. As it respected Judah, the prophecy received its accomplishment when Archelaus was banished, and Judea reduced to a Roman province. This took place in the twelfth year of our Lord—the very year in which he evinced his wonderful discrimination by disputing with the Doctors in the temple."

Now to this scheme there are several insuperable objections. First, such an interpretation is alien from the very aim of the prophecy: it makes the language thereof a denunciation of wrath against Israel and Judah, whereas the object was to console at least the faithful members of the Theocracy, and to assure them that they should not become a prey to Assyria. And although it is true that in the subsequent part of the chapter from v. 17, an intimation of coming troubles caused by the perverse adhesion to the succour of Tiglath Pileser, is given, yet this appendage to the prophecy is altogether distinct from the "sign" which in vs. 14—16 the Lord offers to confirm the faith of his people.

Again it seems difficult to conceive how Ahaz should be censured for bringing trouble upon the land of the Ten tribes, when the leaders of Israel were at that very time obnoxious to Jehovah's anger, for having entered into an alliance with Syria, and for having meditated an assault upon the holy city of Jerusalem. In confirmation of our opinion that, Syria and Israel are the lands which are to be deprived of both their kings, we refer to Is. viii. 4: where the period of the overthrow of these two enemies is still more clearly defined under a similar figure to that before us. The prophet's

child Maher-shalal-hash-baz is born, and it is declared immediately after his birth, that before this child shall be able to speak, the riches of *Damascus* and the spoil of *Samaria* shall be taken away before the king of Assyria. If these be the two kingdoms whose destruction is announced here, can they be any others whose overthrow is foretold in the passage under review?

A third objection is that *kootz* in the conjugation Kal, found in eight instances throughout the Scriptures, never once means to destroy, or to injure: it is true that in the one only case in which it occurs in Hiphil, viz. in v. 6. of the present chapter, it has the meaning of "to distress" or "to besiege," but this can be no authority for Dr. Henderson's signification of the term in the present instance. The word means "loathest," or "abhorrest" and consequently the land cannot be that of Judah.

The remarks made by Owen in his exercitation "Jesus of Nazareth the only True and promised Messiah," are for the most part sound and satisfactory. He argues with great cleverness upon the immediate application of this prophecy to Christ, and disposes with success of the various objections alleged by Jewish authors. But even his interpretation is in one point at least, decidedly deficient, for he represents in common with Lowth that an hypothesis is suggested. His words on this subject are, "because he would limit a certain season for the execution of this judgment, as he had declared the safety and preservation of Judah to depend on the birth of Immanuel by a virgin in the appointed season, so as to their enemies, he declares that they should be cut off and destroyed before the time that any child not yet born should come to years of discretion." Now this word *any* has no justification—the use of the article in *hannaqar* unquestionably refers to the son promised in v. 14. As the supposition that the prophet points to some particular child then actually present is rendered impossible by the omission of *hazze*, so the use of the article excludes the idea of any general reference, and points to the child previously mentioned.

Having shewn the defects which vitiate the interpretations offered by these annotators, we proceed to state and support the explanation which has been suggested by Dr. Hengstenberg in his most learned and valuable work, *Christologie des Alten Testaments*. In his prefatory remarks upon the structure of prophecy, he proves by arguments which our space forbids us to cite, that during the period of divine communi-

cation, the personal consciousness of the prophet was absorbed in the supernatural intelligence with which he was endowed. Hence he considers that in a state of *ἐκστασις*, there was brought before the prophet's supernaturalized sight, a view of the events predicted; and he describes them as if actually present to the eye. As an instance of the prophets speaking of events and addressing persons, as if they were actually before them, Is. ix. 5. xlv. 1—8. may be alleged. To this peculiarity may be attributed an apparently irregular use of tenses, depending on the point of time in which the prophet places himself. For instance in Is. liii. the particulars of Messiah's humiliation are for the most part detailed in the past tense, while those of his exaltation are described to the same extent in what is popularly called by Hebrew grammarians the future; but which Professor Lee, as we think, more philosophically, considers the present tense: which fact undoubtedly proves that Isaiah in this case represents himself as standing midway between the sufferings and triumph of Christ.

Taking this peculiarity of prophecy into consideration, Hengstenberg regards our present passage, as a detailed series of events which pass in review before Isaiah's supernaturalized vision, and as he sees them, he utters them aloud before the King and nobles. The use of the word *hinneh*, "Behold," is more easily understood upon this hypothesis, than upon any other. The prophet may therefore be supposed to say, Behold, I see, the virgin conceives, and she bears a son, and his name is Immanuel. I see him nourished like other children, though born by means of supernatural power—he eats honey and milk, his stature increases, and he grows up to the period when a child can distinguish between right and wrong. But this is not all. I see that before this space of time elapses, (about three years) another event occurs—Syria and Israel are roft of their kings—the monarchs who are now projecting the conquest of Jerusalem shall not then be able to assert a sovereignty over their own land; they shall fall before a powerful avenger.

To this scheme it cannot be urged as a valid objection that a confusion of times takes place, and that the prophet mixes up the time seven hundred years distant with events which were to occur within three years. This apparent confusion is one of the peculiarities of prophecy frequently found; as for instance in Jeremiah l. and li. the two overthrows of Babylon, the first by the Persians and the second several hundred years after, are simultaneously represented to the pro-

phet, and are described by him as if they were simultaneous. This circumstance naturally follows from the fact that the events predicted were not communicated to the ordinary intelligence or sense of the prophet, for then the order of time would be uniformly observed, which is not the case; they were communicated in vision: a panorama as it were of events are laid before him, ordinarily without any intimation of the succession of time. It is in *space*, and not in *time* that the visioned events appear to his entranced spirit.

This view appears to us to harmonize with the general structure of prophecy, and to be free from those many difficulties with which every other interpretation yet proposed is incumbered. It also has the advantage in common with others less defensible, of preserving the connexion entire between the sign and the circumstances which call it forth. The hearts of God's faithful people, even in that degenerate and apostate age, could see by faith, even as the prophet saw in vision, the entrance into the world of Immanuel, the mysterious Being, divine and human; and in the fulfilment of this hope, they joyfully recognized the power and faithfulness of Jehovah. No longer did they fear the coming day of trouble—though Pekin and Rezin were strong, yet God was stronger than they. Assyria's help was no longer desired, for the panoply of divine protection was assured to them: and that God Who all along had preserved their nation as the progenitors, and their land as the birth place of Messiah, would preserve His people amid every danger, yea would bring them back from captivity in the strangers' land, and would stretch forth the arm of omnipotence to defend them from ruin, until the promised Deliverer, the Shiloh, the Prince of Peace should come, to save a lost, and to bless a suffering world.



## III.

## VICTORIA.—A DREAM OF THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

From "*Original Ballads by living authors.*" Edited by the Revd. Henry Thompson. London, 1850.

Victoria ! our own loved Queen ! I dreamed a dream of thee,  
A dream of thee in an island home, with thy children at thy knee,  
No pomp of royalty was there, for England's Sovereign meet,  
Only an English mansion fair, in a still and green retreat.

It needed not that outward pomp the Lady's rank should tell,  
Marked by each word so firm and clear, like a silver sounding bell :  
'Twas graven on her queenly brow ; and who could doubt that hand  
Was formed to wield with gentlest grace the sceptre of command ?

Victoria ! with a prouder love to see thee on thy throne  
A subject's heart might glow ; but here the light that round thee shone  
Was all of holiest womanhood, while on thy gracious head  
I prayed that God might evermore His choicest blessings shed.

I heard one call thee by thy name, not as a subject might,  
But by thine own baptismal name, with a wedded husband's right ;  
And then I saw thy consort stand in gladness at thy side ;  
And in each other's face, ye read a parent's joy and pride ;

What time the royal children talked of Windsor's stately pile,  
Yet how they loved their summer house, in this their little isle,  
Where waves kept cadence on the shore with sweet continuous song  
To little feet that lightly dance those velvet lawns along.

The dimpling smiles on each young face seemed radiantly to play,  
Like the twinkling brightness in that hour of the water's ceaseless spray ;  
And I saw ye walk 'neath shadowing trees—birds in the branches sang,  
And round you in the sunny shine all gladsome voices rang.

I marvelled not Britannia's Queen should love a home like this,  
And to watch the tide come gently in, its Sovereign's grounds to kiss,  
To tell the Lady of the land, albeit she knows it well,  
Of One Who with the feeble sand hath girdled ocean's swell.

Was it a shade of anxious thought that dimmed her radiant glance  
When a crested wave beyond the rest seemed boldly to advance ?  
It might be so,—few days had past since on her listening ear  
E'en at her palace gate had thrilled a sound of strife and fear.

But the wave receding seemed to say, " Fear not the ocean's roar,  
Since in the hollow of His hand God holds it evermore.  
And while thy trust is stayed on Him, and He defends thy right,  
The sceptre in thy small white hand hath more than Cæsar's might."

The scene is changed—the Sabbath bells were sounding in the air ;  
Anon I saw the Lady kneel within the House of Prayer,

With her princely husband and her babes, a lovely sight to me,  
As they clasped their tiny hands to pray, and bent to God their knee.

Oh sweeter than an Angel's song, methought it was to hear  
Those little ones, so early trained in God's most holy fear,  
Echoing their mother's clear Amen, their father's fervent tone,  
Though each young voice had even then an accent of its own.

"Pray on," within my heart I said, "while many pray for you!  
Ye will need the might that in prayer is won, although your hearts be true."  
Another change came o'er the scene, I looked on a fitful sky,  
And the foaming waves of an angry sea were darkly rolling by ;

Voices were sounding in the air, a wild tumultuous sound,  
Cries of a maddening multitude, raging to burst their bound,  
And I heard it told that power and might were by the people given,  
And they laughed to scorn the anointing shed on kings and priests from heaven.

"The people's voice is God's," they said, "and no other voice we own ;  
And what care we for the tale that links the Altar and the Throne?  
We are kings each one, and we brook no more the chains that have held  
us long ;  
And we count them fools who pin their faith on an old nursery song !

"We were children once—we are wiser now—we have done with a  
puppet's play,  
And we know our manhood's might to cast our leading-strings away."  
—And the mighty trembled on their thrones, and their faces paled with fear,  
For the deafening cry of the lawless rang like a death-knell on their ear.

Victoria ! with a yearning heart I thought of thee and thine,  
And prayed thy strength that hour might prove a strength indeed divine,  
And my heart within me thrilled to mark thy calm and steadfast look,  
Whose royal majesty might well the waverers rebuke.

And yet I heard thee call for help, and white-robed ones drew nigh,  
Who bade thee hold thy sceptre firm, and on thy God rely ;  
I saw thee kneel,—I saw thee rise,—and the seal upon thy brow,  
The seal of the anointing shone with brightening lustre now.

A faithful band were gathering round, who told thee of the prayer  
Still daily at the Altar poured by those who worship there ;  
And England's royal arms that hour a lesson read to thee,  
For the quaint device was rich in lore of saintly chivalry.

The unicorn revealed the foe, but round him was a chain ;  
And Judah's Lion guards the crown, by Whom the anointed reign ;  
And at His feet there blooms the rose, our country's royal flower,  
But thistles\* of the curse upspring where the haughty foe hath power.

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\* Such was the reading of my dream ; but in this sense the thistles are not intended to have reference to Scotland, and she may put in her claim to the Lion ; if it be not glory enough to have fastened the chain to the crown round the neck of the foe.

And then in sleep upon me gushed the tide of joyous song,  
 And tuneful numbers all unsought in cadence flew along ;  
 Yet few and faint on waking ear the echoes of that lay,  
 Whose melody from memory's cell hath all but passed away.

Yet it told of one who in troublous time stood firm in anointed might,  
 While she bowed her knee to the King of kings, and held of Him her  
 right,  
 And her trust was stayed on the Lord of Hosts, Who only unto kings,  
 For David's sake, with His own right hand peace and salvation brings.

It is He Who hears His servant's cry, and saves from the hurtful sword ;  
 He stilleth the sea when the waters arise, for He only is the Lord :  
 And she who trusted was not dismayed, but she proved the priestly grace,  
 And the sons of Belial quailed to mark the light of her queenly face ;

For she banded her brow in the might of faith with the sapphire stones  
 of heaven,  
 And her glad thanksgiving told from whence the strength to her throne  
 was given,†  
 And a song from the isles of the sea arose above the sounding sea,  
 A song of praise to the Lord of Hosts, the Giver of Victory !

“ DIEU ET MON DROIT ”

J. E. L.

† The only lines clearly remembered on waking. The seven large sapphires were reset in the front of the royal crown for the Queen, and the sapphire stone being the one anciently used in England for the Bishop's ring, the seven sapphires suggested a reference to the seven Angels of the Seven Churches (Rev. i. 20.), seven being the number of completeness.

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## IV.

## SOME FURTHER REMARKS ON MR. WORTLEY'S MARRIAGE BILL.

It is not at all too late to add somewhat to the strictures of a previous writer in the *Benares Magazine*. It is now many years since the question first was broached, and there seems every reason to believe that we have not yet heard the last of it. Besides, those of the public who wish to see the laws changed have had their expectations raised by the number of those who advocated the repeal, by the sanguine manner in which they took it up, and by the somewhat tardy opposition of the Church. At least we cannot help looking upon these as the reasons which weighed with many of those who persisted in desiring the repeal of the existing law. For at the first thought of the question, we will venture to say that it appeared to every one a mere chimaera to think that the Law of *Marriage* could ever be altered—a law which in the opinion of all religious men, and also of many who have adopted a conventional tone of mind from religious men, could not be altered without sacrificing the stability even of God's Holy Word. But now the idea has been entertained and discussed and publicly announced, and has found favour in many responsible quarters; nor was there any great burst of public indignation as at some monster too horrible to name. And thus men's minds have become familiar with the idea, and can push the matter without those compunctions of conscience with which a step of this kind is at first generally accompanied.

At one time also in the midst of the discussion there was great danger of the question's being made a party\*

\* We are able to subjoin a morsel from Mr. Champneys' brochure, which gives the cream of the arguments of these four *great* Divines. The italics are our own.

"It appears to me that, first, as Scripture shows that there is nothing immoral in such a connexion; and secondly that as it is obvious much evil would be prevented, many poor children saved from misery and ruin, by having that person over them who, in the majority of instances, would be the next best substitute for a mother; *my own mind is led to believe* that the law of man ought to tally in this instance with the law of God."

It appears to us, from his arguments, and his inconclusiveness on what his own mind is on the matter, that Mr. Champneys, though a *great* Rector is a very *small* logician. Scripture *does* shew the immorality of marriage with near kindred. Experience *does not* shew that such marriages would prevent evil, and save many children from misery and ruin. The loss of

one, when four great London Rectors, Messrs. Champneys, Dale, Gurney, and Montagu Villiers, whose theology is well known, appeared arrayed at the same time, and in the same hook, against Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Mr. Percival and others. Let the sin and shame of thus attempting to divide the Church of Christ on a question in which every Christian is interested lie at the door of those who made the attempt. It is *not* a party question. Calvin and Beza held the same opinion on the subject that Dr. Pusey does, and so do the Presbyterians almost to a man. And on the side of the four London Rectors are to be found Cardinal Cajetan, Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Hook.\* In the face of these plain and unmistakeable facts none but the most perverse can look upon the question as a mere battle of parties.

But a *personal* question it may yet be; and will be, we are afraid, so long as there remain men in the world who prefer their own individual will and pleasure to the welfare of their brethren at large. It is quite certain that many marriages have been made between a man and his wife's sister, or his brother's wife. And when the step has once been taken, it will seldom happen that any members of the family will keep up any long resentment on the subject. The scandal, if any was produced, will soon die away; the minds of the family at large will soon get accustomed to the idea, and where it is combated in other quarters, will not be backward in its defence.

an aunt, with her enduring interest in her sister's children, while they are no rivals of her own, is not to be compensated by the gain of a step-mother and all consequences thereupon contingent. That the Jew, inheriting the rude passions of a nomadic ancestry, was in some cases, allowed to marry in this degree, is no more a rule for the Christian, than is the liberty he had to sell his daughter; or to obtain divorce upon self-alleged 'infirmity'; or to incarcerate his debtor for years together; or to be clear of the murderer's penalty within the city of refuge. Those who argue on the Mosaic law for licence in this matter, had better argue for polygamy at once, for that Jacob married Leah and Rachel. Is this the *law of God*, with which it appears to Mr. Champneys that his own mind is led to believe that the law of man should tally? We deny that it is the law of God at all. When God delivered His Law to Moses, it was a Law of rigour and a Law of purity. But He stretched forth His hand to a rebellious and gainsaying people—conceding something to their nationalities, their circumstances, and their infirmities, which we, who are brought into one family and fellowship with Christ Jesus should no longer either extort or contemplate.—*Editor, Benares Magazine.*

\* The value of Dr. Hook's opinion on this subject may be estimated by his saying that the law only enacts that "marriage contracted by a man with his deceased wife's sister, *before the Registrar*, shall be legal!"

In calling attention, therefore, to this subject, we earnestly deprecate the notion that there can be no such great harm in a matter which has received the approbation of thousands, and we beg the reader to consider the subject without reference to those angry feelings which a mere party question is apt to produce, and with a high determination to judge independently of mere personal and family prejudices.

It would be difficult to say what first led to the idea of repealing any part of the Law of Marriage, and making that to be lawful which was looked upon as something monstrous and disgusting. It certainly was *not* any new interpretation of Lev. xviii. 18, or any other part of that chapter. We are more likely to find the true explanation in that liberalism which is so rampant in these days, and which has shewn its contempt for the institution of marriage as well as all other *religious* institutions. And this supposition is not at all invalidated by the fact that the Church of Rome of the present day holds the same opinion on this point as our own free-thinkers do. For setting aside the fact that the Church of Rome founds its decision upon totally different grounds, how can it be proved that this practice is not one of the many marks of the "destructive tendencies" of her doctrines?

But whether or not the interpretation of the Word of God was the first reason for the proposed alteration of the Law of Marriage, it is quite certain that that question has been raised. It has been said that the prohibition to marry a deceased wife's sister cannot be made out from the book of Leviticus, nay more, that there is a passage which by implication permits it. We shall proceed to notice some of the reasons by which this novel argument is impugned by those who desire to see Holy Matrimony retain the sanctity which it had "in the beginning."

And first of all Mr. Hatchard\* is mistaken in thinking that the prohibition rests upon the interpretation of Leviticus xviii. 18. No one Father does rest his objection upon that verse. The passage on which they rest is the 6th verse, "None of you shall approach to any one that is near of kin to him;" "flesh of his flesh," it is in the Hebrew, and the parallel case in the 16th verse, with a limitation to the "brother's wife." But yet as the words "a wife to her sister" do occur in Lev. xviii. 18, and as the popular view of the subject is more likely to be formed by what seems to be an

express statement, than by careful and logical inference from a principle, it may be advisable to consider that passage somewhat in detail. The grounds on which we deny that it is *the* passage which ought to be looked to in the present enquiry are these. Any Hebrew scholar may deny if he pleases that the passage refers to the marriage of a wife's *sister* at all. The translation, "one woman to another" as in the margin of our Bible, is perfectly legitimate, and has received the sanction of the Karaite Jews, and, in modern times, of Junius, Tremellius, and Dr. Hammond. The Vulgate translates it "*Sororem uxoris tuæ in pellicatum illius non accipies,*" which restrains the words to *fornication* with a wife's sister. The ground given for the prohibition is only the vexations likely to be produced by such a marriage; and, as St. Basil puts it, if a man is so sure of the tempers of two sisters that he is not afraid of incurring this blame, there is nothing in this verse to prevent him from marrying both. At the same time let it not be understood that the passage cannot be appealed to by those who would retain the Laws of the Church on this subject. We only say that it is not the most important passage, or the most direct passage, to refer to. That it has some important bearing on the question is plain from this, that, though polygamy was allowed, this particular kind of polygamy, namely, the marriage of two sisters at once, is prohibited. Why this prohibition? It is idle to say that such a marriage was prohibited only on account of the peculiar vexation likely to be produced by it, when we have the instance of Hannah and Peninnah before us, who (it is almost certain) were not sisters, and when we know what is the experience of all polygamic nations about the unhappiness and misery occasioned by having more than one wife at a time.\* What then is the reason of the prohibition of this kind of polygamy? Surely the same as that in the preceding verse, the marriage of a woman and her daughter, namely, because it is *incestuous*.

As to what is said that the very form of expression in the 18th verse implies that a man may marry the sister of his wife when deceased, *because* he may not marry her when his wife is alive, it is enough to answer in the words of Bishop

\* Whoever wishes to see this exemplified in a people among whom he would think it least likely to exist,—as being in literal accordance with the commands of their Religion, viz. the Muhammadans, may refer to Thompson's Translation of the *Akhlaq-i-Jalâli* in the chapter on Marriage.

Jewell.\* “This reason, *a negativis*, is very weak, and makes no more proof in logic than this doth, *Corvus non est revertens ad arcam donec exsiccata erant aquæ, ergo*, he returned again after the waters were dried up. Or *Joseph non cognovit eam, donec peperisset suum filium primogenitum, ergo*, Joseph knew her after she was delivered of her first-begotten child:—or such other like.”

But it may be said, the *Jews* reasoned thus. It is true that some of the Jews did, but it is also true that their reasoning was always protested against by the Karaites, men just as well able to interpret the language of the Bible as the Talmudists, and much less likely to “make the Word of God of none effect by their traditions.” But why should we quote the Jewish traditions on such a subject, when we know from the New Testament itself that they had relaxed the law of marriage from its primitive strictness, and when their laws recognise as valid the marriage of a man with his brother’s daughter?† Surely these are not the people that one would have an Englishman imitate.

It may be objected that if, as is affirmed, the principle upon which marriage with a deceased wife’s sister is forbidden, had been already stated in the 16th verse, there could be no occasion to repeat it in the 18th verse. Nay more, that if the 16th verse had forbidden a man to marry two sisters *at all*, it is surely going back in the scale to make the 18th verse only forbid him to marry them *at the same time*. To this it may be replied that the 18th verse is not a repetition of the 16th verse, but supposes a further case, that of a particular kind of polygamy; and it forbids that on two grounds, by implication, because it is incestuous, and because it is sure to be a source of more than ordinary vexation. As to Dr. Whately’s argument that they who appeal to the Levitical Law must obey it in everything, and so must advocate the Law of Levirage, it is sufficient to remark that it is beside the question, the point being not the raising up seed to a childless brother, but the marriage of a deceased wife’s sister. If the Archbishop wishes to bring forward the former case, he may do so, but it has nothing to do with the

\* Strype’s Life of Parker. Appendix. p. 56.

† At least the Tables of prohibited degrees given in Selden (*Uxor Hebr.* 1 and 2) do not prohibit it; and in the Mishna (*Surenhusius* Vol. I.) we find, “*Si uxor mortui mariti fuerit filia fratris viri*” &c. And this is mentioned not to be censured but only to put a case affecting the Law of Levirage.



question in hand. And so of Mr. Champneys, who contends that it cannot be immoral to take a brother's wife, because it is in certain cases commanded [this is of course incorrect], we would beg to remind him that that marriage is expressly called an *abomination* in Leviticus. Compare Lev. xviii. 16. with xviii. 29.

We have been more anxious to get this point fairly settled, because somehow or other the notion is pretty widely spread that the prohibition in question is founded on Lev. xviii. 18, and that that verse really proves that prohibition to be unfounded. We have shewn that the strictly literal interpretation cannot be appealed to, because there are at least two strictly legitimate and different modes of translating it; and also that if it be translated as in our version, a strictly literal sense will only forbid a man to take two sisters of whose concordant tempers he cannot be sure.

But the real ground upon which all the early commentators, and almost all later commentators, the author or authors of the Apostolical Constitutions, the Councils of Eliberis, Neocaesarea, and almost all the later councils, and, among the Fathers, St. Ambrose and St. Basil, and the Emperors, and the Canonists, and our Reformers, rest the prohibition is (as was said before) on the 6th verse and the 16th. They argued that this chapter of Leviticus was an essential part of the Moral Law, both as commending itself as such to our unwarped moral nature, and as containing the reason for the expulsion of the Canaanites from their land, and the punishment of the Egyptians; it being in their opinion quite preposterous to suppose that the abominations of Canaan and Egypt spoken of and reprobated in this chapter were only offences against a ceremonial law. And they argued that being a moral law, it did not admit of particular specifications; that, as in the Ten Commandments, a principle of action was laid down, and its interpretation and application left to a good conscience. They took the 6th verse, therefore, as being a kind of preamble to an act, "None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him," &c.; and all the following verses not as specifying every single case of nearness of kin, (for at that rate there is nothing to prevent a man from marrying his own daughter or grandmother), but as stating a principle to be applied by parity of reasoning to every degree coming within its influence. And the case of a wife's sister is one of these, the relationship between a man and his brother's wife, (the ground of a prohibition in the 16th verse) being the same as that between a man and his

wife's sister. Surely no Christian will deny the lawfulness of this inferential mode of interpretation. Even the Jews, stiff as they are in stickling for all kinds of laxity not ceremonial, have adopted it without hesitation.\* So have the Muhammedan Commentators on the Qurán. In fact, no canon of interpretation can be more certain and unexceptionable than that of drawing inferences from a general principle by parity of reasoning. Hear Bishop Jewell (quoted as above): "Wherefore we must needs think that God in that Chapter hath especially and namely forbidden certain degrees, not as leaving all marriage lawful which he had not there expressly forbidden, but that thereby as by infallible precedents we might be able to rule the rest. As when God saith, No man shall marry his mother, we understand that under the name of mother is contained both the grandmother and the grandfather's wife, and that such marriage is forbidden. And when God commands that no man shall marry the wife of his uncle by his father's side, we doubt not but that in the same is included the wife of the uncle by the mother's side. Thus you see God Himself would have us to expound one degree by another."

It would be of course impossible to prove within the narrow limits of this article that the teaching of the Church from the earliest times down to the Reformation, and since that time in every branch of the Church except the Roman, was *against* the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister. Nothing can prove this but long quotations from Commentators, Decrees of Councils, Canonists, the Imperial Law, and other such sources. It must suffice here to assert the fact that such marriage is forbidden in the Apostolical Constitutions, by the Council of Eliberis in Spain A. D. 305, by St. Basil A. D. 370 in the East—who speaks of it as "a law delivered down to us by holy men"—by the Council of Epaune A. D. 517 in France, by the Canonists, by the whole Roman Church till the time of Alexander Vith,† by the Greek Church, by the Reformers, and by the Church of England. One would think that this was sufficient witness to the feeling of *Christian* nature on this subject. There must be something remarkably strong against these marriages, if the

\* Selden. Ux. Hebr. Lib. 1. cap. 1.

† Within the Levitical degrees there is no instance whatever of any dispensation until the time of Alexander vith, at the close of the 15th century. [How long popish dispensations will be pleaded as rules for English


Church has so universally condemned them, and still more when she expressly founds her condemnation of them upon a principle laid down in the moral Law of God. That the force of this argument has been felt by those who would repeal the law is plain from this, that they have attempted to make a *catena* of authorities for their own view. But unfortunately they begin with that particular section of the Jews which had debased the law of marriage from its original purity, go on to quote men of such indifferent character as Pope Alexander VIth and Julius II<sup>nd</sup>, and finish off with such a specimen as "Mr. Cooper who keeps the Turk's Head at Maidstone"—and he is only a type of many such—who says: "What have I to do with the law? My wife was dead, and I could not be so well suited as to marry her sister. Therefore, I do not recognise any law that says I shall not marry her sister."\*. The argument attempted to be drawn from what is called the law of nature is not of a kind likely to have much weight with thoughtful minds. It is urged that the marriage is not contrary to the law of nature, that our conscience does not naturally recoil from it. And the ground for this assertion is that it was practised in many nations to whom the light of revelation had not come. If this proves anything, it proves too much. For the law of nature in polished Athens did not forbid marriage with one's own sister: the Persians following (as is assumed) the law of nature, were guilty of the most abominable incest, even marriage with a mother; among the Egyptians or Canaanites or both it was not a thing unheard of that a woman should lie down before a beast; of the ancient Britons Selden† tells us: "They have ten or twelve of them wives in common amongst them, and especially brothers with brothers, and fathers with their sons;" nay more the Christian Wiclif "seems (says his Biographer Le Bas‡) "to contend for the

legislators it is not for us to say. Among our most recent continental news, we find it reported that "His Holiness the Pope has granted a dispensation to the Count DI TRAPANI to marry his own niece, the daughter of the Grand Duke of TUSCANY. So much unhallowed licence must mar the purity of English hearths, if Parliament concede any thing to the argument of the papist who lately advertized in the *Times* of "the hardship that he can't do what his Church sanctions."—*Editor, Benares Magazine.*]

\* Commissioners' Report. Franklyn's Evidence. pp. 81, 82.

† In his "Janus Anglorum." cap. xiv.

‡ Life of Wiclif, p. 343. The passage there quoted from Wiclif is as follows: *Tempore primi hominis, fratres et sorores fuerunt, ex ordinatione*

restoration of the usages prevalent in the earliest ages of the world"; and it is recorded of Justice Story that he said "marriages between brother and sister *by blood* are deemed incestuous." If such abominable practices as these are to be quoted as the law of nature, on what grounds can we forbid a community of women, advocated (as it has been) by certain ancient sects, by the M<sup>o</sup>rmonites, the St. Simoni<sup>a</sup>nians, the Prussian Muckers, and some amongst our English Socialists? But the fact is that *relaxations* of law are not to be accounted the law of nature. St. Paul expressly asserts this in the first chapter of the Romans, "Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness though the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonour their own bodies between themselves." And these unlawful desires, of course, come under this head. They were not suggested by the law of nature, but were downright violations of that law. A wise man will look for the expression of the law of nature in the *prohibition* of indulgences, rather than in the *relaxation* of them. And when we find the heathen Germans practising such purity as is implied in the following encomium of Tacitus\* "*Quanquam severa illic matrimonia, nec ullam morum partem magis laudaveris; nam prope soli barbarorum singulis uxoribus contenti sunt, exceptis admodum paucis, qui non libidine, sed ob nobilitatem, plurimis nuptiis ambiuntur;*" and the Hindoos attaching discredit from the very beginning to the marriage called †,  and allowing it only in the servile class, and like the Hebrew law of Levirage only in case there were no children, and finally prohibiting it entirely; we are surely to look to such as the truest expression of the law of nature. But this whole question of the appeal to the law of nature, or to particular nations or individuals, is bootless and quite beside the point. If the appeal be made in order to set aside Revelation, it is impious; if to interpret Revelation, it is useless and inadequate. For who could think of doubting whether "the abomination of Moloch" were lawful or not, because the Canaanites, and the Arabians before Muhammed, and the Hindoos practised sacrificial infanticide?‡

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divina, tantum conjugati, et tempore Patriarcharum, ut Abraham, Isaac et talium, satis propinque cognati. Nec superest ratio, quare non sic liceret hodie, nisi humana ordinatio, quae dicit non solum ex cognatione, sed ex affinitate, amorem inter homines dilatari: et causa hæc hominum est nimis debilis."

\* Germania, cap. xviii.

† Elliott's Supplement to the Glossary, p. 202.

‡ Ezek. xvi. 20.

We may, therefore, safely set aside this appeal to the law of nature, and make up our minds on the subject by an appeal only to the Law of God. And we shall find that the argument stands thus. The prohibitions in the xviii<sup>th</sup> of Leviticus are moral, because of the terrible judgments pronounced against those who break them, because the Egyptians were fearfully punished, and the Canaanites were expelled from their land for committing the sins there specified, and because they are called "*abominations*." And this law, being moral, is binding on us as well as on the Jews, and it *must* be interpreted by parity of reasoning, for, if not, there is nothing to prevent a man from marrying his own daughter. And according to this mode of interpretation marriage with a deceased wife's sister is forbidden on the same ground as that with a deceased brother's\* wife.

If an honest appeal, therefore, be made to the Word of God, there cannot be the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the marriage in question to be incestuous and abominable. We have shewn clearly enough that the appeal must be made to the Law of God, and not to any supposed law of nature. We have shewn also that upon the soundest and almost universally admitted principles of interpretation, the Word of God does forbid these marriages; and we have stated that this mode of interpretation was ever adopted and acted upon in the whole Christian Church. And here our argument ought to be at an end. And so it would be, if we had to deal only with men who were accustomed to subdue their minds to the teaching of God's Word, instead of (as the case is) with men who make no account at all of that Blessed Word, or who positively despise it, or whose minds are so pre-occupied with political ideas as to be insensible to the religious bearing of the subject. Let any one read the Report of the Commissioners, and he will be astonished to find how little the religious element enters into the evidence of those who have given their "*deliberate judgments*" against that which is now the Law of the State and of the Church. Some of the witnesses seem to be actuated by mere love of change. Some are interested, or rather implicated, in the matter, and are so biassed as to be incapable of considering the subject dispassionately. Some have made it a

\* This is admitted both by Dr. Cox and by Mr. Champneys, both of whom (though the former of them acknowledges that he does not know what the prohibited degrees are) are against the law as it stands at present.

mere ground for political agitation, and from such we cannot expect to hear of the *religion* of the question. We think also that we can detect amongst some of the dissenting witnesses nothing higher than a fierce detestation of the Church, whose law it is proposed to disallow. Some, we are quite sure, have attempted to make it a party question, *inside* the Church. And of the motives of other among the witnesses and advocates for the repeal of the existing law, we can make nothing at all, except the one jubilant idea that they are advocating the cause of liberty against the oppressions of priestcraft and a priest-paying State.

To such as these we do not address our former remarks; those, we mean, on the *religion* of the subject. They are not in a fit condition to receive them, and could only meet them with contempt or mockery. We address them only to religious men, and we are confident that with such they will have no slight weight.

As to that mass of evidence which we have characterised as not religious, what we have to say of it will of necessity bear the appearance of great confusion and disorder. We cannot help it. The fault is not ours. The fault lies at the door of those who brought it forward. They are moved by so many different and even conflicting views that their evidence must needs be of the same texture. For, some have asserted that the present prohibition is nugatory, and in support of their assertion they produce the disgusting fact that as many as 1600 people have married within the prohibited degrees. But what does this prove except that some of the Clergy have been negligent, or have been imposed upon, and so have solemnised these marriages contrary to the law? And is the law really nugatory because out of the number of widowers who have sisters-in-law the insignificant number of 1600 (we are speaking comparatively, of course) have married their sisters-in-law? How many have been restrained, and profitably restrained, by the prohibition as it stands? The witnesses must tell us this before we can listen to so crude and foolish an argument. Besides, shall the law against murder be abolished, because Ireland is "filled with blood," or the law against adultery, because "every man neigheth at his neighbour's door?"

But there is no occasion for us to waste our arguments on such folly as this, when other witnesses step forward and assure us that the law is *not* nugatory, that "the practical working of the law had, they conceived, *in many instances* been a source of great misery to private families." And ano-

ther has heard "complaints from *a great many* who were not themselves at all (?) implicated; parties who wished to have married (*sic*,) and who were prevented by the law &c." So that, according to these witnesses—and they have just as good a right to be heard as the former—the law, so far from being nugatory, is actually oppressive. Both at once it cannot be.

The Report goes on to insinuate that there can be no very strong feeling in society against these marriages, because those who contract them do not lose caste. We are assured of Lord George Hill's marriage with his sister-in-law that it was very much approved of, and that none of his friends refused to visit him on account of this kind of marriage. Be it so. This is saying no more than that which is loudly proclaimed by the very fact of men being able seriously and solemnly to entertain the question under consideration. But as this question is not universally entertained, and is indeed looked upon by many (the *majority* for all the Report shews to the contrary) with abhorrence and fear, so do we find witnesses giving evidence to the effect that even this very marriage "is remembered against them,"\* and that "they are always under a disadvantage, just as everybody is who is supposed to lie under a social blot of any kind." So that here again is inconsistency. "Those who contract such marriages lose caste," says one set of witnesses, "and it is very hard and cruel upon them: the law should certainly be altered." "They do *not* lose caste," says another set, "and that it is quite clear which way public opinion goes: the law should certainly be altered."

Part of the evidence is of an extremely painful kind, and displays in terribly distinct terms how lax the world is on all moral subjects. It is actually contended that most of the persons who desire to contract such marriages are very "respectable," when it is at the same time admitted that they are guilty of fornication, contempt of parental authority, and perjury. We are told (No. 103) of "a man of wealth, who keeps his carriage, *much respected*, and who bears a high character as an excellent man, and a good citizen; and although he is living in open concubinage with his deceased

\* The witness who gives this evidence takes upon himself to call the people who do so remember it against them "vulgar-minded and ill-disposed persons." But unless he can give us other proof of their vulgarity and maliciousness than their abhorrence of these marriages, we are constrained to differ from him as to their characters. (Rev. J. F. Denham. No. 372.)

wife's sister, his neighbours sympathise with him." What is meant by "respectable?" By way of parallel we need only suggest a very strong appeal which was made out by one Elector, Philip of Hesse, 'a man of wealth,' who, (probably, 'kept his carriage,') and would gladly have kept two wives at once, and who had no decided aversion to concubinage avowed or concealed, and who found somebody of greater name than 'his neighbour' to 'sympathise with him.\*

But we must bring this article to a close. It is not our intention to carry our readers through all the evidence crowded together in the Blue Book, and to tell them how English Christians, brought up as they are in the purest and holiest domestic atmosphere of any in this world, have pointed to France and Germany, and bid us imitate *them*; how one witness ventures broadly to lay down that the prohibition of such marriages is *against* the Law of God, and how we have been told to look upon Papal dispensations, and that too in some of the worst ages of the Roman Church, as interpreting the mind of the Spirit. We may let all this pass by as something painful even to hear of.

But there is one point to which we must call the attention of people in this country. Are the British living in India aware of the effect any change of the law would have on their domestic circles? A lady engaged in England, in coming out to this country to be married to her future husband, very often brings her sister out with her, and if not then, generally invites her to come out, when she is herself comfortably settled. The sister lives in the house, as the law stands at present, as the sister of him who is but one flesh with her own sister.† But alter the law. Let a flood of lax feeling on this point into society, and the sister becomes one who may take the place of the deceased wife. Would many wives choose to bring out their sisters on such terms? Would many sisters choose to come out on such terms? And then how is that sweet domestic intercourse which now obtains even in Indian families broken up! And how perplexing a position is the husband placed in if his wife should die! If he may marry his sister-in-law, he may not live in the same house with her while unmarried. He must either marry her, or send her back at an enormous expense, and to the serious detri-

\* Vide. Christian Remembrancer. Jan. 1849. p. 138-9.

† The proposed change in the law involves a change of the English language. What are we to call a wife's sister, if this law is passed? A *SISTER-IN-LAW* she certainly will not be.



ment of his young family. A law that should say a man *may* contract such a marriage, would in India be almost obliged to say a man *must* contract it. And when it is contracted the quondam aunt becomes the step-mother, her children are at once the first cousins, and half brothers and sisters of her sister's children; that is, they may intermarry, and they may not. Verily, the Scripture word "confusion" is most applicable here.

This must suffice. Thoughtful minds will weigh the subject well, and will reject the lately proposed laxity as an abomination in the sight of God. But they will take their stand only upon the Law of God, that pure Law which is laid down in the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, and which no statute can alter or set aside. And if they examine the law of nature and the law of nations, the facts of history and the statistics of social life, it will be only as a Commentary upon that law, and as an interpretation and illustration of it, and as no way invalidating it, though adverse facts and laws be quoted against it. Nor will they forget to pray Almighty God that He would preserve the laws of Holy Matrimony in that purity which, by His appointment, they had "in the beginning."

S. M.

### SUDDEN SUNRISE IN THE EAST.

I saw the Sunrise from a cupola;  
First, like a prophecy of after-thought  
Upon the forehead of a little child,  
The faint light lay upon the Eastern sky.  
This for a moment—then the couriers  
And crimson-liveried lackeys of the morn,  
Small clouds, shone in procession royally;  
Lucifer fell pallid,—as of a swoon,  
And Luna, like a wicked witch at cock-crow  
Shrunk down the West, and died into the void.  
And then He came, swiftly and busily,  
King Sol, the Day-God with a full white face,  
And bounded on his immemorial path!  
And so with travelling tents of fleecy mists,  
Riders and spearmen of the radial beams,  
And songs of triumph from the highest birds,  
The Western caravan set bravely forth.

MORCOTT.

## V.

STRICTURES ON MR. WENGER'S APOLOGY FOR THE BENGALI  
NEW TESTAMENT OF 1847.

Nequidquam sapiens sapit qui sibi ipsi prodesse non quiret.

ENNIUS.

Some weeks ago we were favoured by an unknown hand with a copy of a Pamphlet printed at the *Baptist Mission Press, Calcutta*. It is entitled "*On the Faithfulness or Unfaithfulness of the Bengali version of the New Testament*," and bears the signature of "J. Wenger." We have since been informed that it is a reprint of an article that appeared in the "*Calcutta Christian Observer*," and that it was occasioned by the circulation, among the Missionaries of the Church of England labouring in Bengal, of a paper of which we here subjoin a reprint *verbatim*.

REV. SIR,

I am directed by the Church of England Missionary Conference, to invite your attention to the following Report of a Sub-Committee appointed by the Conference, to consider the errors in the last edition of the Bible Society's Bengali Version of the New Testament, (published in 1847,) and to request that you will kindly give your best consideration to the points discussed in the Report, and make any observations which your experience in the use of the present Version may suggest, with a view to the whole matter being laid before the Bishop of the Diocese.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Very faithfully your's,

HOWRAH :

W. O'Brien Smith,

September 24th, 1849.

Secretary, C.E.M.C.

[ FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY. ]

*Report of the Sub-Committee, appointed to draw up in form a statement of the results come to at the first and second Special Meetings of the Church of England Missionary Conference, on the subject of the unfaithfulness of the last edition of the Bible Society's Bengali Version of the New Testament.*

Agreeably to the Resolution passed at the second Special Meeting of the Church of England Missionary Conference, your Sub-Committee met on Thursday, the 6th September, and again on the Wednesday following September 12th, and beg to present the result of their deliberations.

After careful examination of the Minutes of the former proceedings, and review of the several texts then examined, your Sub-Committee came to the conclusion, that the first two of the three following counts of complaint

against the first edition of the Bible Society's Bengali Version of the New Testament, which had chiefly engaged the attention of the Special Meetings, may be maintained.

*I. Instances of translation so unfaithful as to either destroy or weaken the force of passages generally regarded as of high importance for the establishment of certain Christian Doctrines, ex. gr. :—*

(1.) The eternal generation of the Son, is excluded from Hebrews i. 5, by such a rendering as restricts the words of the Psalmist to the Resurrection of our Lord from the dead.

The same doctrine is lost in Coloss. i. 15, by the rendering of  $\pi\rho\omega\tau\acute{o}\tau\omicron\varsigma$  by **आदिकर्ता** in Hebrews i. 6, by the rendering of the same term by the word **अद्वितीय** and in St. John i. 14, 18, iii. 16, 18, and 1 St. John iv. 9, by the translation of  $\mu\upsilon\sigma\theta\epsilon\omega\gamma\epsilon\upsilon\eta\acute{\varsigma}$  also by **अद्वितीय**.

(2.) In the following passages a common adjective is substituted for the name Christ, as the title of our Lord's Office.

St. John vi. 69.	St. John xx. 31.	St. Matth. xvi. 16.
St. John xi. 27.	St. Matth. xxvi. 63.	

(3.) The doctrine of Baptism as a Sacrament, consisting, according to the doctrine of our Church, of an outward visible sign and inward spiritual grace, is interfered with by the rendering of the following passages :

St. John iii. 5.	Acts xxii. 16.
Titus iii. 5.	Ephes. v. 26.

(4.) In the following passages occur gross mistranslations of words and phrases in some instances affecting doctrine.

1 St. John iii. 19.	St. Luke iii. 16.	St. John xiv. 6.
1 St. John ii. 21.	St. Matth. iii. 11.	1 Cor. xi. 24—29.
St. John x. 7.	Philip. ii. 6.	1 St. John iv. 1—3.
St. John xvii. 17.	St. John vi. 51.	St. John xx. 23.

(5.) The unnecessary insertion (sometimes to the serious detriment of the sense of the passage) of the suffixes **रूप** and **संरूप**.

Coloss. iii. 4.	St. John vi. 35, 48, 51.	St. John x. 9.
St. Matth. xxvi. 26—29.	St. John xiv. 6.	1 Cor. xi. 24.
Heb. x. 20.	St. John xv. 1, 5.	Revel. i. 20.

*II. Paraphrase either needless or excessive.*

Heb. x. 26.	Rom. ix. 1—6.	Mark i. 4.
St. James v. 19.	St. John vi. 40.	Coloss. ii. throughout.
Rom. iii. 21—26.	Heb. x. 37, 38, 39.	Acts iii. 19.
Rom. vi. 4.	Galat. iii. 19, 23.	Acts xxi. 5.

III. *The use of difficult and merely ornamental words in the stead of simple equivalents.*

Your Sub-Committee, after carefully considering the list handed in by a member of the Conference, were of opinion, that such words, as **অনুবর্জিয়া** (1 Cor. xvi. 11,) and **জিঘাংসা** (Ephes. iv. 31,) and others, may be omitted to advantage; but they apprehend, that a sufficient number of instances of such expressions could not be collected to make of itself a strong point of objection against the Version under review, and it is manifestly expedient, that only strong points should be urged in such a proceeding as the present. Your Sub-Committee are furthermore of opinion, that it will be found on investigation, that the attempt at writing what is considered elegant Bengali, has seriously interfered with (if it have not in some cases totally destroyed,) the *Parallelisms* of the original, the not only elegance, but importance of which, is well known to all critical students.

In conclusion your Sub-Committee beg to observe, that the examples given above, under each head, may easily be multiplied.

(Signed)	T. SANDYS.
"	A. W. STREET.
"	W. O'BRIEN SMITH.
"	K. M. BANERJEA.
"	G. CH. MITTER.

We print the above because it has not been hitherto *published*, whereas the Pamphlet we began by mentioning has been doubly published. The friend who has supplied us with the Circular tells us that he believes only *fifty* copies were struck off and certainly not so many issued.

We purpose taking occasion of the two documents, to make a few remarks on the subject of Translations of the Scriptures in India, generally, and to prosecute to some extent the examination of the particular Version which engaged the attention of those who set forth the paper of which we have above given a reprint.

It is a well known remark of St. Augustine's in his invaluable treatise "*De Doctrinâ Christianâ*" (Lib. II. c. 11) that "In the first times of the faith as soon as any one got hold of a Greek Manuscript [of the Scriptures] and fancied he had some command of both languages [Greek and Latin] he ventured to make a translation."

Now, although St. Augustine does not herein say, expressly, that these translators of the Scriptures into Latin, (who by the way, he had before remarked were so numerous as to be almost innumerable) were all believers before they set about their translations,—we hold that what he does say certainly implies that they were so. We might argue this, validly as we submit, from the words "*In the first times of the faith*," and also from what seems to us the intrinsic improbability

that any one who did not receive the Scriptures as the Scriptures should ever set about translating them. All the translations of modern times may be quoted in confirmation of this assumption. None are made by unbelievers; and even the Septuagint, though made in the first instance, under God's providence, to gratify the literary pride of the King or Literati of Egypt, was made by Jews, i. e. by those who then believed in those Scriptures.

Hereupon arises the reflection that now a days the case seems reversed. We have translations of the Scriptures into every language under heaven, by whoever thinks he has got a tolerable acquaintance with any one of them, and these translations are made for those who do *not* receive the Scriptures, and avowedly for the purpose of inducing them to receive "the Faith." And so we have a very remarkable contrast, almost a contrariety, between the circumstances under which these Scriptures were translated "in the first times of the faith" and those under which they are being translated in these "last times."—Translations are not now made by converts.

Which being premised, we go on to observe as follows. Translators of the Scriptures from the language in which they, on themselves receiving the faith, found them, into their own tongue, would of course, and must ever, of course, come to the task with not only a prepossession of certain doctrines, but of certain expressions of those doctrines; with a more or less complete set of Theological terms. *Creed, Faith, Repentance, Remission, Absolution, Confirmation, Justification, Sanctification, Redemption, Baptism, Eucharist, Bishop, Priest, Deacon, Church, &c. &c.* would be familiar to them in idea, and also in the mode of expression by which their teachers had taught them, and so they would either adopt, or transfuse, or interpret into their own tongue these and all such things, with the advantage of a knowledge of that tongue, as their own native tongue, which even those from whom they received the faith could not pretend unto, unless we go back to, and bring into the argument the miraculous gift of tongues, which, though it may be hard to say when it finally ceased, is not vouchsafed in our day.

And not only so, but, even those who have made the Versions of the Scriptures now in vogue, if not generally in India, at least in Bengal, have notoriously not been members of the Church. Indeed very remarkable it is, that although there is extant a version of the New Testament into Bengali by a devout Churchman, Mr. Ellerton, it is not only out of print, but out of use; although far more true (as we believe)

not only to our authorized Version, but (and therefore) to the original Greek, than any one of the various and varying versions which have succeeded and supplanted it.

We shall perhaps, before concluding, institute a somewhat close comparison between the Bengali Version of 1847 and "*the original Greek*," in order to show how fallacious *that* part of its title is. And we may some day do the same by the latest Version of the *Old Testament* in respect of its pretensions to be from "*the original Hebrew*." Meantime, we have no hesitation in saying that, had the authors, or the author, of the New Testament Version of 1847 kept to the English authorized Version, he would have kept closer to the Greek than he has done.

But it is time to deal directly with the pamphlet before us. And the first thing that occurs to us to remark is the last thing that it occurred to us to think of. Indeed we never should have thought of it, but for a suspicious or charitable minded acquaintance who has observed to us, since we put pen to paper, that the writer of the pamphlet, who evidently enjoyed the personal friendship of Dr. Yates, seems to have thought that the paper of which he made an occasion for his pamphlet impugns Dr. Yates' honesty. "*Valcat quantum*," is all we could say, or can say, to the idea. Let any one read the paper, which we have above reprinted, and judge for himself how far Dr. Yates can have been before the minds of those who drew it up. We should rather suspect that they in Calcutta knew as well as we do in Benares that the edition of 1847 was *not* Dr. Yates's.

"*Valcat quantum*" therefore say we again. If our monitor's idea have any real basis to stand upon, we give Mr. Wenger all the credit for it in its utter gratuitousness. Certainly it gives a spiciness to his pamphlet which we had not otherwise perceived in it. But truth needs nor spices nor perfumes, in such a case as the present. We will simply take upon us to say that we can find nothing in the Circular to warrant our monitor's suspicion. It deals with a certain translation as a translation, and takes no note of the translator, or even of the editor or editors thereof. So we shall waste no more words on our friend's idea, but proceed at once to deal with the pamphlet *seriatim*. Its first topic is—

"*Passages supposed to refer to the Eternal Generation of the Son of God.*"

These italics are our own, though they are surely not needed to render the whole title most suspicious; when we state that the passages in question are Heb. i. 5 and 6. Col-

oss. i. 15. St. John i. 14, 18 ; iii. 16, 18 ; and 1 St. John iv. 9.

We think we shall be safe, in the judgment of all who hold the Faith as at first delivered to the Saints, and, by God's great mercy, inherited by the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic, in asserting that, as regards those passages, the doctrine, even if it be not demonstrable from them, is not a matter of *supposition*. And hereupon we cannot but observe what is the most painful, as it is perhaps the most important, feature of the whole pamphlet before us, viz. that, although Mr. Wenger has not committed himself to a denial (explicit) of that most fundamental doctrine, it is plain that he makes light of it, and it is all but plain that he does not believe it to be a fundamental doctrine of the Gospel. At any rate we cannot conceive how, if he hold it as such, he can have so studiously avoided even the *confessing* it, as he appears to have done, throughout this unhappy Pamphlet.

We can hardly conceive—although we can admit it just possible—that any one who holds this vital truth, without which our Faith is surely vain, could express himself as Mr. Wenger has done in the extracts which we here make.

“Notwithstanding all the objections that may be urged to the contrary, it is my decided opinion that the [second] Psalm is prophetic and refers to Christ exclusively. As in many other prophetic pieces, the scene is laid in the regions of futurity, or what was futurity when it was written. \* \* \* \* \* The scene of the second Psalm, then, is laid at Jerusalem, on the morning of the Resurrection. \* \* \* \* \* Supposing this interpretation to be correct, (as will presently be proved) it is clear that the term *begotten* is *figurative*, and *equivalent to accredited*. On that day Christ, to use the language of St. Paul (Rom. 1. 4) was declared to be the Son of God, with power, by the resurrection from the dead.”—pp. 15, 16.

Again he says:—

“As the result of this inquiry it is my decided conviction that to interpret the word *begotten* in the 2nd Psalm otherwise than figuratively, and as referring exclusively—so far as Christ is concerned—to his resurrection as the credentials of his Sonship, is the same thing as to declare that the inspired Apostle Paul and the inspired penman Luke were both mistaken, the one when he uttered, and the other when he recorded, the sentence contained in Acts xiii. 33.”

And again he says—

“The phrase ‘*I have begotten thee*’ which is not render-

ed as it ought to be, *has nothing to do, whatsoever, with the eternal generation of Christ*, unless indeed, we prefer the authority of Origen and Augustine to that of Paul and Luke.”—p. 18.

Now we repeat it that we do not assert that Mr. Wenger has denied the truth of the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son—indeed he quotes (p. 16) a modern authority (Burkitt) to prove that the interpretation of “begotten” as meaning “accredited” is not inconsistent with the holding of that doctrine; but, having said thus much in fairness to Mr. Wenger, we insist that he has not in the least shaken the charge on the translation of the passages, on the subject made in the *circular*. Indeed he admits that the phrase “I have begotten thee” (in Heb. 1. 5.) “*is not rendered as it ought to be*,” and in defence of the rendering of *πρωτότοκος* (Coloss. I. 15) he says this is rendered quite correctly by a word which means “in the language of the present day *the Prince Regent of the whole creation*.”

In Heb. 1. 6. he maintains that अद्वितीय is correct for the same word *πρωτότοκος*, that also being the word used for *μονογενής*.

Now अद्वितीय simply means (as Mr. Wenger admits) “only,” (without a second). But what sort of rendering, we ask, is that which persists in putting “only” for “only-begotten?” Is then the *—της* superfluous in the language of the Holy Ghost? Can it have been without design, without special meaning, that the idea of begotten is *expressed* in addition to the idea of Son?

What son is not begotten? If sonship *any how* had been the truth intended, then there had been no need of more than the word Son to convey it. But we hope the day is far distant when the Clergy of the Church of England will allow of such liberties being taken with the letter of Holy Writ.

To support his comment on *μονογενής* Mr. Wenger displays some amazing Greek in p. p. 4, 5, 6, the conclusion of which is that the real Greek for only-begotten would be *μονογεν-ητής*. But there is unfortunately no such Greek word extant, and if there were, or could be, we assert advisedly that it would mean “*begotten of only one*,” not, “only-begotten,” the classical no less than theological term for which is *μονογενής*, as the quotations in any moderately good Greek Lexicon will show.

As to the Hebrew *Yākhîd* meaning “only,” its use no more excludes the idea of “begotten,” than “only” in the *Apostles’* creed excludes the “begotten” which is expressed



in the *Nicene* creed. The point to be borne in mind is that it has pleased the Holy Ghost, to use sometimes the word "only," sometimes "only-begotten," and that is not a trustworthy translation which either substitutes the one for the other, or excludes either, instead of retaining each in every place where it occurs.

We proceed to No. 2 of the Circular which alleges that "a common adjective is in certain passages substituted for the name Christ as the title of our Lord's office."

Mr. Wenger admits it, and defends it for reasons based on the *necessities of the Bengali idiom*. We disbelieve any such necessity, but reserve that point for another paper; meantime it is a more serious matter to observe that Mr. Wenger *defends* the alteration censured in the Circular. He says "It must be evident to every reader that in all these passages it would have been better if *the Anointed One* had been put instead of *the Christ*, even in English." Whereupon we think it may suffice to ask why we have in the original ὁ Χριστός and not ὁ μεσσίας.

If our readers will look back to the Circular, they will see four texts objected to, under No. 3, as being so rendered as to interfere with the doctrine of Baptism as a *Sacrament*. The writer of the pamphlet observes hereon, "among these four passages there is only one in which baptism is *explicitly* mentioned." And the literal rendering of the Bengali of this one (Acts xxii. 16) he says, is, "arise, be baptized, and, "praying in the name of the Lord, wash away thy sins." And this he maintains is *accurate*. But is it not evident that whereas in the original, and in our Version "arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins; calling upon the name of the Lord" the last clause belongs both to "be baptized" and to "wash away thy sins;" in the Bengali it belongs only to "wash away thy sins." Whether then the Bengali be good Bengali or not (a comparatively very minor matter in this as in other cases), it is plain that it is *not* accurate. It is a gloss, not a translation. And thus here, as indeed throughout the pamphlet, the writer confirms the position of the Circular which he assails. So too he does when touching another of the four texts in question (Eph. v. 26) he owns that the *Bengali* version means "*the washing of water in the shape of the word.*"

In Tit. iii. 5 the Bengali for "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" is, when construed, "the regeneration-like washing."

In St. John iii. 5 the Bengali for "born of water and of

the Spirit" is, when construed, "*born again of the water-like Spirit.*" Mr. Wenger seems not to approve of it, and so again he is found confirming the position of the Circular.

And at this point Mr. Wenger expatiates on the use of the conjunction *and*, as sometimes equivalent to *namely* or *even*, and forming *Hendiadys*. He says, "In the New Testament it is an open question whether *and* is used after the manner of *Hendiadys*. Much may be said on either side." And, after some instances (to the point, we must suppose he thinks) he goes on to say that "the sentence in St. John xiv. 6. 'I am the way, the truth and the life' was, in Dr. Yates's conviction, an instance of *Hendiadys*; and he adds "there can be no doubt that, considered philologically, this rendering may be justified. And in its theological bearings it is justified by the passage Heb. x. 20, where we read of '*a new and living way.*'"

For all that, he does not approve of that rendering "because he thinks it advisable to be *literal* in a passage likely to be often selected as a text by preachers." Whether then this Circular is far wrong in calling it a "gross mistranslation" we think we may safely leave to the judgment of theologians.

And after all, since it has pleased the Holy Ghost to so often employ the *Hendiadys*—if it be so—who are we that we should venture to improve upon the divine phrasology? Why not keep the *Hendiadys*, if there be any, wherever it occurs? It would surely seem the duty of a translator to do so, and be *literal*.

In the passages St. Matt. iii. 11. and St. Luke iii. 16. the Bengali, when construed means "He shall baptize you with the fire-like Holy Spirit."

Is this a mistranslation or not? Mr. Wenger seems to admit that it is, since he says he has altered it in a translation he is concerned with. But he objects to its being called a "gross mistranslation." On which distinction we will simply ask whether *any* mistranslation of such passages of Holy Writ as this, (for we presume that it is a doctrinal passage) can be other than gross in the estimate of those who reverence God's word as inspired, and look upon the Church as the responsible "witness and keeper" thereof. That a mistranslation might be *more* gross does not make it *not* gross.

Before proceeding to another topic we will observe that Mr. Wenger has given the text St. Matt. xxi. 5. "Sitting upon an ass, *and* a colt the foal of an ass" as an evident instance of *and* having the sense of *even* or *namely*.

Now we do not lose sight of St. John xii. 14, 15, when we assert that this criticism is quite inconsistent with v. 7 of the same chapter of St. Matthew, they "brought the ass *and* the colt, and put on *them* their clothes, and they set Him thereon, καὶ ἐπεκάλισαν ἐπ' αὐτὸν ἀνῶν"—and with our Lord's own words (ibid. v. 3.) "if any man say ought unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of *them*; and straight-way he will send *them*."

We say nothing, though we might say much, of the way in which Mr. Wenger's gloss would evacuate the text of its deep prophetic significance, although the same objection will hold against many other of his assumptions under this head and others.

No. 5, of the *Circular* comes next in the *Pamphlet* and is the topic of five pages, three of which are nearly filled with examples of the use of the suffixes रूप and स्वरूप, serving admirably to establish the objection propounded in the *Circular*.

We question whether many persons will be found to maintain that, God is *a certain form of love*; or God is *in the shape of love*; or, God is *a definite shape of love*, can be anything but a gross mistranslation of "*God is Love*." And so likewise of "this is *a definite shape of my body*;" or "*a certain form of my body*" &c., for "this is my body."

As to the array of quotations from the Revd. K. M. Banerjee's works, it is obvious to reply in the general, that either they are not translations at all, or they are translations from the writings of others, and are as such, *literal*; which what they are cited to defend or excuse are *not*.

We are obliged to consult brevity more than is convenient, and so will notice only one more passage under the head of gross mistranslation. Mr. Wenger maintains that "Sanctify them through Thy true word; Thy word only is true," for, "Sanctify them through thy truth, Thy word is truth" is not such. Charity compels one to believe that he did not perceive that the version which he defends puts a sheer truism into the mouth of our Blessed Lord in the course of His most solemn parting prayer for His disciples.

The entire 2nd Chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians being mentioned in the *Circular* as a remarkable instance of excessive paraphrase, we find it proposed in p. 33 of the *Pamphlet* to contrast the area of the Bengali type with the area of the Greek type of the same chapter. Which is about as good a test of paraphrase as would be a comparison of a sentence printed in Roman capitals with the same in small letters.

One more passage deserves attention. In Philip. ii. 6. Mr. Wenger seems to have no idea of any difficulty but in the word "robbery," and so his objection to the Circular's censure is quite beside the mark. More serious is the consideration whether the word *μάρτυς*, so all-important in that high argument, be fitly rendered by even the emphaticized *রূপে*. Above all, since the *রূপ* is made to help to form the *ὡς ἑαυτοῦ* of v. 8. Especially as the writer of the pamphlet has been himself at such pains to back us that *রূপ* ought invariably to admit of being rendered by "in the shape of;" and *সরূপ* either by "a definite shape of," or, "a peculiar form or description of."

But it is time to conclude for the present. We shall shortly resume the subject, and by a further induction of passages, show that the allegations of the *Circular*, which Mr. Wenger's pamphlet so irregularly confirms, may be maintained and enforced, and that others of importance may be made against the Version of the New Testament in question. It is an ungracious and a painful task, but one that some one should perform. For it is a lamentable thing to reflect that so much influential support of Societies and individuals should be squandered in scattering broad-cast, among converts and heathen alike, versions of the Scriptures, which are not so much versions as glosses; and in setting forth as the standard of appeal in matters of Faith what is so far from the verity of the original.

We trust that the Circular which has occasioned this inquiry is an earnest that the Church will not much longer hold back in the matter of translations of the Scriptures. The names appended thereto warrant us in looking for more than the thus indicating the evil; we may surely hope that they will address themselves to the task of remedying it, and that they will be encouraged and helped in so doing by those with whom it rests to do so.

Let the Missionaries of the Church of England look to it. They have made a right commencement by planting the faith, and setting forth a version of the Book of Common Prayer which seems, as far as completed, very truthful and literal. Their congregations have safe formularies for public worship and the administration of the Sacraments.

In confident expectation that they will address themselves to this task, we purpose offering before long some suggestions on the subject of translating the Scriptures. For the present we propound but one caution. Let them beware of the snare and delusion of a *fine style* of Bengali. Much of the

faultiness of the Version on which we have been writing arises from this. Mr. Wenger himself says in his preface to Yates' Grammar "it is very difficult to decide which kind of Bengali style deserves to be called pure."

It can scarcely be otherwise in a language without a literature; and the style of *Scripture* is the thing in question. That should be preserved, whatever else be sacrificed. The *style of Scripture*, we say. To preserve this, the translator will reverse Horace's rule, and knowingly, designedly, and studiously

"*Desiliet imitator in arctum.*"

The Greek of the New Test. is *peculiar*. It is not *classical* in words or in *style*. So is the Latin of the Vulgate. So is the Greek of the Septuagint. So is the English authorized version.

A translator of the Scriptures, must not clip, nor add nor paraphrase, but *translate*. In many places he will feel it a duty to God simply to *construe*, and have the humility to be obscure, where the original is so. He will in short seek to speak "as the oracles of God", in a *very* literal acceptance of the words.

At present we speak advisedly when we suggest that a mere reprint of Ellerton's version of the N. T. would be a great gain; and we very strongly suspect that an adherence to the first translation of all, that of the great and zealous Carey—will be preferable to the use of the more recent editions of the *Old Testament* by his successors.

## VI.

## CONFESSIONS OF RAMDEENOOA, BHUR.

## I.

I was born in the village of *Hurrowa*, in the district of Benares. My father *Kulloo*, was transported beyond the "black waters" (*Kala pánee*) for burglary with wounding, while I was yet a child, and my mother was put to sad shifts to maintain herself and two children. Almost starved, I was forced to steal to support nature ; and my mother encouraged me in pilfering. As I grew up I became bolder, by listening to the "hair breadth scapes" and adventures of the elders of my tribe. My father was frequently the subject of discourse, and his daring deeds were the theme of admiration. I was said to be very like him in appearance ; and as I was then approaching my eighteenth year, great expectations were formed of me. I was young, and had I been inclined to earn an honest livelihood, it would have been impossible to do so. I was told by everybody, not of my own caste, that I was the son of a thief, and would be one myself. The Police myrmidons, upon every occasion of theft or robbery in the neighbourhood, made it a point to search my house, and to take me to the *thanah*\* on suspicion. I was becoming desperate, and ready to join in any scheme of villainy, when the following occurrence decided the course of my future life.

A band of thieves had been very actively engaged in the *chaonee*† of the Sahibs, and considerable property had been stolen. The house of the Magistrate Buhadoor had not escaped. The most stringent orders were issued to the police to recover the property, and to trace the thieves, under penalty of dismissal from office. But the offenders had fled the country ; having come over from the Oude frontier, through Jounpore. The old *darogah*,‡ *Meer Kureem Buksh*, in despair, sent a *burkundaz*§ and dragged my mother and myself to the *thanah* ; while my young brother managed to escape and hide himself.

"*Darogah Sahib*," I exclaimed, folding my hands in humility ; "why has your slave been apprehended ? And why has his mother been dragged before your worship ?"

"Does the whelp bark ?" said the *darogah*—"Dog, and son

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\* *Thanah*.—Police-office.

† *Chaonee*.—Station.

‡ *Darogah*.—Police officer.

§ *Burkundaz*.—Constable.

of a dog, thou wilt meet, *inshallah* !\* the doom under which thy father suffered. Our eyes have been upon thy house, and we have discovered that thou and that *kumbukht*† thy mother were at the bottom of the late robberies in the *Chaonee* of the *Sahibán-i-Aleeshán* ;‡ and unless thou and she confess, by the prophet you shall repent.”

“ *Aee ! Darogah Jee,*” I replied, “ what ashes have fallen on my head ! who has befouled my name that your worship should suspect me of being an accomplice of thieves ? Do I not cultivate three beegahs of land ; and have I ever failed in my annual *nuzzur*§ that you now condemn my mother and me ?” I took out one rupee, and respectfully offered it, for acceptance.

Whether it was the smallness of the offering, or that it was presented openly, before the burkundazes of the thanah, I know not ; but the darogah snatched the rupee out of my hand, and called out to the people present to witness against me. I was kicked and beat with shoes, and my feet put into the stocks ; and my mother was shoved into a kennel, that a dog of tender nurture would have been stifled in.

Thus was I confined for six weeks, with nothing better to eat than a mess of *Sutloo* ;|| when I was sent, along with my mother, to the Sahib Magistrate’s Katcherry. There my defence was recorded, in the great man’s room ; but out of ear-shot. I denied the charge brought against me ; and alleged that I had been torn from my home, without having been guilty of any crime. That I had been beaten and starved ; and that my crop of corn, upon which my subsistence depended, had been destroyed or plundered during my confinement.

I had grown warm, and spoke loud and angrily. The *Huzoor*’s notice was attracted, and he desired me to cease my clamour. But I exclaimed, “ you are the *Gosáin*,¶ ; you are the *Gureeb-purwur* ;\*\* and if I do not speak before you, how shall justice be done me ? *Junab-i-Alee* !†† the Darogah is a rascal. He has been bribed by the thieves, whom he has

\* *Inshallah*.—So please God.

† *Kumbukht*.—Unlucky jade.

‡ *Sahibán Alishán*.—Chief Gentlefolk.

§ *Nuzzur*.—Offering.

|| *Sutloo*.—Corn parched and ground.

¶ *Gosáin*.—The Deity.

\*\* *Gureeb-purwur*.—The protector of the poor.

†† *Junab-i-Alee*.—May it please your Highness.

released, and has falsely charged my mother and me." The Magistrate was busy with another case, and he took no further notice of me.

In due course my defence was heard, and the witnesses examined. But as nothing was proved against my mother and me, farther than that we were the son and wife of a notorious robber, the Magistrate was forced to release us; contenting himself with admonitions for the future.

Before leaving the presence, however, I ventured to submit to the Magistrate, that as my long confinement had branded me with the character of a thief; and my fields had been destroyed; I begged that the *Sircar*\* would give me wherewithal to live, or furnish me with some employment. But I was told that the *Sircar* would not aid me. I proceeded homewards, reflecting upon the anomaly that condemned my tribe by wholesale as thieves and robbers, and then forced us into the commission of crimes by shutting against us the doors of honest employment, and thus continuing us in our career of atrocity.

## II.

Forced by necessity to become a robber, I lost no time in concocting a plan for replenishing my consumptive purse. I communicated my scheme to some of my father's comrades; who readily agreed to join me. Our scene of operations was the line of road from Benares to Jounpore. Great part of the *Sipahees*† of the *Koompanee Buhadoor* are enlisted in the warlike country of *Ujoodhea*,‡ and on their obtaining furlough, are obliged to pass through *Kashee*§ and Jounpore to get to their homes. The high-road from Benares to Jounpore passes through the town of *Sheepoor* about three miles from the former city; after which there is a dreary country, full of ravines, beyond the large village of Hurrowa, my native place.

I had, by lurking about the treasury at Benares, discovered that several *Sipahees* had been paid sums of money, varying from fifty to two hundred rupees each. I had ascertained that they were to leave early next morning; and had applied to the *Choudhuree*|| for coolies to convey their baggage homewards.

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\* *Sircar*.—Government.

† *Sipahees*.—Native soldiers.

‡ *Ujoodhea*.—The modern *Oude*.

§ *Kashee*.—Benares.

|| *Choudhuree*.—The Head man of a working class.



This *Choudhuree* was *Jankee Chumar*, a man with whom my father had had extensive dealings ; and I went to him at night and explained my plan of operations. He at once sided with the son of his comrade ; and myself and two others were sent to the *Sipahees*, to carry their loads.

We had comrades stationed in the broken ground, between the villages of *Turna* and *Hurrowa*. And as we jogged along under our burthens, and approached the spot fixed upon for the robbery, I was seized with a violent fit of coughing. I sat down on the ground, by the road-side ; and the *Sipahees* and the two other coolies did the same. Suddenly the robbers rushed upon us ; and before the *Sipahees* could get ready to defend themselves, they were felled by the bludgecons of the robbers. The bundles we were conveying, were snatched from us. The waists of the *Sipahees* were stripped of their "*himayanee* ;" \* and before the wounded men recovered their senses, the robbers had fled with the booty.

No sooner were they out of sight than I set up a shouting that would have raised the dead. "*Bap re !—Bap re !†—Dakah ! Dakah !*" shouted I. "*Chor ! Chor !—Mardala ! Cheenleeya !*" roared my comrades. The *Sipahees* were roused, and asked what was the matter ? We told them that we had been attacked by fifty armed men ; and that all the property was taken from us and from their own persons. Some villagers were attracted by the noise, and came to enquire what it was about ? The '*choukeedars*‡ of the road (who, by the bye, had formed part of the gang of robbers) also pretended to run to the rescue ; and after hearing our story, hastened to the *thanah* to give information of the daring robbery. The *Sipahees*, myself and two comrades followed at a slower pace.

Meer Kurreem Buksh, the *thanahdar* of *Hurrowa*, at once took the depositions of the *Sipahees*, the *choukeedars* and myself, and the other two coolies. The *Sipahees* affirmed that they had been set upon by a band of fifty men, armed with *talwars* and *lohabundas*,§ and that before they could defend themselves, they were felled to the earth, and robbed of everything they had. I swore that one hundred and fifty men from the *Nuwabee*|| had attacked us ; and that from fear, my comrades and myself fell down and pretended

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\* *Himayanee*.—Long purses worn round the waist.

† " Oh dear—oh dear—robbery—dacoity—thieves—thieves—murder and plunder.

‡ *Choukeedars*.—Watchmen.

§ *Talwars*.—Swords.—*Lohabandas*.—Bludgecons studded with iron.

|| *Nuwabee*.—The territory of the *Nuwáb*.—Oude.

to be dead ; and thus escaped the blows that had felled the Sipahcees. That Jyggoo and Goolab chowkeedars had, on hearing us shout after the robbers had run away, come up to the rescue ; and run after them one *kos* ;\* and then preceded us to the thanah.

“ How do you know that the robbers were from the Nuwabee ?” enquired Kurreem Buksh.

“ How do I know ?” responded I—“ Do I not know, Meer Saheb, a Nuwabee man from one of these parts ? The robbers had on long *dhotees*.† They had long hair and wore no turbans ; and had on the *Juneo* ; ‡ and I guess they were Nuwabee Rajpoots.”

“ But,” said Kurreem Buksh, “ what were *you* doing with the Sipahcees, *Ramdeenooa* ? I know you to be a *budmash*,§ and I suspect you to be at the bottom of the robbery—Yes, you *huramzadeh* !|| you are one of the robbers, and unless you confess, you shall dearly rue this day.”

“ What dirt are you eating, Darogah jee !” I cried. “ What had I to do with the robbery ? Ask *Junkee Chowdhuree* whether he did not send me, and *Kulloo* and *Ghoorlot*, to carry the Sipahcees’ bundles to *Babutpoor* ? And ask the chowkeedars whether they did not hear us, shouting “ *Bap re !—Bap re !*”

But the old Darogah would not listen to my remonstrances ; and myself and two companions were confined in the thanah, until we should confess. A well-written statement of the robbery was sent up to the Sahib Magistrate ; which wound up with saying that, “ *ba iqbal-i-huzoor*,”¶ the principal robbers had been apprehended by the *joostojoyee wuh moostaidee*\*\* of the slave.

But I was like the cub of the fox, that will bear to be worried without murmuring. Neither starvation, nor beating with shoes, nor confinement in a kennel half-filled with the most vile and filthy abominations, could force me to confess. Two days and nights passed away, and Kurreem Buksh was in an agony of despair for his situation. •

A cleverly written statement of the grounds of my apprehension, was sent up to the *Huzoor* ; and facts and pre-

\* *Kos*—A distance of two miles.

† *Dhotee*.—The lower garment of Hindoos.

‡ *Juneo*.—The cord distinctive of Brahmins and Rajpoots.

§ *Budmash*.—A man of infamous profession.

|| *Huramzadah*.—Base-begotten.

¶ *Ba iqbal i huzoor*.—By his highness’s good fortune.

\*\* *Dexterity*.

assumptions were so cleverly combined and weighed, that I could not help thinking that my conviction was a moral certainty. However I trusted to my *kismut*,\* and to the tenderness of the *Hakims*,† and made up my mind to suffer any torture or to undergo the punishment of the law, rather than confess. For I had heard the elders of my tribe remark, on several occasions, that “*Shoobha se kea hota hae? Jub luk suboot kamil na howeh, suzza na ho sukla.*”‡

The Sahib Magistrate Buhadoor heard the whole case attentively, and came to the conclusion that the darogah had trumped up the charges against me and my comrades. For, said he, here are poor fellows, who were engaged to carry the bundles of the Sipahcees, and who were furnished by the Choudhurce of coolies, taken up and *chulaned* § as thieves; when by the evidence of the Sipahcees themselves, the robbers were different people. Release the poor men; and suspend Kurrcem Buksh darogah for his incapacity.

I fell down on my knees, touched the floor thrice with my forehead, and exclaimed “*Gosāin Huzoor ko jeeta rukkeh; aisa insaf hooa, ke dordh our pancee ulāhida hooa.*” I went back to my home; and after remaining quiet for a few days, went to my comrades, who fairly divided the spoil of the Sipahcees with me and my two friends.

I soon purchased a pair of oxen and added two beegahs of land to my *jote*¶ to deceive the public as to my real character, and I set about concocting new schemes of robbery; fully convinced that the “*Hakiman-i-Aleeshan*” were the greatest of all gulls. So long as there is no positive proof, there can be no conviction, thought I and left the rest to *Kismut*.

### III.

My late successful escape from the jaws of justice had the effect of raising me very considerably in the estimation of my brotherhood. A *punchayut*\*\* was held, and the title of “*Rajgh*” was given to me. This title my ancestors had enjoyed, and I was pronounced to be a worthy scion of a noble race. How low soever our tribe has fallen, yet we deem

\* *Kismut*.—Fate.

† *Hakims*.—Magistrates.

‡ Suspicion's a farce—no proof, no penalty.

§ *Chulaned*.—Brought into Court.

|| God bless your honor! Such justice as yours has separated milk and water.

¶ *Jote*.—Cultivation.

\*\* *Punchayut*.—Court of decision.

ourselves nobler than the Rajpoots who wrested the country from our ancestors. We *Bhurs* are the indigenous people of the soil; and if we are thieves and robbers now, we cannot help it; as it is the only occupation left to us. Look at the vast forts of Rotasgurrh; Bidjegurrh, and others; which the ignorance of modern times ascribes to *Devs*\* of yore! Do not they shew what *was* done by the children of the soil? And who but the arrogant and ignorant can doubt for a moment that those ponderous works were built by *Bhurs*? This pride of ancestry is still kept up; and I was not a little proud of having obtained the title of *Rajah*, for my deeds.

The high road from Benares to Allahabad runs through well-wooded groves of trees, in several places, and is travelled over, night and day, by devout pilgrims, by travellers, and by the confidential servants of *Muhajuns*.† These last send valuable packages, of gold bars, precious stones, pearls and iron, in charge of their retainers. Such property is delivered to the *Muhajuns*, by the parties who are intrusted; and high rates of insurance charged for the safe delivery. Bands of five, ten, or more of these runners go together for safety; they are armed with *talwars*, and are generally stout fellows that well know their use.

The *Bhurs* of *Bhudoe* (properly *Bhur Dehee*, or the land of *Bhurs*) are famous thieves; and it was resolved to lighten the loads of the *Muhajuns*' runners. But besides the danger of attacking resolute men, armed with swords, and travelling in company; it was unsafe to shed blood. For the stir made would soon render the place too hot for us. It was therefore resolved to ascertain when one or two runners were sent with valuable parcels; and then to knock them down with bludgeons and rifle them. I was selected by the unanimous voice of the *punchayut* as the person best adapted for playing the spy.

For this purpose, I ingratiated myself into the good graces of the *karinda*‡ of the house of Baboo Jankee Dass; and after much perseverance, succeeded in getting appointed a *choukedar* of his banking house. I was thus able to ascertain exactly, how many runners were started daily; in which direction, and with what property. To make sure of the prey, and to avert suspicion from myself, were the chief ob-

\* *Devs*.—The *Titans* of Hindoo story.

† *Muhajuns*.—Native bankers.

‡ *Karinda*.—Cash-keeper.

acts I had in view. I therefore resolved to accompany in person the runners whom I foredoomed to spoliation; and the plan concocted for robbing them was as follows.

Ten stout *Bhurs* were to be mounted on trees, on the road side; and the moment the runners and myself appeared underneath the tree, the robbers were to jump down on us; and (sparing me) strike them to the earth with *lathees*.\*

I ascertained that three runners were ordered to *Muthra* with a thousand *Culdár Ushurfees*† in each man's waist. I was desired to accompany them as far as *Ghoovseah*; from whence I was to return, and inform my master of the safety of the travellers so far. The second morning of the journey, about an hour before dawn of day, we reached the grove of trees that had been selected for the robbery. The runners chattered as they jogged along; and exactly in the middle of the grove, where it was pitch dark, I coughed thrice. Suddenly the robbers jumped from the trees, and in the twinkling of an eye, the runners and myself were floored and rendered insensible by the blows that were showered upon us; we were stripped to the skin, and left to our fate. I had not calculated upon being knocked down in the *melee*; but it happened for the best. For I received a pretty severe blow on my head, which rendered me insensible, and most effectually disarmed suspicion; as the result will shew.

No sooner did I recover my senses, than I shouted at the very top of my lungs, "*Dakah! Dakah!*" which assisted in rousing my companions, the runners, to consciousness. They started up, and joined in the cry of "*márá! márá re! dáká! dáká! pukro! pukro!*"‡ The choukcedar, who was dosing comfortably in his *munduwee*§ rushed out; and seeing us all wounded and bloody, remained not to make enquiry; but ran off to the thanah to give information of a desperate robbery, with wounding, that had been committed by one hundred dacoits.

In due course, that is some three hours after the occurrences I have related, the thanahdar, *Mukhun Lall*, appeared. Here fellows, "he said to us," "describe how and when and by whom you were robbed? The Darogah Jee seated himself cosily on a *durree*|| that had been officiously spread for him by his people; while we stood round him.

\* *Lathees*.—Clubs.

† *Culdár Ushurfees*.—Old gold mohurs.

‡ Murder.—'Robbers.' Seize them!

§ *Munduwee*.—A wretched guard-sheet.

|| *Durree*.—A thin cotton carpet.

The runners and myself told the same story. How they had been intrusted with Gold mohurs to convey to *Muthra*—how I was directed to accompany them as far as *Ghoosea* and from thence to return to the *Sahoo Jee\** and to report that all was well. How we had been suddenly knocked down by robbers, and plundered of everything that was on our persons.

“But whom do you suspect,” enquired the Darogah?

“We suspect no body,” we said. “We are wounded and have been robbed. This is all we can tell, Darogah Sahab, and we look to you and the *Hakims* for redress.”

Mukhun Lall then turned to me. “Are not you the famous *Ramdeenooa Bhur*, son of the robber *Kulloo*? Surely you must know more of this matter than appears on the surface. Confess, you reprobate, or it will be the worse for you.”

“Look at my head, Darogah Jee! would I plot to get it broken in this manner? I am the son of *Kulloo*, it is true; but I am an *izzutdar†* my name is *Ramdeen Ram*; and I am in the service of the great muhajun *Baboo Jankee Dass*. You know my master’s wealth and influence; and if you do take me upon suspicion, I warn you that the *Sahoo* will not be pleased.

The *thánahdár* was somewhat taken aback. The villagers all round the place of the robbery were seized and taken to the *Thanah* for examination; and we also were detained to identify any parties who might be apprehended on suspicion. But no clue whatever to the outrage could be found.

Mukhun Lall was a very clever fellow, and he understood the process of administering *butter* as well as any man in existence. He informed the *Sahib Magistrate Buhádoor*, that four men had been found on the road, desperately wounded; who alleged that they had been robbed of three thousand *Culdar Ushurfees*. But that in the *ukkil nakis‡* of the slave, it was his impression that the whole story was a fabrication. For, as he pithily remarked, in the *Raj* of the *Company Buhádoor* and under the immediate eye of a *Hakim* like *Huzoor*; was it likely that such a serious robbery and wounding *could* occur?

Days passed; but no trace of the robbers could be found. The neighbouring magistrates were on the alert. The *Sahoo* who had sent the runners with his gold, was moving every

\* *Sahoo Jee*.—Merchant.

† *Izzutdar*.—A man of character.

‡ *Ukkil nakis*.—Weak judgment.

engine at his command, to discover the perpetrators of the outrage, that had caused him such grievous loss. The Government sanctioned a reward of a hundred rupees for every principal offender. But still there was no clue. The whole affair was a mystery, that could not be penetrated. As a last resort, Mukhun Láll was suspended; and the runners and myself were permitted to return home.

My first visit was to Baboo Jankee Dass; whom I induced to believe in a well-concocted story of my sufferings in his behalf, and the Sáhoo gave me a handsome present in consequence. After the lapse of several days, I got my share of the gold from the robbers who had eased the runners of their load. And the only difficulty that now remained, was to use the gold so cautiously as to lead to no suspicion against us.

I acquired wealth and fame; and my object was to settle down for a time, and to enjoy my well-earned money. I had heard that *Laloo Bhur*, one of the robbers concerned in the late affair, had a comely daughter. The usual preliminaries were gone through, and I was about to become possessed of my bride; when my father-in-law and several others with him, were taken up on suspicion of having more wealth than they could have come honestly by.

There was a police officer who was led by the fates to trace the whole of the late robbery. He was well acquainted with the haunts of every thief, for miles round. *Lalla Ram Ghoolam* was in league with every *sirdar*,\* and as he was desirous not only of establishing a lasting reputation, but of pocketing the government reward, and of securing the ten per cent on recovered stolen property, sanctioned by the regulations, he moved every power he could command to ferret out the delinquents.

He learned, through a spy, that a wedding on a grand scale was carrying on, at Laloo Bhur's; and that I was about to marry Laloo's daughter. He knew full well that Laloo could not do this by any ordinary means; and being aware that I had been mixed up with the late robbery, he sapiently concluded, that Laloo and I had somewhat to do with the affair. He therefore went to the Magistrate Buhadoor, and told his story verbally, and received the Huzoor's orders to apprehend us.

Laloo, myself, and the whole of the persons present at the

\* *Sirdar*.—Man of importance.

marriage feast were seized on suspicion and taken to the thanah. But we stoutly maintained our innocence. Unfortunately however for us, Laloo had, on his person, ten gold mohurs; which were found on searching him. He could not satisfactorily account for the possession of the gold; and being half starved and well beaten, he confessed that he had been concerned in the robbery of the runners of Baboo Jankee Dass; and that the gold found on his person was part of the plunder. But he resolutely refused to name his accomplices.

This was sufficient for the Darogah, to justify further proceedings. He proceeded to Laloo's house; and confining all the women, he ordered the entire floor to be dug up, in hope of finding the Ushurfees. But the result was fruitless. The walls were pulled to pieces; but still, no Ushurfees were forthcoming. The women were insulted; but it was a point of honor, and none would confess. They were taken to the thanah, and in our presence, beaten and abused in language too gross for description.

Imagine *my* feelings. The day that should have seen me in possession of my bride, was closed by me in the dungeon of the thanah. And besides indignity to myself, there was my bride insulted in my presence. I raked up all my persecutions since boyhood, and vowed a deep revenge, by *Debee*, that a day of retribution *should* come. And I kept my word.

To make an end of a long story, we were all chuláned as accessories in the robbery. But the charge could not be made good—Laloo's confession criminated himself alone; and he alone was punished. In my exculpation, I cited the runners themselves and our master, the Sahoo; and was released, with flying colors.

I should notice, that the bulk of the booty was far beyond the reach of the police. Our fraternity is spread far and wide; and valuable property obtained by plunder is invariably sent to far off places; where it is gradually and cautiously disposed of.



# HOME,—SWEET HOME!

Oh ! what, and where, is Home ?  
 Or here ? or there ?  
 Or where we are,  
 Or where we fain would be,  
 Were we but free  
 At will to rest or roam ?—  
 Is it where we have passed through youth,  
 Midst peace, and love, and truth,  
 Or is it far away,  
 Amid the din and fray  
 Of change and chance.  
 As, day by day,  
 They weave their heart-bewildering dance ?—  
 Oh man ! thy home is here, and there,  
 And every where.—  
 'Tis midst thy *duty*  
 That thou wilt find it's true, albeit veiled beauty,  
 And still be blest,  
 Though not at rest.

SPIRYNX.

April 12th, 1850.

ERRATUM.—In “ *The Voices*”, by MORCOTT, *fourth stanza, third line*,  
 For “ in ” read “ din.”

## Extracts and Intelligence.

### CHRONICLE OF CHURCH PROCEEDINGS, TO FEB. 14TH 1850.

Our limited space precludes us from the detail we should desire to give on the various important movements which denote the vigour of the Home Church. We must confine ourselves to those larger measures which seem calculated to influence our prospective polity.

The Lord Bishop of London introduced his new **CLERGY DISCIPLINE BILL** to the Upper House on the fifth of February. It is framed to constitute a Court of Appeal, embracing both the legal and ecclesiastical element, to which all decisions against Clerks in Orders for heresy, false doctrine, blasphemy or schism may be referred, we presume for *final* adjudication. The following persons are, *ex officio*, members of the proposed Court.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

The three senior English Bishops.

The Lord Chancellor, or Commissioner of the Great Seal.

The Dean of the Court of Arches.

The Chancellor of the Diocese of London.

The Regius and Margaret Professors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge.

Three Bishops, the Dean of the Arches, the Chancellor of London, and two Professors to form a quorum.

The construction of the Court appears to us calculated to promote impartiality in the Judge's office, and to protect the Clergy from those acknowledged anomalies which adhere to a compulsory decision by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The following sentences, from the Rev. G. A. Denison's speech at the great Educational Meeting of February 7th (to which we shall make subsequent allusion) have a pregnant truth in them apart from any consideration on their theological aptitude; and without betraying either opinion or anxiety on the weighty case to which the Rev. Speaker refers, we venture to say that the judgment, under whatever event, will be cavilled at by the disappointed party, *because* pronounced from a tribunal not possessing any essentially ecclesiastical character.

"We have lived to see what our fathers never saw. We have lived to see it called in question before a Supreme Court of Appeal, a Court not composed necessarily even of professing members of the Church of England, a Court with no spiritual character necessarily attaching to it,—we have lived to see it called in question before such a Court as this whether the Church of England holds, as necessarily and exclusively true, the

doctrine of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church in respect of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism. In other words, we have lived to see it called in question, before a Supreme Court of Appeal, whether the Church of England is or is not a branch of the Church Catholic. We have lived to see a Supreme Court of Appeal asked to declare, *not* that Regeneration in Baptism, as held always by the Church Catholic, is not the doctrine of the Church of England—for *this* nobody has yet dared to ask,—I say yet, for we know not what may be coming upon us—but that there is room in the Church of England for this, and also for the denial of it. In other words, we have lived to see it asked of a Supreme Court of Appeal that it should set the seal of its authority upon this—that the Church of England has *no doctrine* of Holy Baptism. Has anything so revolting been ever, at any other time, attempted to be palmed upon the religious sense of the English people? Room for *two* doctrines of the *one* Baptism in the *one* Catholic and Apostolic Church! why not say, at once, room for ten thousand doctrines? There would be some honesty in that. Have men no fear lest the negation of the “one Baptism” of the “one Faith” should lead here in England, as it has led elsewhere, wheresoever men have been deluded into it, to the negation of the “one Lord.” Have we no fear? Why not get rid at once of the Church, and the Councils, and the Creeds, and the Catechism, and leave it to every man to reconstruct his faith for himself? We have learnt a great deal, especially in late years, of open questions in politics, and so open indeed are they, that it is a hard matter to find any question that is not “open”—a hard matter to know what any man holds about any question of State policy. Shall it be reserved for the year of grace, 1850, and for a Supreme Court of Appeal, to make the remarkable discovery, for the first time since Christ came, that there can be in the one Church such a thing as an “open question” in respect of Christ’s holy Sacraments? To such a pass have we been brought by that miserable spirit of negation and compromise which is, in my belief, of all the causes of evil that can befall a Church, the most fatal.”

The proposed bill further enacts that all Appeals in the cases above specified (obviously not including *immorality*) shall be asserted *within two months* from the day of sentence by a lower Court; that convicted Clerks shall not perform duty, pending Appeals; that Bishops lawfully cognizant of *offences against the Laws Ecclesiastical*, (except heresy, false doctrine, blasphemy, or schism,) or of *convictions by a Temporal Court for treason, felony, or perjury, or any other offence from which scandal may ensue to the Church*, shall be competent to institute private preliminary enquiry, and to admonish Clerks of charges against them, and *if the accused Clerks consent to the further prosecution of such preliminary enquiry*, the Bishop may, either personally, or by Commission to one or more Clerks in Holy Orders under his hand and seal, examine witnesses on oath in the presence of the party accused; or by his consent, in his absence. The accused party may also tender witnesses, and cross-examine, but *not* by counsel or attorney. If the accused confess the truth of the charge, and agree that the Bishop pronounce sentence, it shall be lawful for the Bishop to pronounce such sentence as might for such offence be pronounced in any Ecclesiastical Court. Bishops lawfully cognizant of any causes under this act may require accused clerks to appeal before them, at any place within their Dioceses, within such time, not being less than 14 days, as shall seem to them reasonable. And if the accused party appear and admit the truth of the articles, the Bishop, or his Commissary specially appointed for that purpose, (who may preside, in the Bishop’s absence,) shall forthwith proceed to judgment according to the

**Ecclesiastical Law.** The Jury for Clerks' trials under the Bishop's Commission is to consist of four Clerks unobjected to by the accused, who are to try by evidence, and give a verdict; the Bishop deciding the points of law, and sentencing. Clerks proceeded against under this act may appeal, in England to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and in Ireland to Delegates of the Court of Chancery, *on the ground that the verdict was against, or not justified by, the evidence*; or if articles have been exhibited at the instance of any person other than the Bishop having cognizance of the cause, they may appeal, *on the ground that evidence material to the issue of the cause has been wrongfully received or rejected*; or *that the decision upon any other question of law, or any judgment or order given in the cause by the Bishop or his Commissary was not warranted by law*. In these cases, a new trial may be moved for; or that the judgment be vacated, annulled or varied, as the case may require:—All Bishops, who are Privy Counsellors, being *ex-officio* members of the Judicial Committee; and no appeal to the Committee being heard, except in presence of *one Bishop at least*; who shall never be the Bishop by whom the cause has been previously adjudicated. But we trust, and are inclined to believe, that the power of final appeal from the decisions of Diocesans, to the Privy Council, is limited to convictions of *immorality*; or at least does not refer to questions of *doctrine*. The preponderating Episcopal element in the new Court certainly seems designed for the final decision of causes purely ecclesiastical in their citations; it cannot probably be designed that a Committee of the Privy Council, on which only *one Bishop* need sit, shall take cognizance of sentence of false doctrine heresy or schism, which a Bishop has previously condemned, after consent unto his seat in judgment by the accused party. We therefore understand the provision in the fourth clause of the Act, that "the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may, on questions of doctrine, *if it shall think fit*, lay the case before the other Court of Appeal" to be a recommendation, to that Committee to confine their investigations to questions of immorality, and to refer charges involving points of doctrine to the new Court. Still we should desire that this be more distinctly recognized in the Act. For as it at present stands, as far as we discern, the recent anomalies and agitations may be re-enacted, a contingency greatly injurious to the comfort of the English Church.

The great National Meeting at Willis's Rooms on the 7th of February to consider the critical nature of the measures designed by the Committee of Council on Education, was a focus of interest, and crowded to overflowing. We wish we could find room for all the observations of the Rev. W. Sewell on the projected latitudinarianism. Admirable in themselves, they convey pregnant hints of what is our course of duty here. We have read in a former number of this Magazine a paper on educational matters, where we are told that Hindús value the superior accuracy of European calculations, that they may "ascertain with greater precision the moment beyond which they must not delay plunging into the Ganges, if not to help the afflicted luminary, *at least to gain the rewards promised in their Scriptures to those who obey a positive injunction, without questioning its reasonableness*." Should we forget that our Scriptures also promise such rewards? That there is a blessing attached to patient continuance in well doing? That the very prime of well doing is enacted, when, *without questioning its reasonableness*, we obey the *positive injunction* "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?" And if we disobey, what will be the upshot? Let Mr. Sewell answer in

his own apt language. Some youth will ask the state, or its Educator; "You have undertaken the care of the developement of my character—you will teach me astronomy, and algebra and geometry—will make me acquainted with the nature of the globe, and tell me about the stars—isn't there something *above* the stars—something that made all this—why don't you tell me about *that*—why are you silent on that subject." The state may answer—"I am ignorant—I know nothing. All about the *material*—the *worthless*—I know entirely, but that on which the soul depends is all dark and blank to me." Will this avowal lead to confidence in those who profess such ignorance as this? Or the State may say, "I am not ignorant—I know this very well—but so little of your interests or your happiness depends upon it, that there is no occasion to teach it." Will this be listened to for a moment? will a boy listen to it? Have not boys *souls*—*feelings*—moments of remorse and anxiety—glimpses of the Spiritual world, which is the first thing they long to be instructed in? Will they not cast off with scorn and contempt the being who professes to educate them, without a care of their souls? Or the State may go on to say—"I do know the truth, but I dare not say that that truth possesses vital importance. I am a slave, fettered by those in authority over me. God placed me on this throne of empire—placed your souls under my care—gave the sole dominion into my hands—but all this grandeur, these gorgeous robes, are mockery—I dare not speak on that which I know to be so immeasurably important." Be assured then the child will put another question "By what right and authority do you hold a position you are incompetent to exercise? Is your power of God or of man? If of God—why are you silent about God? If your commission be from heaven, why is heaven the only thing excluded from your teaching?" And if the answer be, From men, then the youth will say "Am not I a man like yourself? with the same faculties—with knowledge—with reason? Are we not all equals? What right have you to stand over me as a man?" Then will come the hour when man shall be arrayed against man—with no superiority on either side—no prerogative, privilege, or power of any kind—no consecrated authority—only brute force against brute force."

May God avert this fate from British India, direct your legislators to timely wisdom, and teach them to discern the latter end of their beginnings!

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# THE BENARES MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1850.

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## I. WORDSWORTH ON THE APOCALYPSE.\*

It is after much hesitation that we at length venture to invite our readers to tread the intricate mazes of prophetic interpretation. The difficulties inherent in the subject, and the perils attendant upon it, have well nigh scared us from the task now proposed. Formidable we indeed still feel them to be, though we have essayed their encounter; and sufficient to impose caution, even where they do not infuse timidity. Beside the difficulties, (neither few nor small,) which beset a diligent study of all the various parts of revelation, the student of prophecy will meet with others, of still greater magnitude, peculiar to his own department. He will not only have to deal with the ambiguity of language, perplexed constructions, various readings, and the inadequacy of words to represent the disclosed ideas of the divine mind, but he will have to grapple with a more subtle and perplexing difficulty, inwrought, and that too designedly, in the very structure and aim of prophecy. In every age of the church since the expulsion from paradise down to the close of the apostolic era, prophecies have been uttered from time to time; the coming events of the future have been proposed to the expectancy of the faithful. But, paradoxical as it may

\* Lectures on the Apocalypse, Critical, Expository, and Practical, delivered before the University of Cambridge: being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1848. By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D., CANON OF WESTMINSTER.—8vo. pp. 505.

seem, these manifestations were so contrived as to serve a purpose of concealment; while future objects were presented to the view in some appreciable form, they were at the same time designedly enveloped within the folds of a mysterious drapery; they were not drawn in distinct colours upon the canvass, but were exhibited behind a veil, through which no ardent curiosity, and no mere natural intelligence could penetrate. Nay even faith itself, with its eagle eye, was for a season unable to scan and measure the structures sketched out on the scroll of prophecy. The very first prediction of the Bible, while it suggested hope, repressed curiosity, and disowned comprehension. "Thy seed"—"Her seed"—what could our first parents suppose this seed to be in either case? The bruising of the heel—the bruising of the head—what kind or what amount of injury was expected by the exiles from paradise? The time, the mode, the instrumentality, the wonderful result, were all shrouded by a mysterious covering of figurative expression, and nothing more was disclosed, than that the case of man was not utterly hopeless, that a remedy for the evil now introduced would at some time or other be provided.\* So in almost

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\* "Let us suppose that the passage were recited to some uninstructed heathen, who should be totally unacquainted with the Bible, and with every part of its contents: suppose him quite ignorant of the story of the fall—ignorant upon what occasion the words were spoken, or by whom: suppose he were only told that once upon a time these words were spoken to a serpent:—think ye he would discern in them any thing prophetic? He must have more than the serpent's cunning if he did. He would tell you that they contain a few obvious remarks upon the condition of the serpent kind, upon the antipathy which nature has established between men and serpents, and upon the natural advantages of men over the venomous reptile. "The serpent," says he, "is told that for the extent of his natural powers and enjoyments, he holds his rank with the lowest of the brute creation;—that serpents by the make of their bodies are necessitated to crawl upon the ground;—that although they have a poison in their mouths, the greatest mischief they can do to men is to bite them in the heels: whereas men by the foresight of their danger, and by their erect posture, have greatly the advantage, and knock serpents on the head wherever they chance to find them." This would be our heathen's exposition: nor could the most subtle criticism draw any further meaning from the terms of the denunciation.

But now let our heathen be made acquainted with the particulars of the story of the fall. . . . . By considering this denunciation of the serpent's doom in connexion only with that particular story of which it was a part, without any knowledge of later prophecies and revelations, our heathen has been able to dive into the prophetic meaning of words, which, taken by themselves, he did not know to be at all prophetic. The particular events indeed which may correspond to the images of the prediction,

every future prediction the figures to which the attention of the church is aroused are grouped behind a veil of many folds : and the last and least transparent of these folds is not in any case removed until the real personage himself stands forth, or the depicted scene of action is occupied by the very characters foretold.

Then again it is but prudent to consider the dangers attendant upon the subject, as well as the difficulties which inhere in its very constitution. There is the tendency in the minds of some men to give to prophecy an undue attention, disproportionate to the claims presented by other parts of the divine record. The events of the passing time are often so magnified by a desire to find in them the accomplishment of past predictions, that the comparative importance of various ages and events is lost sight of : and the harmony of the divine system of administration passes from observation. Then, there is that constant expectation of abounding wickedness, and coming judgment, which, if unrelieved by counterbalancing truths, fills the mind with gloomy apprehensions, and uncharitable opinions—every member of each class of men in whom a predicted confederacy or apostacy is supposed to be detected, is liable to be regarded with stern disapprobation. We are not to hope for their submission, nor seek to win them from their wanderings ; they are utterly reprobate—none may arrest their doom—justice is sharpening her sword for their execution—they lie under the heavy and irreversible wrath of God.

It is the consideration of difficulties and dangers such as these which has hitherto withheld us from giving expression to any judgment upon prophetic subjects : more especially as we have not, before the publication of Dr. Wordsworth's Lectures on the Apocalypse, chanced to meet with any lately published work which we could with confidence recommend to our readers. Now however we feel justified in breaking the silence which we have hitherto observed : for we are at

he hath not yet been able to assign : but of the general purport of the prophecy he has formed a very just notion. He is besides aware, that mysteries are contained in it more than he can yet unravel. . . . . This prophecy was therefore to Adam when it was first delivered, so far intelligible as to be a ground of hope—at the same time that the darkness of the terms in which it was conceived must have kept him anxiously attentive to every event that might seem connected with the completion of it, and to any new light that might be given him by succeeding predictions or promises."

Bishop Horsley's Sermon on 2 Peter i. 20, 21.



length furnished with a sober, intelligent and learned exposition of the principal events pictured before the eye of the banished Saint in Patmos : and we can with confidence invite our readers to make themselves acquainted with the book of Revelation through the aid of the work which we have now undertaken to review. These Lectures, as the title-page informs us, were preached before the University of Cambridge as the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1848. Hence the exposition appears in a somewhat popular form : it is not a critical commentary upon each consecutive chapter and verse of the Apocalypse, but an exhibition of its general system and of its most important scenes. This peculiarity may be a source of regret to the critical student, for he would gladly sit at the feet of such a master, to be instructed in the most minute details ; but we deem it a cause of congratulation to the majority of Christian readers, inasmuch as they would probably be disinclined to examine the subject if treated in a merely learned exegesis ; whereas in its present form, this book will commend itself by the warmth and power of its eloquence, no less than by the diligent research and learned elucidation which are every where conspicuous.

These Lectures differ from the vast number of Commentaries which have been published of late years, in many respects : but in none more decidedly or more excellently, than in their frequent appeals to the teaching of the Christian Church. Dr. Wordsworth, as we stated when reviewing his Letters on the character and polity of the Church of Rome, well distinguishes and dutifully regards the voice of the Church of Christ. He admits of no arbitrary system of interpretation, however ingenious, which is open to the charge of novelty. He tests every view put forth by the standard of antiquity, either as scattered in the writings of the early Christian Fathers, or as incorporated in the authoritative averments of the Church Catholic. "*Quot homines, tot sententiæ*" is true, lamentably true, concerning the efforts made to interpret the Apocalypse. Among the numberless treatises to which private speculation and ingenuity have given birth, who shall distinguish truth from error ? Each writer in his turn holds his own system as infallibly true, and rejects every variation as certainly false ; and each does this with as little right as any other. Personal infallibility and personal inspiration, though rejected by name, are in reality professed as the vouchers for orthodoxy ; the Scripture itself can, from the nature of the case, be no witness to the correctness of its own interpretation, and there can therefore be

but two alternatives, viz., that each commentator should rely for correctness upon his own private and, it may be, ill regulated judgment, or appeal to the wisdom of the collective Church.

It is not possible, nor do we hold it incumbent upon us to examine all the varied and difficult topics which are treated of in this exposition of the Apocalypse. Still less is it to be expected that we should commit ourselves to an approval of every opinion set forth therein. It will be sufficient to express our general concurrence with Dr. Wordsworth's principles, and to give such an exhibition of a few of the leading portions of his system, as may satisfy our readers that the book is worthy of their own diligent perusal. The first subject to which we refer is to the doctrine of a millennium. We need hardly say that the opinion, originally advocated by Papias, and long since defunct, has been resuscitated of late years; that Christ will in person descend upon the earth to establish a temporal as well as a spiritual kingdom for the term of a thousand years—and that when this period shall have expired, a deluge of wickedness will again spread itself over the world for an indefinite time, antecedent to the universal judgment, and the consummation of all things. The opponents to this scheme of interpretation have almost universally resorted to a spiritual reign of a thousand years duration, still future, during which righteousness and peace shall universally prevail throughout the world, and Christ by the influence of his spirit shall reign over the hearts of all mankind. We must confess that this latter view has appeared to us almost as illusory and unsound as the former. Many portions of Scripture forbid the notion that a universally pure church will be found on earth before the second coming of our Lord. The tares and the wheat are to grow together until the time of the harvest. As long as the Gospel net is spread, there will be comprised therein those who will be finally rejected as worthless, as well as those who will be accepted. Again, the Scriptures are composed in such a manner as would render them unsuitable for such a spiritual millennium. Where would be the force or meaning of such expressions as "the fashion of this world," "the world which lieth in wickedness" "the friendship of the world is enmity with God," "love not the world," when the world itself should become transformed into the church? Surely until a new revelation from God is given, the current revelation must be suitable to all circumstances, and circumstances will remain in such a state as to vindicate the wisdom which made the revelation. To satisfy the conditions of

the problem, some other hypothesis seemed necessary than that afforded by the advocates of a spiritual, future millennium limited to a thousand years duration, and such an hypothesis Dr. Wordsworth has enounced and supported.

The passage on which the notions both of a literal and spiritual millennium, *yet future*, are grounded, namely Apoc. xx. 1—4, is carefully examined in the work before us, and we now proceed to give a summary of the results. The angel spoken of by St. John is confessedly the Lord Jesus Christ, the Angel of God's presence, the Angel of the covenant. He has the key of hell and of death, the key of the bottomless pit. He has a great chain in his hand, and with it he binds Satan. "For this cause the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the Devil." Not only in his own person did he exercise this dominion over Satan, he gave it also to his Apostles and Disciples. "The seventy returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the Devils are subject to us through thy name." "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you." "He that is begotten of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." In other signal ways Christ at his coming chained Satan, who had chained the nations. The Idols whose altars had reeked with human blood were cast to the moles and to the bats. The oracles are dumb. Pagan Temples become Christian Cathedrals. The cross once the scandal of the world floats on the banners of armies, and is set on the diadems of kings.

Then it is to be noticed that St. John speaks of the souls, not of the bodies of Saints: of a spiritual not a bodily resurrection: of living and reigning with Christ, not of living *again*. Christ is "the Prince of life" who "quickens" those "dead in trespasses and sins." "Buried with him in Baptism we are raised with him." Such is the first resurrection.

"The *erroneous* application of the present passage of the Apocalypse to a *mere bodily resurrection*, instead of to the spiritual regeneration which is effected by our incorporation into "the mystical body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people;" and the consequent supposition that the *saints* of Christ will be raised in *person*, in order to reign with Christ for a *thousand years on earth*, and that *other* men will *not* be raised till *this* period has expired,—is ascribable to low and inadequate notions of our baptismal privileges and obligations, and of the sacred duties and inestimable blessings of Church-membership and Church-unity: and wherever unworthy notions are entertained on these momentous points, *there* the doctrine of a *Millennium* may be expected to prevail.

Let us now pass on to observe, that our spiritual adoption into the mystical Body of Christ is only the *beginning* of our Christian life; it is the

new *birth*, that is, it is the *entrance* into the new life. Baptism is the door, by which we enter into Christ's Church. But the door is not the house. There must not *merely* be new *birth*, but a new *life*. There must be not only the *mark* of Christ imprinted on the forehead, but there must be the *spirit* of Christ moving in the heart, and bringing forth the *work* of Christ in the hand. This is the first Resurrection. We rose with Christ, to live with Christ, and Christ assists us in this work by manifold gifts and graces. In the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ, the Christian soul receives spiritual strength from Him, and is knit more closely to Him. There we dwell in Christ, and Christ with us. We are one with Christ, and Christ with us. Thus the soul, which was born again in Christ, *lives* with Christ. It is dead to sin, and is ready to suffer for Christ, and knows no other object of worship than Christ. *I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and which had not worshipped the Beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark in their hands,—that is, who had not broken their oath of allegiance to Christ either in word or deed ;—and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.*"—pp. 56—58.

The thrones and judgment given to the saints are exemplified in the holiness and steadfastness of the faithful: their "strength is made perfect in weakness;" "they are made more than conquerors through him that loved them:" they judge Satan and his host of rebel angels by showing that their fall was the effect of their own sin: they judge the world, by condemning it of infatuation and ingratitude.

"Again; in another sense, the Church of Christ now judges the world. She has received from Christ the power of *the keys*; the power of *binding and loosing*; and whatever she does on earth, orderly and rightly, in the ministry of remitting or retaining sins, is ratified by CHRIST in heaven. Thus, *even now*, the Saints of God sit upon thrones, and to them judgment is given.

Yet more; in another manner the Saints of God are even now seated upon Thrones, and judge the world.

In the precepts of the Law, in the revelations of Prophets, in the melody of Psalms, in the instruction of Proverbs, in the Old Testament, the Twenty-four Books of which were believed to be represented by the twenty-four Elders sitting enthroned in heaven; and in the four Gospels typified by the four living Cherubim on which the Throne of God is set; and in the *Royal Law* of the Letters of the Apostles, whom God has made *Princes in all lands*;—which books, be it remembered, have been placed on Thrones in the great Council-Halls of Christendom, and have been delivered as a Law to anointed Kings at their solemn enthronization; yes, taken from that very altar, and placed in the hands of the most august Monarchs of the world, in this national Temple, at their Coronation; and whose sanctity is proclaimed by solemn adjurations in Courts of Justice; and which are delivered to Bishops and Priests at their Ordination, as the Royal Code of their Teaching, and the Divine Charter of their Ministry; and which sound forth daily from Pulpits and the steps of Altars—as it were, from Christian Thrones and Tribunals—in every part of the world: thus, I say, they whom God has employed to declare His

Will to men, are now, seen by the eye of Faith *sitting upon Thrones ; and to them Judgment is given.*

In this manner we see that the souls of the *Saints*, by virtue of their spiritual incorporation and indwelling in Christ, have risen from the dead with Christ; that in Christ they live; that they ascend with Him, and sit with Him in heavenly places; that they are Priests of God and Christ; that they reign together with Him; and that with Him they judge the world. Therefore,—*Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.*”—pp. 61—63.

With regard to the period of the thousand years, and the evidence adduced to shew the designed indefiniteness of this period, we have nothing to add to the following remarks:—

“*First* ; Most of those who interpret the thousand years literally, appear to be inconsistent with themselves. In all other places of the Apocalypse, when a number of *days* is mentioned, they understand these days to mean *years* ; and they understand a *time*, which they say is a *year*, to signify not three hundred and sixty *days*, but three hundred and sixty *years*. And therefore, according to their own theory, St. John should have described the Millennium as a thousand *days*.

“*Secondly* ; Some learned modern expositors suppose that the thousand years are passed ; and they would bring various arguments in support of this supposition.

And, “*Thirdly*, we affirm that the thousand years are *not* to be regarded as indicating a *fixed* period. Indeed, the whole teaching of Scripture forbids such an interpretation. It is very certain that the future is uncertain. Prophecy is not an almanack. No one can calculate the world’s eclipse. The Great Day will come ; but no one can say, *when* that Coming *will be*.

To interpret the thousand years so as to make them indicate a *fixed* period, is, we repeat, repugnant to the whole teaching of Scripture. *The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night. Behold, I come as a thief* (says our Lord in the Apocalypse.) *Blessed is he that watcheth. As lightning cometh out of the East, and shineth even unto the West ; so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the Angels of heaven, but My Father only.*

Now, if the thousand years in the Apocalypse were a *fixed* time, these sayings concerning the *suddenness* of Christ’s Second Coming, to judge the quick and dead, would not be true. But they are the sayings of Him Who is the Truth ; and therefore they are true, as God Himself is true.

Hence we infer that the word *thousand* is here a general one ; and by a thousand years, in the text, the Holy Spirit does not limit a specific sum any more than when He says, *Man cannot answer God one of a thousand ; or, If there be an interpreter, one of a thousand ;—that is, one among all men.*

Similarly, we read in the Apocalypse itself, that twelve times twelve *thousand* were sealed, severally, from twelve tribes. Here it *cannot* be imagined, nor *has* it been supposed by *any* interpreter, that there are in each tribe twelve thousand elect, neither more nor less (for, according to this mode of interpretation, there would be *none* saved from two tribes, which are omitted, Dan and Ephraim) ; but by this *perfect* number it is meant that God will one day *accomplish* the number of His elect.

Again, it is written, *God keepeth His covenant to a thousand generations. He commanded His word to a thousand generations ; that is, to all men.* Therefore, we conclude\* that He, to whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years, meant, as the best ancient expositors have said, by this perfect number, the whole day of the world's life, till the dim twilight and dark eventide of the last and fiercest persecution. In that sad vesper-time of gloom, Satan will be loosed ; though he will be restrained from hurting Christ's elect. *The sun will be darkened, and the moon will not give her light ;* that is, the light of the pure heaven of the Church will be dimmed with thick mists. The Gospel will be overclouded with the gloom of impiety ; Love will wax cold ; Iniquity will abound ; Faith will be hard to find. It will be a time of rebuke and blasphemy. *The earth will be full of darkness and cruel habitations.*

In confirmation of this interpretation, let me remind you that this exposition, which regards the thousand years—not as a fixed period, but as the measure of the whole time, whatever that may be, from the coming of Christ to the loosing of Satan—is not an interpretation propounded first after the expiration of a thousand years from the Incarnation. No ; it is the deliberate judgment of the most celebrated early Christian interpreters both of the Eastern and Western Churches. They did not imagine that the time of Satan's loosing was or could be defined : they taught that the thousand years signified the whole period which would intervene between the first Advent of Christ and the full Revelation of Antichrist."—pp. 67—71.

Objections against this interpretation may of course be expected, they have been foreseen and met by Dr. Wordsworth : we have not however the means of giving an entire view of this subject, and can only caution our readers against rejecting the above explanation because of some imagined difficulties, until at least they have had an opportunity of examining their solution by our author.

We now proceed to sketch as briefly as may be Dr. Wordsworth's views on the general structure of the Apocalypse, and the significance of those symbols which are employed in the opening vision. The Apocalypse is not to be regarded as a progressive prophecy developing events in the exact chronological order of narration, but as a series of detached pictures, each exhibiting some peculiar interest of the universal church, and each frequently extending its disclosures from the origin to the consummation of Christianity. The evangelist now traces a rapid sketch of events dating from his own era, and carried on to the consummation of all things. Anon he returns to some topic which he had before barely indicated, in order to exhibit it more fully : expanding what he had before contracted, and filling up what he had before given in outline. Then again he will turn aside into some digression, from which he reverts to the line of original direction. Thus he several times proceeds from the same initial point and travels downward in devious paths, all

leading however towards the scene of the final catastrophe. Consistently with this view, the opening of the twentieth chapter is regarded as a final effort on the part of the Evangelist to give a succinct account of the church's privileges during her militant state on earth ; a brief summary of what Christ has done for his church.

" He shews that Christ came from heaven in order to bind Satan ; that He *did* bind him, and gave men power to overcome him ; that He made them partners of His victory, and inheritors of His glory. And thus the inspired writer obviates any objections which might otherwise have been raised from the calamities which he himself had revealed in the Apocalypse. He vindicates Christ, and shows that all the sufferings of the world are due to its own wickedness ; that after repeated warnings they are sent by God as chastisements for sin, and as calls to repentance.

For example, he teaches us that the Decian and Diocletian persecutions were permitted by God to try the faith and to correct the worldliness of the Church ; that the incursions of Goths and Vandals into Europe and Africa were instruments in His hands for punishing heresies and schisms ; that heresies themselves were chastisements for sin ; that the Mahometan woe was a scourge for idolatry. Thus he justifies the ways of God to man. He also shows that nothing can harm those who are sealed with the seal of God ; for they are united for ever with Christ ; they are enthroned in heaven with Him. And having thus given the Christian moral of the whole Apocalypse, he then, at length, takes a step which he had not taken before. He crosses the gulf which separates Time from Eternity. He displays the last Judgment. He mounts from the Earthly Church to the Heavenly City. He unfolds the glories of the New Jerusalem. And thus he exhibits the immensity of God's love ; and excites the courage and invigorates the faith of Christians in every age with a view of eternal joy."—p. 168.

The vision with which the prophetic part of the Apocalypse opens reveals the glory of the Godhead in his covenant relation to the church. In the rainbow which surmounts the throne is the emblem of justice mingled with mercy. It tells of the just judgment which once brought the flood upon a guilty world, and it tells of the bright sunshine of promised peace. The chrystal sea symbolizes the water of Christian Baptism through which we enter into the presence of a God in covenant with man. The sea is like chrystal : indicating the purity of that Christian life, into the surface of which we enter when born of water and the Holy Ghost. The seven lamps are seen in the vision : they indicate the seven-fold graces of the divine spirit communicated to fit the soul for the divine presence. There are voices, and thunderings and lightning : these are the law of God, his promises and his judgments. The four living creatures present a figure of the four Gospels ; whereon, divine grace and mercy sit enthroned.

The four and twenty elders, are the books of the Old Testament, that being their number according to the Jewish mode of reckoning the minor prophets as one Book, and the two books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles each as one Book.

“And, now, behold what a noble picture is here presented to us of the divine dignity and awful majesty of the Holy Scriptures! They are the Zodiac of the Sun of Righteousness. With what reverent love, therefore, ought we to regard them! How diligent ought we to be in hearing and reading them! How zealous and resolute in obeying them! Behold, again, what a glorious picture is here displayed to us of the aim and end of the Holy Scriptures. The glory of God. The eternal honour of the Most High. The Gospels are endued with light, life, and voice; and all are exercised in the praise of God. *They rest not day or night, saying, Holy Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.*

This Evangelic Trisagion evokes the Choral Antiphon of the Old Testament. That is, in the heavenly Vision, the New Testament gives voice to the Old. *When the Four living creatures give glory to Him that sits on the Throne, then the Four and Twenty Elders fall down before Him, Who liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.*

Thus the ancient Church saw in the Apocalypse a vivid representation of the true office of the Scriptures of *Both* Testaments: she heard their voices in heaven, joining in everlasting Hallelujahs to the Majesty of the Most High, seated on His heavenly Throne, Sovereign Lord of the Universe.”—pp. 120, 121.

Having received this scenic representation of the spiritual privileges of Christ's Church, the Evangelist beholds the conflicts of the church unfolded gradually as each successive seal of the roll is opened. In the first seal, Christ is seen, mounted on a white horse, the horse of victory, armed with a bow, going forth conquering and to conquer. Christ bends his bow when he ordains and sends his ministers to the spiritual battle, and fills their quiver with the arrows of his word. In the second symbol there is a red horse whose rider wears the imperial sword. Herein are prefigured the persecutions of the pagan emperors of Rome, the second struggle through which the early church was to pass. The third seal when opened discloses another enemy of Christ, for he is on a *black* horse: he professes justice, for the balance is in his hand, but he stints the supply of spiritual sustenance which is needful for the support of the church; while however the bread of life, the wheat, is stinted, an inferior grain, degenerate doctrine is profusely supplied. Here is a premonition of the heresies which were to vex the



church, by withholding the truth of God's word, and supplying in its stead the adulterate doctrines of men. Persecution from without, heresy from within, these were the successive foes of the church. The fourth seal is opened : a rider, Death, upon a livid horse appears with the barbarian scymitar in his hand ; 'hunger and death follow in his train. Herein are depicted the ravages committed by savage tribes, the Goths, Vandals, Saracens, and the sufferings produced by spiritual famine. In the breaking of the fifth seal, we receive an account of the victims slain in the former persecutions : they are waiting for their triumph, and are bid to rest in patience until the time of universal restitution shall arrive. The sixth seal reveals a mighty revolution, earthquake, darkness, the falling of stars from heaven. There is a great convulsion in Christendom : the light of Christ the Sun of Righteousness is obscured : the beauty of the church suffers from eclipse, many who shone for a time in the church's firmament, fall away, and become wandering stars, a spirit of desperate infatuation seizes the rulers of the earth, and a foreboding of coming danger makes them to quail. The seventh seal is opened, and there is silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. The conflicts of the faithful are closed ; rest and peace are now their everlasting portion. Here are the conflicts of the church militant sketched out, commencing with the war against error and sin waged perpetually by Christ's servants, including the conflicts of persecution, heresy, suffering, and apostacy, and ending with that perpetual peace which the church triumphant is destined to enjoy.

We must now deny ourselves the pleasure of any longer pursuing this explanation of the Apocalyptic drama in the order of its scenes, otherwise we shall be unable to bring before our readers one subject of paramount importance. We wish to present an abstract of the evidence which Dr. Wordsworth has adduced to prove that the Church of Rome is the Babylon of the book of Revelation. And here let us not be misunderstood : while we cannot but express our conviction that this view of our author is confirmed even to the most painful certainty, we are not among the number of those who believe that the Church of Rome in her *present* state, is the cesspool of abomination which some delight to represent her : neither are we at all disposed to think her present corruptions, great though they be, fully correspond to the prophetic intimations of what she will eventually become. While also we give our full concurrence to the conviction which Dr. Wordsworth has expressed, of the guilt of this

church, and of the awful judgments which are in store for her, in her collective capacity, we unhesitatingly believe that many faithful servants of Christ have been and still are numbered within her pale: many we are persuaded have built upon the sure foundation of apostolic truth, though their superstructure has been the unauthorized speculations of men. They may suffer loss, but shall themselves be saved, though as by fire. The duty of maintaining truth however painful is thus well put by Dr. Wordsworth.

"He would be guilty of the heinous sin of *handling the word of God deceitfully*; and in St. Paul's language, *he would not be pure of the blood of the souls of his hearers*, as not declaring to them the whole counsel of God. He would be chargeable with *taking away from the words of St. John's prophecy*; and so would be in peril of having his own name *blotted out from the book of life*, if he failed to lift up his voice, and to blow the trumpet of the Gospel with no *uncertain sound*, and to proclaim publicly and solemnly, in accents which cannot be mistaken, that the BABYLON of the APOCALYPSE is no other than the CHURCH of ROME."—pp. 301, 302.

And a little further on he adds:—

"We know that Error is manifold; but Truth is one: and that therefore, it is by no means enough to oppose Error; for one error may be opposed by another opposite error; and the only *right* opposition to Error is Truth. We know, also, that by God's mercy there are truths in Rome as well as errors; and that some who oppose Rome may be opposing her truths, and not her errors. *Our warfare is against the errors of Rome and for the maintenance of the truth of Christ.* We reject Popery because we profess Christianity, and because we must *contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.* We abhor Babylon, because we love Sion. And the aim of our warfare is not to destroy our adversaries, but to save their souls. Therefore in what we now say, or shall hereafter say, on this subject, we have to follow the precept of the Apostle, *Speak the truth in love*; and if, through human infirmity, any thing be spoken otherwise, we pray God that it may perish speedily, as though it had never been."—p. 304.

The two points to be investigated in connexion with this subject, are, first, are the prophecies of the Apocalypse concerning Babylon to be fulfilled in the city of Rome? secondly, do they concern her in her spiritual character, as a church, as well as a city? With respect to the first question the following evidence is alleged. Babylon was a city actually existing in the time of St. John, "that great city which *reigneth*;" and its existence was to be continued to a period below our own times, for events yet confessedly future synchronize with its destruction. Then the woman was to sit upon seven mountains: now Rome was built on seven hills, the ancient names of which are on record; she was known

as "Urbs septicollis;" Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Silius Italicus, Statius, Martial, Cláudian, Prudentius, all unite in describing Rome as "the seven hilled city." In the coins of Vespasian, Rome is seated on seven hills, at the base, Romulus and Remus are suckled by the wolf, and in front, the Tiber is personified. Then again the city is called that great city which reigneth: in ancient days Rome was emphatically designated "the city," and the same expression still is continued in a papal benediction "Urbi et Orbi," "to *the city* and to the world." On coins of a very ancient date Rome is represented, crowned, holding in her hand a winged figure of Victory, and bearing in her hand a globe, the symbol of universal sway. The city too is called Babylon. On this point we quote Dr. W. without abridgment.

"But let us observe that, geographically and historically, Babylon has found a remarkable parallel in Rome.

Babylon was the Eastern Rome; and Rome, the Western Babylon.

Babylon was situated in a vast plain: and all have heard of the Campagna of Rome. Both cities are intersected by rivers. The soil of Babylon is described in Scripture as productive of *clay for brick, and slime, or bitumen for mortar*. Witness the Inspired History of the building of Babel in that region. And the enormous brick walls of the same City have passed into a proverb.

Turn now to Italy. We contemplate a parallel in these respects, in the long arched aqueducts of brick which still stretch across the Roman Campagna, and connect the City with the distant hill; and in the roads, paved with bituminous blocks, which linked the capital to the coast.

Again: the city of Babylon was surrounded with pools, which, when it was destroyed, stagnated into swampy morasses, and now greatly increase the dreariness and unhealthiness of its desolate plain.

Direct, once more, your eyes to the Campagna of Rome, formerly peopled with cities, and alive with the stir of men.

From the inundations of the Pomptine marshes, and from the inveterate malaria of many centuries, and from the fetid miasma brooding over its sulphureous springs and brooks, it is now no longer habitable; and by its wild and lonely aspect presents a sad prognostic of its future destiny; and seems, as it were, to sound a sad and solemn warning into the ear of Faith, that, when the divine Judgments are fulfilled, the likeness will be stronger still between Babylon and Rome.

Here are some striking similitudes; and we must not neglect to consider the *historical* parallel between Babylon and Rome. Babylon had been and was the Queen of the East, in the age of the Hebrew Prophets, as Rome was the Mistress of the West, when St. John wrote. Babylon was called *the Golden City, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency*. She claimed Eternity and Universal Supremacy. *I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. I shall be a Lady for ever. I am, and none else beside me: I shall not sit as a Widow, neither shall I know the loss of children.*

In these respects Babylon was imitated by Rome. She also called herself

the *Golden City*, the *Eternal City*. She vaunted that she would reign for ever.

Again; the King of Babylon, the mighty Assyrian, *was the rod of God's anger, and the stuff of His indignation* against Jerusalem for its rebellion against Him. So was the Roman Cæsar.

Babylon was employed by God to punish the sins of Sion and to lay her walls in the dust. So, in St. John's own age, the Imperial legions of Rome had been marshalled and despatched by God Himself to chastise the guilty City which had crucified His beloved Son.

Again: the Sacred Vessels of God's Temple were carried from Sion to Babylon, and were displayed in triumph on the table at the royal banquet in that fatal night, when *the fingers of a man's hand came forth from the Wall* and terrified the guilty King.

So, the Sacred Vessels, having been restored by Cyrus, and the Book of the Law, and the Golden Candlestick, and the Table of Shew-bread, were carried captive in triumphal procession to the Roman Capitol: and even now they are seen at Rome, carved in sculpture on the marble sides of the arch of Titus, the Imperial Conqueror of Jerusalem."—pp. 341—345.

A reference to Rome was understood by early Christian writers. They pleaded in their apology that they could not but wish well to the Empire of Rome, because the imperial government hindered the rise of another power more to be dreaded than Rome, meaning thereby the "man of sin" spoken of by St. Paul, 2 Thess. ii. To this effect writes Tertullian, Chrysostom, Theophylact, Hippolytus, Jerome, Augustin, Cyril, Ephraem. So impressed was Papias with this view, that he believed St. Peter's second Epistle to have been written from Rome, because it was dated from Babylon. Irenæus says that the world must wait till the Roman empire divided into several kingdoms, and that then a great power will arise characterized by the name of the number predicted by St. John. He says that in his opinion the word *Αἰτίας*, which contains the number 666, expresses the antichristian power, "because the Latins or Romans are they *who now reign*." Tertullian says "names are employed by me as signs. Thus Samaria is a sign of idolatry, Egypt is a symbol of malediction, and in like manner, in the writings of our own St. John, Babylon is a figure of the Roman city." Jerome remarks "the spiritual Babylon which sits in scarlet on the seven hills, whose plagues we read in the Apocalypse, will be levelled with the dust," and he adds that some interpret the daughter of Babylon "not of Babylon itself, but of the Roman city, so that all that is said by Isaiah concerning the fall of Babylon may be referred to the ruin of Rome." In the great work of Augustin "*De civitate Dei*," this eminent father says "Babylon is a former Rome, and Rome a latter Babylon. Rome is a daughter of Babylon, and by her, as by her mo-

ther, God has been pleased to subdue the world." Victorinus, a Bishop and Martyr of the third century, and the earliest expositor of the Apocalypse, says "The city of Babylon, that is Rome; the kings of the earth will hate the harlot, that is Rome." The whole of the evidence on this first part of the subject is thus summed up.

"What City in the world corresponds to this description?

It is not the literal Babylon; for she was not the Queen of the Earth in St. John's age. It is some City which then existed, and would continue to exist almost to the end of time. Among the Cities which then were, and which still survive, one was seated on seven hills. The name of each of her seven hills is well known. She was universally recognized in St. John's age as the seven-hilled City. She is described as such by the general voice of her own most celebrated writers for five centuries; and she has ever since continued to be so characterized. She is represented as such on her own coinage, the coinage of the world. This same City, and no other, then reigned over the Kings of the Earth. She exercised universal sovereignty, and boasted herself Eternal. This same City resembled Babylon in many striking respects;—in dominion and wealth, in geographical position and historical acts, especially with regard to the People of God. This same City was commonly called Babylon by St. John's own countrymen. And, finally, the voice of the Christian Church, in the age of St. John himself, and for many centuries after it, has given an impartial and almost unanimous verdict on this subject; and confirms the judgment pronounced, in clear and solemn tones, in this Divine Book, by the Holy Spirit of God,—that the Seven-Hilled City, that Great City, the Queen of the Earth, Babylon the Great, of the Apocalypse, is no other than ROME."—pp. 356, 357.

If then Rome be Babylon, is she so as a city merely, or also as a church? That she is so as a city has been admitted by the most learned of Romanist divines, as Bellarmine, Baronius, and Bossuet: but they contend that heathen Rome and not papal Rome was the object of the prediction. But if the woman on the beast were heathen and not christian Rome, where were those ten kingdoms which had not existed in St. John's age and which were to arise contemporaneously with heathen Rome? It was destroyed before such kingdoms arose. Again after the fall of Babylon, St. John foretells that she is to become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hurtful bird. Now if Babylon be pagan Rome, then this fearful description must be realized in papal Rome. Will the members of the Church of Rome admit this? or will her fiercest enemies contend for it? Again, is it true that pagan Rome has been burned and that the voice of her burning ascends to Heaven? Has she been taken up and plunged like a great mill stone in the midst of the sea? No!

still is Rome a powerful city; "she wears the title of divinity, and calls herself eternal." Then to pass to more direct evidence. Babylon is called a Harlot: now this is the spiritual name for a faithless church: a church which has fallen from her first love: thus Isaiah says of faithless Jerusalem, "How is the faithful city become a Harlot?" and Jeremiah, "Thou hast played the Harlot with many lovers:" and Hosca, "though Israel play the Harlot, let not Judah offend." The woman holds a golden cup in her hand with which she intoxicates the world. The church of Rome discourages reason, and pours into men's minds a delicious draught of strange doctrines. The woman is drunken with the blood of saints, at which St. John wonders. Why should he wonder at a pagan city persecuting the Christian church? Here there would be no cause for wonder. But that a professing Christian church should be drunken with the blood of saints, this was indeed a cause of wonder. The woman is described as sitting on a scarlet coloured Beast, full of names of Blasphemy. Does not Papal Rome assume the attributes of Deity, and declare herself, eternal, infallible, indefectible? Are not these blasphemous usurpations of the incommunicable name? But we must pause, we have given only a small portion of the evidence adduced by Dr. Wordsworth: for the rest we must refer our readers to his work. We now merely add the following weighty lines with which he concludes this part of the subject.

"And now we again open the Apocalypse. What do we find there?

We see there a City portrayed—a great City—the great City, the Queen of the Earth when St. John wrote; the City on Seven Hills—the City of Rome.

At Rome, then, we are placed by St. John. We stand there by his side. This city is represented as a Woman; it is called the Harlot. It is contrasted with the Woman in the Wilderness, the future Bride in Heaven; that is, with the faithful Church, now sojourning here, and to be glorified hereafter.

The Harlot persecutes with the power of the Dragon: the Bride is persecuted by the Dragon: the Harlot is arrayed in scarlet, the Bride in white: the Harlot sinks to hell, the Bride ascends to heaven. The Bride is the faithful Church; the Harlot, contrasted with her, is a faithless Church.

The City, then, which is called a Harlot, is a faithless Church; and that City is Rome.

This Harlot City is represented as seated upon many waters, which are Peoples, and Nations, and Tongues. Kings give their power to her; and commit fornication with her. She vaunts that she is a Queen for ever. Thus she is displayed as claiming a double supremacy.

Now, look at Rome. She, she *alone* of all the Cities that are, or ever have been, asserts universal supremacy, spiritual and temporal. She wields two swords. She wears two diadems. And she has claimed this

double power for more than a thousand years. "Ruler of the World"—"Universal Pastor"—these are the titles of her Pontiff. She boasts that she is the Catholic Church; that she is *alone, and gone beside her* on the Earth: she affirms, that her light will never be dim, her Candlestick never removed. And yet she teaches strange doctrines. She has broken her plighted troth, and forgotten the love of her espousals. She has been untrue to God. She has put on the scarlet robe and gaudy jewels and bold look of a harlot, and gone after other gods. She canonizes men, and then worships them. She has endeavoured to make Apostles untrue to their Lord, and the Blessed Mother of Christ into a rival of her Divine Son. She prays to Angels, and so would make them instruments of dishonour to the Triune God, before whose glorious Majesty they veil their faces. She defies the Creature, and so defies the Creator.

St. John, when he calls us to see the Harlot-city, the seven-hilled city, fixes her name on her forehead—*Mystery*—to be seen and read by all, And he says, *Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy.*

Her title is *Mystery*, a secret spell, bearing a semblance of sanctity: a solemn rite, which promises bliss to those who are initiated in it: a prodigy inspiring wonder and awe into the mind of St. John: an intricate enigma, requiring for its solution the aid of the Spirit of God.

*Heathen* Rome persecuting the Church was no *Mystery*. But a Christian Church, calling herself the Mother of Christendom, and yet drunken with the blood of saints—this is indeed a *Mystery*. A Christian Church boasting herself the Bride, and *being* the Harlot; styling herself Sion, and being Babylon—this is indeed a *Mystery*. A *Mystery* indeed it is, that, when *she* says to all, "Come unto me," the voice from *heaven* should cry, "Come out of her, My People." A *Mystery* indeed it is, that she who boasts her sanctity, should become the habitation of devils: that she who claims to be Infallible, should be said to corrupt the earth: that a self-called Mother of Churches, should be called by the Spirit the Mother of abominations: that she who boasts to be Indefectible, should in one day be destroyed, and that Apostles should rejoice at her fall: that she who holds, as she says, in her hands the Keys of Heaven, should be cast into the lake of fire by Him Who has the Keys of hell and the grave. All this, in truth, is a great and awful *Mystery*.

Nearly Eighteen Centuries have now passed away, since the Holy Spirit declared, by the mouth of St. John, to the Church, that this *Mystery* would be revealed in the City which was then the Queen of the Earth, the City on Seven Hills, the City of Rome.

The *Mystery* was then dark, dark as midnight. Man's eye could not pierce the gloom. The fulfilment of the prophecy seemed improbable,—almost impossible. Age after age rolled away. The mist which hung over it became less thick. The clouds began to break. Some features of the dark *Mystery* began to appear, dimly at first, then more clearly, like Mountains at daybreak. Then the form of the *Mystery* became more and more distinct. The Seven Hills, and the Woman sitting upon them, became more visible. Her voice was heard. Strange sounds of blasphemy were muttered by her. Then they became more and more loud. And the golden chalice in her hand, her scarlet attire, her pearls and jewels, glittered in the Sun. Kings and Nations were seen prostrate at her feet, and drinking her cup. Saints were slain by her power. And now the prophecy became clear; clear as noon-day; and we tremble with awe at the sight, while the eye reads the inscription emblazoned in large letters, "*MYSTERY, BABELON THE GREAT,*" written by the hand of St. John guided, by the Spirit of God, on the forehead of the CHURCH of ROME."

## II.

## THE PANDITS AND THEIR MANNER OF TEACHING.—NO. 3.

Let us now accompany, through some part of his course, our desultory student who is entering upon the study of the Hindú system of Poetical Criticism.

Among the Sanskrit texts printed at Calcutta under the authority of the General Committee of Public Instruction, there are two works the titles of which are given in English as follows:—

“*Kāvya Prakāś’a*; a treatise on Poetry and Rhetoric by MAMNATA ĀCHĀRYA. (1829).”

“*Sāhitya Derpanā*; a treatise on Rhetorical Composition by VIS’WANĀTHA KĀVIRĀJA. (1828).”

Before reading either of these our student will have gone through the *Kuvalayānanda*—fortunate if, instead of a half-decypherable manuscript, he shall have been able to get a copy of the nicely lithographed Poonah edition. The *Kāvya Prakāś’a*—the “Illustration of Poetry”—consists of a number of metrical rules (*kārikā*) interspersed with comments and illustrative examples. The rules are founded on the Aphorisms of VĀMANA, who owed his knowledge of the subject to the divine sage BHARATA. The *Sāhitya Derpanā* also has memorial verses as its text; and the rules are frequently illustrated by the same examples as those employed in the earlier work. Both works are held in high esteem; but that of VIS’WANĀTHA—the more recent and the more copious of the two—is generally admitted as the standard of taste among the learned Hindús. We propose to consider its arrangement—to dip into it here and there—and to note the more salient points of agreement and of disagreement in opinion between the author and European writers on kindred topics.

The term Rhetoric, as employed to denote the subject of the treatise in question, is liable—according to our view of the division and denomination of the sciences—to an objection the converse of that to which we hold the term Logic liable when employed to denote the all-embracing sphere of the Nyāya philosophy. In the *Sāhitya* we have but a part, and the least important part of what, according to Aristotle,\*

\* The main consideration being that of Arguments—τὰ δ’ ἄλλα προσ-  
θήκαι—“but the rest mere out-work.” *Rhet. B. I. c. 1.*



belongs to Rhetoric. In order to attain its specific end of convincing or persuading—between which we agree with Mr. Smart in thinking that there is more of a distinction than a difference\*—Rhetoric does not hesitate to avail itself of the graces of language which gratify the taste; but the *Sāhitya* confines itself to these exclusively;—"taste" (*rasa*) being here all in all. The difference between the political history of India and that of Greece or Rome so obviously suggests the reason why eloquence, in the two cases, proposed to itself ends thus different, that it would be idle to do more than allude to it in passing.

Of the etymology of the term *Sāhitya* two explanations are offered. According to the one, it is derived from *hita* 'benefit' and *saha* 'with,' because a knowledge of it is beneficial in all departments of literature. The other, with less appearance of reason, explains it as denoting the sum total of the various sections of which the system itself is made up.

The printed volume of the *Sāhitya Derpana* the "Mirror of Composition"—is an octavo of between three and four hundred pages. The work is divided into ten sections—of lengths varying from eight or nine pages to eighty or ninety. The first section is introductory. The second treats of the various powers of a word. The third treats of taste. The fourth treats of the divisions of poetry. The fifth discusses more fully one of the powers of a word adverted to in section second. The sixth takes particular cognizance of the division of poetry into 'that which is to be seen,' and 'that which is to be heard.' The seventh treats of blemishes. The eighth treats of style. The ninth treats of the varieties of composition resulting from the blending of styles, and the predominance of one or other of them. The tenth and last treats of embellishment. To the subject of this tenth section the *Kuvalayānanda* of *APYAYYA DĪKSHITA*, with which the student usually commences, confines itself.

According to established custom the *Sāhitya Derpana* commences with an invocation. "At the opening of his

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\* "That common situation in life, *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, proves indeed that there are degrees of conviction which yield to persuasion, as there are other degrees which no persuasion can subdue: yet perhaps we shall hereafter be able to show that such junctures do but exhibit one set of motives outweighing another, and that the application of the term persuasion to the one set, and of conviction to the other, is in many cases arbitrary, rather than dictated by a correspondent difference in the things." *Sematalogy*—p. 175.

work (says the author—officiating as his own commentator)—desiring that he may complete without obstruction what he is about to commence, he thus propitiates the Goddess of Speech—seeing that everything that is made up of words lies within her jurisdiction.”—

“ May that Goddess of Language, whose light is fair as that of the autumnal moon, having removed the over-spreading darkness, render all things clear in my mind !”

He then proceeds to say that as his work is ancillary to poetry, its fruits can be no other than those which poetry bestows. These are declared to consist in the attainment of the four great objects of human desire—viz. Merit, Wealth, Enjoyment, and Salvation—which, “ by means of poetry alone, can be obtained pleasantly even by persons of slender capacity.” Salvation, it is to be remembered, or liberation from the liability to being born again, is the reward held out to its followers by each of the various systems of Hindú doctrine. Even the Grammarians claim for their own art (—more than was claimed for the kindred Grammar of the Dark Ages)—the power of leading the soul to bliss\* ; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the poets should contend that the goal might be gained, as surely as by any of the more rugged routes, and much more pleasantly, by the “ primrose path” of Poesy. Poetry is to conduce to this by setting before its votary such examples for imitation as that of Ráma, and for avoidance as that of Rávana, and so training him up to virtue. After showing how all the four great objects sought after by the wise have been at various times obtained through conversancy with poetry, our author gravely disposes of the objection that the study of the Vedas renders the study of poetry superfluous, by asking where is the wisdom of seeking to remove by means of bitter drugs an ailment that can be cured with sugar-candy.

Having established the importance of Poetry, he proceeds to determine what it is that poetry consists in ; and here he demurs to the opinion of the author of the *Kávyá Prakás’a* who says that the designation may be sometimes applied “ where there is elegance of expression, even

\* According to the Grammarians—“ A single word, perfectly understood, and properly employed, is, alike in heaven and on earth, the *Kámadhuk*”—the marvellous cow from which you may “ milk out whatever you desire”—including, of course, final emancipation if you wish it.

though ornament be awanting"—provided "the words and the sense are faultless." But, our author contends, if faultlessness in the words and in the sense be a necessary part of the definition, then the following verses from BHAVABHŪTI's drama, the *Vīra-charitra*, would not be poetry :—

(*Rāvaṇa loquūtur*)———"Foul scorn to me  
That any one should dare to be my foe—  
And now forsooth this *anchoret* defies me—  
This slaughterer of the race of Rākshasas !  
Ha !—can it be—doth Rāvaṇa yet live ?  
Fie, fie, my son—thou conqueror of Indra—  
What boots it now, that Kumbhakarna\* wakes  
Or that these brawny arms of mine, in vain,  
Have swollen with pride when they have borne away  
The spoils of Swerḡa ?"

Now these verses are chargeable with the fault (—to be discussed in section seventh—) of obscuring the predicate by wrapping it up in a long compound epithet applied to the subject :—for the subject of which the speaker here intends to say something is his brawny arms—and what he intends to say of his arms is this, that, so far as regards gaining the day against Rāma, their previous feats of strength, in the war with Indra, have been in vain :—and all this is made up into an epithet applied to the arms. According to the definition, then, this is not a case of poetry :—and yet, on the other hand, it is a case of the highest kind of poetry, if you go by the determination of the same authority, that the highest kind of poetry is that where the mind of the utterer is revealed not by the literal sense of the terms but by their suggestiveness ;—for the speaker here, for example, does not really entertain any doubt of his being himself alive—whilst his making a question of it suggests in a lively manner his as-

\* Kumbhakarna, the gigantic brother of the titanic Rāvaṇa,—named from the size of his ears which could contain a *kumbha* or large water-jar—had such an appetite that he used to consume six months' provisions in a single day. Brahmā, to relieve the alarm of the world, which had begun to entertain serious apprehensions of being eaten up, decreed that the giant should sleep for six months at a time and wake for only one day, during which he might consume his six months' allowance without trespassing unduly on the reproductive capabilities of the earth. When Rāma invaded the capital of Rāvaṇa, the titans, requiring all their forces, employed the most violent measures—and eventually with success—to awake the sleeping giant ; causing elephants to trample upon him, and assailing his ears with the noise of gongs—and even, according to a more recent authority, disturbing him with cannon.

tonishment :—nor is he speaking of a literal anchorite when he contemptuously indicates by that term the hero Rāma who had been dwelling in banishment in the forest. Hence the definition that we have been testing is too exclusive—seeing it excludes what it is agreed on all hands ought not to be excluded.

Our author next rejects an offered compromise between the two definitions which he holds to be inconsistent.

“ But, it may be said,—‘ There is only a portion faulty here, and not the whole.’ If you say this, then the part in which there is a fault furnishes a reason why it is not a case of poetry ; and the part where there is suggestiveness furnishes a reason why it is a case of first-rate poetry :—and so, being pulled both ways by the two parts, it will be neither poetry nor not poetry.”

He adds :—

“ Nor do such blemishes as unmelodiousness and the like mar only a part of a poem but the whole ( if any part of it—) that is to say—when there is no damage to the flavour ( *rasa*—which is the soul of poetry—or that in virtue of which alone poetry is poetry), then it is not conceded that these ( viz. unmelodiousness and the other blemishes) are faults at all—as a great authority\* declares,—when he says ‘ And the blemishes, such as unmelodiousness &c. which have been exhibited, are not always blemishes ;—they have been instanced as what must be invariably shunned in erotic poetry only.’ Moreover if it were as you would seem to say, ( that a blemish is always a blemish), then cases of poetry would be very rare, or rather none—for it is quite impossible that there should be faultlessness in every respect.”

So determined is our author to allow of no compromise that he goes on to say :—

“ If you contend that the word ‘ no’ (is employed in the sense of ‘ little’) then let us grant [ for the sake of argument with the author of the *Kīrti Prakāśa*, that poetry is there—not where we have no fault, but] that poetry is there where the faults, in sound or sense, are slight,—and it will follow that where there is no fault at all, there is no poetry.”

And not only this—but—

“ Granting that there may be poetry where the faults, in sound or sense, are slight,—this is not to be mentioned in the definition of poetry ; just as in the definition of such a thing as a jewel, we omit such a circumstance as its being perforated by insects—( that circumstance not being what constitutes anything a jewel, though it may not cause it to cease to be regarded as such—) for certainly the boring of insects, and such like accidents, cannot deprive the jewel of its nature as a jewel, but can only affect its degree of value. In like manner here also unmelodiousness &c. affect that of poetry.”

\* Always cited as the “ author of the *Dhvani*.”

The rest of this unlucky definition finds as little mercy at the hands of our author as that portion of it of which we have followed the dissection. Here, however, let us leave our native student to force his way through the argument unattended by ourselves—the conduct of the argument being, as regards the student, all the thornier in so far as it turns upon the application of a variety of terms the explanation of which he will not meet with for a long time afterwards—the first half of the work, like many others in Sanskrit, requiring to be read by the light of the second. But there are illustrative snatches of poetry interspersed throughout the argument—so let us try if we can gather some of these flowers without “snapping” them in bits like Cowper’s rose. The following, according to the author of the *Kāvya Prakāś’a*, is a case of poetry without anything in the shape of embellishment—the lady simply stating how she comes to be melancholy.

“Tis true thou art beside me, dear\*  
Companion of my youth;  
The autumn moon shines mild and clear,  
The gale smells sweet in sooth—

All is as once when you and I,  
On Reva’s bank so fair,  
Made love beneath the trees:—I sigh—  
Just—that we are not *there*.”

The author of the *Sāhitya Darpaṇa* demurs to the assertion that this is unembellished,—and contends that as one of the embellishments of poetry, specially recognised in the tenth section, is the exhibition of “effects devoid of causes”—the mention of the melancholy of the lady, with her beloved beside her in the moonlight, is a glaringly poetical embellishment.

\* The same verses have been rendered, under an apparent misconception of their drift, as a

“*Lament of the Disconsolate.*”

Ah—where is he who stole my virgin heart?  
Again the autumn moon shines on my bower,  
And full-blown Mālatīs their sweets impart  
To the bold breeze that shakes the Kadamb-flower.

I am the same to whom his troth he gave  
When autumn’s moon, as now, so sweetly shone  
On our secluded bower by Reva’s wave—  
Yet not the same—I pine for pleasures gone.”

The next example is written in one of the rude dialects termed *Prākṛita*. Our author cites it as an example of "suggestiveness"—where the suggestiveness might seem to have reference, not as in one class of instances, to the words, nor as in another class, to the sentiment, but only to the matter, —(*vastu*—*πράγμα*)—in which case, he contends, it would not be entitled to the designation of poetry. The verses (which we omit here) suggest an assignation whilst seeming to forbid intrusion. The example, our author holds, while it has, "suggestiveness" is entitled to be called poetry in virtue of the consideration that what it suggests is a *semblance* (*ābhāsa*) of the genuine sentiment (*rasa*) of love, which can be genuine only where it is legitimate—semblances and realities being all alike as regards the category of taste. If—he contends—it be, as you allege, that there is poetry here because—apart from any consideration of sentiment—more is implied than meets the ear; then the sentence, "Devadatta goes to the village" must be poetry—because Devadatta (being a gentleman) is understood of course to take his servants along with him, although the circumstance is not explicitly set forth. And he adds, determinedly,—“if you say *be it so* [that the sentence ‘Devadatta goes to the village,’ is poetry because it implies more than meets the ear]—then I say, *No*—for I can consent to give the name of poetry to that only which has some flavour (*rasa*) in it.”

It is worth noticing here that the notion of reckoning *metre* among the circumstances that constitute poetry is not even hinted at by our critic. He denies that there is poetry in the assertion, "Devadatta goes to the village," simply because the assertion raises no emotion through anything that it is calculated to suggest. The fact that the learned of India are accustomed to put into verse almost all their driest treatises—on law, physic, divinity, &c.—affords a ready enough explanation why the accident of metre should not be mistaken by them for the essence of poetry. Their test of poetry, (under which title, as we shall see, they reckon "poetry in prose"—*gadya-kāvya*), coincides pretty closely, we shall find, with that specified by Whately when he says (*Rhet.* p. 344,)—"The true test is easily applied: that which to competent judges affords the appropriate *pleasure* of Poetry, is "good poetry, whether it answer any other purpose or not: "that which does *not* afford this pleasure, however instructive it may be, is not good *Poetry*, though it may be a valuable *work*." The Archbishop, indeed, goes on to say, "Notwithstanding all that has been advanced by some French

"critics, to prove that a work, not in metre, may be a Poem, (which doctrine was partly derived from a misinterpretation of a passage in Aristotle's Poetics), universal opinion has always given a contrary decision. Any composition in *verse*, (and none that is not,) is always called, whether good or bad, a Poem, by all who have no favourite hypothesis to maintain." Now for our own part, we should have little objection, at times, to a hypothesis which so conveniently enables us to escape debating the question whether such a work as Macpherson's "Ossian" is poetry;—but really, if you wish to *astonish* a pandit, you have only to ask him gravely whether, for example, that terse *metrical* composition, the Nyáya compendium entitled the *Bhāshā-parichcheda*, is a *poem*. If, in holding it to be as far removed as anything well can be from poetry, he goes on a "favourite hypothesis," it is because the notion of an opposite hypothesis probably never occurred to him.

Our author, having demolished to his satisfaction the definitions of his predecessors, proceeds to give his own;—and he declares—with a brevity for which he atones by the copiousness of his subsequent explanations, that "A speech whereof the soul is flavour, is Poetry."\* He adds—

"We shall discuss the nature of 'flavour' (*rasa*) afterwards—[in Section 3rd]. Flavour alone is the soul of it [Poetry]—being, in the most intimate way, the supporter of its very *life*—for without that [flavour] we do not allow that the case is one of poetry at all.

The word *rasa* 'flavour' is regularly formed from the passive voice of the verb *ras* 'to relish.' In it—[i. e. in the word *rasa*, on which the definition of poetry hinges]—are implied also 'veneration' (*bhāva*), and the 'semblance' (*ābhāsa*) of flavour."

He next illustrates these three implied senses by examples—and first he exemplifies flavour (or sentiment) by a case of the 'erotic'—(*śṛīṅgāra-rasa*)—which we omit "by particular desire."

As an example of poetry where the sentiment of love, being directed towards the Deity, takes the name of 'Veneration' (*bhāva*), he gives the following synopsis of the ten incarnations of Vishnu—viz. (1) the fish (2) the tortoise, (3) the boar, (4) the man-lion, (5) the dwarf, (6) Paras'urāma, (7) Rāma, (8) Krishna, (9) Buddha, and (10) the deliverer yet expected by the Hindoos.

"He o'er whose scaly neck the ocean rolled ;  
 Who bore upon his back the world of old ;  
 Who raised upōn his tusk the earth, and tore  
 With lion's claws the demon-chief of yore ;  
 Who traversed, in three steps, heaven earth and hell ;  
 Before whose wrath the Kshattra armies fell ;  
 Whose arrow pierced the ten-faced Titan-king ;  
 Fiend-slayer :—kind to every living thing ;  
 He at whose advent the unjust shall quail—  
 Whate'er his name—to Him all hail ! all hail !

Lastly, as an example of the 'semblance' (*ābhāsa*) of sentiment—there being but the semblance of human sentiment in the feelings of the lower animals, he cites the following :—

"Within a single floweret's bell apart  
 The bee sipped honey with his loving spouse :—  
 Soothed by the fondling horn of her loved hart,  
 With eyes half-closed, the hind forgot to browse."

But it may be asked—if blemishes, as before asserted, do not annihilate poetry, have they no effect in regard to it at all? To this our author replies that "blemishes lower its character"—and what are to be reckoned blemishes he will state further on, as well as what are the beauties which elevate its character. Here ends the first section of the *Sāhitya Darpaṇa*—and here we may break off for the present.

K.



## III.

## LONGFELLOW'S POEMS AND PROSE.\*

Above seventy years have passed away, since Burke electrified the Commons with that famous speech on American Conciliation, "that struck even foes with admiration, and friends with delight."† Sixty-eight years ago," spake the mighty orator, "if, amidst bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity, my Lord Bathurst's Angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, and should tell him, 'Young man, there is America—which at this day serves you for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!'—if this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man! he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed if he shall live to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, or cloud the setting of his day."

There may be one in a distant land, who shall cast his eye down the present page, and recall the glorious oratory of Burke. Let *that* one imagine a prophet to have continued the discourse, and predicted the achievements of the next three quarters of a century:—that counsels so wisely and weightily propounded should not avert the disasters of revolutionary warfare;—that the pungent sarcasm of an

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\* *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie.* Sixth Edition. Boston, 1848.  
*Voices of the Night.* Boston, 1840.  
*Kavanagh, a Tale.* Boston, 1849.

† Piozzi.

infidel demagogue\* should prevail against the suggestions of a native and sustained loyalty, and teach a great and once enduring people the rebellious remonstrance that "a prince, marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people;"—that then should ring the tocsin, and brothers and christians be arrayed in arms, in the most momentous quarrel of modern times;—that at length the mother-land, her troops evacuating Charlestown, and conceding a victory, on terms of unmolested retreat, should repeal her restraints, and re-establish commerce, and ratify the independence of her recusant colonies;—that soon as peace could assert her gentle sway, a thousand ministrants to elegant refinement should bear her train;—that CAMBRIDGE, that pleasant monument of New Englanders' veneration for English institutions, should extend and diffuse her elevating influence, "*parvam Trojam*"—as President Everett has elegantly applied the poet—"simulataque magnis Pergama;"—that a blooming sisterhood of kindred influences should claim to be the *Almæ Matres* of a growing intellect;—that EDWARDS should propound his subtle analyses—"that most extraordinary man, who, in a metaphysical age or country, would certainly have been deemed the boast of America;"†—that PRESCOTT should charm us with his enchanting histories;—that AUDUBON's profound science and extraordinary pencil should transfer the pageantry of his country's woods, in its unapproached magnificence, to our libraries and our galleries;—that by a goodly company in that precocious land,

" Neque tibi as  
Euterpe cohibet; nec Polyhymnia  
Lesboun refugit tendere barbiton;"—

could all this have been foreseen, or foretold, when Burke was haranguing, we ask where would have been the wonder—at the past, or at the future?

We love America—she is England's genial and versatile daughter. "Nature and Fortune joined to make her great;" nor ever—from her first occupation by British colonists, has oppression overweighed or disappointment crippled her enterprise or her energies; until at length, having surmounted many trials, and prevailed over exceeding disparities of opportunity and era, she may claim a noble rivalry with the

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\* Thomas Paine, in his "Common Sense."

† Mackintosh.

mother land. We know not of any people who have advanced to such a stature, in the short course of a century and a half. Her cities; her roads; her international arrangements and communications; her splendid mercantile fleet; her presses ever busy in disseminating, in wonderful numbers, and at fractional rates, the choicest eliminations of British genius; her various seats of learning; her literary population; her prolific manufactures; her extensive commerce; do all and each afford a lesson of what may be achieved by persevering industry and intellect well applied. Withal she has verified the sentence of her noblest apologist; displays no interest contrary to the grandeur and glory of England, when not oppressed by her weight; and therefore would we, that by a kinder policy, her inclination had been led to respect the acts of a superintending legislature, from discerning them to be the impositions of a power which should have been "the security, not the rival, of her secondary importance." But it was otherwise ordered, and she has worn her freedom well. This is not the place for us to take exception at what we consider the false positions in which her exuberant love of liberty, and impatience of control, political, social and religious, have sometimes forced her. Whatever these be, we trace their origin, to a very large extent, to exactions which goaded her to assert her independence, and to protracted unredress of usurious impositions. England owes it to herself that she has not, in the United States, the grandest fabric of a just and righteous Colonial dominion.

But enough of these reflections and regrets—let us turn to the work in hand—a fair acknowledgment of the excellencies, and tribute to the genius of one of America's most charming poets, for it is principally upon his verse that we undertake to review Professor Longfellow—only one little prose volume, *Kavanagh*, having reached so far as Benares, as we believe. We regret we have not a larger collection of his writings, which, altogether, are of considerable volume; the more especially as his last romance does not in our opinion, sustain the reputation of his previous prose compositions; especially of *Hyperion*, which we understand from the *Revue des deux Mondes* to be an æsthetical novel upon the model of Tieck's *Franz Sternebalds Wanderungen*; where Mr. Longfellow takes a large and accomplished survey of the fine arts in the nineteenth century, as did Tieck of those of the sixteenth. But here let us remark one of Mr. Longfellow's characteristic weaknesses. *Hyperion*! we beg his pardon for pre-

suming on such a comment on so imperfect an induction ; but what possible connexion can the Titan father of the sun and moon have with the imaginary companion of Goethe, Jean Paul, Carlyle, Paul de Koch, Hoffmann, Edward Quinet, George Sand, Victor Hugo, and other such worthies of the present age ? 'Tis the same with Evangeline. What a name for a Norman *paysanne* in the colony of Acadia ! M. Philarète Chasles has not said badly that she had better have been called Jeannette or Marianne. However, " 'Tis but her name that is our enemy ; " Mr. Longfellow has drawn her with as finished loveliness as one need wish to shrieve.

" Fair, was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from the turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads, and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone in her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We might go a long way through Mr. Longfellow's volume without pitching upon so many consecutive lines which so satisfactorily evidence his command of the hexameter. It was our opinion originally, and is so still, that this, in common with classical metres generally, can be produced with only very imperfect effect in modern languages, and especially in a language like the English, where syllabic quantity depends altogether on the *length* of vowel, and not on the *position*, and from the multitudinous particles, the agreeable inosculation of feet must be almost entirely sacrificed ; and from the compulsory grammatical arrangement, there is no room for any sustained attempt to make the principal words initial in the metres, or large and unembarrassed scope for caesural effect. But we think that Mr. Longfellow has been more successful than others similarly adventurous, and perhaps has made the very best of an imperfect and obdurate instrument.

We shall get beyond our depth if we attempt any censure of that illustrious war-minister whose measures have given Mr. Longfellow the incident of his "*Evangeline*." Rather will we borrow expressions full of humour and point from the pen of Horace Walpole, to whose judgment we defer on those affairs which ended in the French evacuation of their North American Colonies. He writes to Mr. Bentley, April 13. 1755.

"You will be entertained with a prophecy which my Lord Chesterfield has found in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, which clearly promises us victory over the French, and expressly relates to this war, as it mentions the two countries (Nova Scotia and Acadia) which are the point in dispute. You will have no difficulty in allowing that *Mounseer* is typical enough of France; except Cyrus, who is the only heathen prince mentioned by his right name, and that before he had any name, I know no power so expressly described.

2. Son of man, set thy face against *Mount Seir*, and prophecy against it. 3. And say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, *O Mount Seir*, I am against thee; and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. 4. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, &c. 10. Because thou hast said, these two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it.'

*I am disposed to put great trust in this prediction: for I know few things more in our favour."*

The French, our great rivals in colonization during the former part of the eighteenth century, no doubt had done much to incense us by their projected monopoly of the fur trade, and their confinement of British subjects for a breach of privilege alleged, but unacknowledged. Their encroachment on British rights, too, by erecting forts at Niagara, Lake Erie, and in the back settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, was an unquestionable violation of treaties; at the same time, perhaps our retaliation was ill directed and severe. All the bad faith from which our colonists at Halifax were so rudely molested, and even the defeat of Braddock, seems insufficient to justify Mr. Pitt's retributory occupation of that little French-Norman Colony in Acadia, the inhabitants of which, from their professed and engaged allegiance to Britain, were in reality, under British protection. But this by the way;—the Puritans of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts had no fondness for their Romanist neighbours; Franklin had advised the minister of their inconvenient proximity; a cause of quarrel occurred, and an inoffensive peasantry were victimized. On the 5th of September 1755, after the English fleet had lain four days in the Gaspereau, to the dismay and terror of the Acadian farmers,

a scene occurred of which we offer Mr. Longfellow's representation.

" Lo ! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-  
stones  
Garlands of autumn leaves, and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships and marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
' You are convened this day,' he said, ' by his Majesty's orders.  
Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness  
Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.  
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;  
Namely that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds  
Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !  
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !"

Evangeline, as may have already struck the reader, must have a suitor, and the interest of the story centres in her being hurried into exile apart from him and his, with only the solace of her faithful and amiable confessor. Before selecting those portions of the poem, which, as delineating American scenery, are the most characteristic and interesting, we must detach a few lines in which the principal actors are sketched ; premising that Evangeline was the daughter of " Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-pré."

" Stalworth and stately in form was that man of seventy winters,  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-  
leaves.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent house,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road side  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary."

Benedict's farm, and its precincts, the moss-grown bucket, the trough for the horses, the barns and wains and ploughs and harrows, and

"where, in his feathered seraglio  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter,"

exhibit, we think, the feeling of a true artist. But we must clear the way for the dénouement of our story. Evangeline, as we said before, was loved—and—as most village beauties are, pretty generally loved :—

"Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand, or the hem of her garment !

\* \* \* \* \*

But among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men ;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters  
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church, and the plain-  
song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.  
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,  
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.  
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.  
'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie' was she called ; for that was the sunshine  
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples ;  
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children."

These portraitures it appeared to us necessary to transcribe, or we might have presented a great deal of charming description from the earlier parts of Mr. Longfellow's poem, which is now beyond our limits. We have seldom read any thing more graphic than his delightful pictures of the homestead, and the settle with its evening group. Their truth and finish, combined with an effective usage of the classical measure, give them a truly Virgilian character. We are tempted to select a very few lines that we may not award praise so considerable without a proper guarantee.

"Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.  
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.  
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,  
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,  
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles  
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,  
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
 Unto the milkmaid's hand, whilst loud and in regular cadence  
 Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets descended."

Evangeline's dower is scarcely settled by René Lablanc, Notary Public and the chief oracle of the village of Grand Pré, ere the British ambassador arrives from the ships. Its message we have recited. But before the determined hostility is declared, the ships at anchor in the Gaspercau afford a topic of excitement and speculation; and the tableau which Mr. Longfellow has here sketched gives us, for once, a favourable impression of his power in contrasting character. The blacksmith augurs ill from the pointed cannon and the summons to meet in the church to hear King George's mandate. Benedict, the pacific and unsuspecting farmer, hopes a friendlier purpose.

" Perhaps the harvests in England  
 By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."

René is calm and trustful that God will shield the innocent, and over-rule the arbitrary injuries of man; in support of which he recites an elegant apologue of oppression counteracted and justice triumphant. Evangeline weens of little but her approaching nuptials, and lights the lamp, and draws the ale, and muses on the notary's pledge, as he drinks to her welfare. Then come the social games, and the lovers' whispers in the twilight, described with a chaste enthusiasm and innocent warmth. The unsullied purity of his poetry is not the least noticeable of Mr. Longfellow's merits. The following picture of Evangeline's retirement after her betrothal cannot fail to please every reader.

" Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
 Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !  
 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,



Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.  
 Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
 Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
 Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
 And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass  
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

Their sad reverse is now at hand. Felician, the patient confessor, urges them by the love of God and the example of Christ to hallow the sanctuary and forgive their oppressors. Grand Pré swarms with life and activity as the devoted people collect their chattels and hurry to the ships which are to convey them they know not where. Evangeline encounters Gabriel on the shore—but ah ; the ruin of her fond hopefulness !

" Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their  
 [ children  
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.  
 So into separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

And as the priest approaches and speaks his *Benedicite* to the dying old man, the flames are seen to rise from the village—they desolate that " happy valley of seclusion deep." The movement of the following passage, and its effective alliteration, must surely be considered extremely graphic.

" Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,  
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.  
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.  
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a  
 [ martyr.  
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled."

We will just extract a few lines of the burial scene, and then delay no longer to follow Evangeline through her exile and wanderings.

" Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
 Brings us again to our home from the unknown land of our exile,  
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-yard.  
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side  
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges."

Evangeline, cheered and solaced by Father Felician, travels far and long, without the full fruition of her heart's desire. With some remains of her youth's associates she is rowed down the Mississippi, in the pleasant time of May. They seek their kith and kin, the once happy tenantry of the Acadian farms and the prairies of Opelousas.

" Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of the margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course ; and entering the Bayou of  
[ Plaquemine

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Death-like the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was, as it glanced and gleaned on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Here is a fair specimen of Mr. Longfellow's mastery of landscape—that the delineation is extremely massive and well compacted is undeniable. To judge from *Evangeline*, we conceive that his *forte* lies in describing the wild scenery of his native land, to which, after much and various travel, he evidently bears an ardent and patriotic devotion. All that is peculiar to, and characteristic of the prairie and the backwood he fixes upon his page—in this, so far as we know, he is unrivalled among his country's poets—even Dana, who has an eye fully as observant, has not coloured his landscapes with so intense a nationality. In *Evangeline* we hear the crane whoop and the alligator roar—breathe the breath of the magnolia, and see the lotus and the water-lily ruffled by the glancing oar. The trumpet-flower swings from the

sinewy branches, humming-birds flit athwart the rose-hedges,  
the palm-tree spreads its curtain from the wind and heat, and  
the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

"Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hangs o'er the water,  
Shakes from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seem silent to listen."

The open and vocalic polysyllables which designate scenes and objects in the far west are often most judiciously introduced to heighten the rhythm, and throw a fine classical accentuation upon the clauses: it would be difficult, and perhaps impracticable to give, by any arrangement of the Teutonic element, so much of the Ionian music as will be recognized in Evangeline's passage

"Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden streams of the broad and swift Mississippi;"

or in that picture of Basil's abode of exile, the "Eden of Louisiana,"

"Where as they enter the Têche which flows through the green Opelousas,  
Lights he his pipe which is filled with the sweet Natchitoches tobacco."

But let us bring Evangeline to the end of her course. She finds Basil's rough energies have brought him to flourish in domains and herds; he welcomes the wanderers, so long friendless and homeless, to a home which may be even better than the old one; where cattle run wild, and timber may be had for the cutting, and harvests wave yellow, and

"No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

Still a shade passes over her as she finds that Gabriel is absent, and that she was sleeping when their boats crossed on the Atchafalaya. But Basil will escort her to him—he left but yesterday to trade for mules and trap the beaver.

"'Farewell!' said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold,  
'See that you bring back the Prodigal son from his fasting and famine,  
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming'  
'Farewell!' answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting."

The scenery of the prairies, (for alas ! they arrest not Gabriel before he enters these) afford some of the most picturesque and novel passages in the volume. We should not do Mr. Longfellow justice, were we to lead our readers to an estimate of his poem, without introducing the following remarkable landscape at the base of the Ozark mountains.

"Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck ;  
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
By invisible stars ascending and scaling the heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side.  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

The travellers meet a Shawnee woman whose husband had been murdered on the hunting-grounds. Her mysterious legends move Evangeline to pain and terror. The lorn maiden seems to pursue a phantom. Further west, she alights at a Jesuit Mission. But there too disappointment awaits her. Not six suns have risen, says the benevolent priest, since here was Gabriel, seated by my side, telling me the same sad tale I hear of you. She there expects his return in the autumn from the northern chases whither he had departed. Basil returns homeward.

" 'Patience !' the priest would say ; ' have faith, and thy prayer will be answered !

Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;  
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers that are wet with the dews of  
 nepenthe."

We often wish, as we read *Evangeline* and some of Mr. Longfellow's other productions, that he had used a finer discrimination in his pictures from life. Nothing can be juster or better availed of than the *scenery* of his poem; here his allusion to the compass-flower is in the true spirit of the classical idyl. But we must believe that had he thought correctly on what had been the natural discourse of a humble Missionary to an exiled Acadian peasant, we might not have heard the former referring to the herb with which Helen drugged her guest's wine. We are sorry that our poet often offends by this kind of dormitancy; and thus casts over his writings a pedantic *bizarrerie* which ill-consorts with his general truthfulness to nature. Much of Father Felician's moralizing amply merits the censure of the French critic, "*bien raffiné, sans double, pour un vieux normand*;" and "*Kavanagh*" is full of analogous faults. In the course of a few pages we find Mr. Churchill, a dreamy irresolute village schoolmaster, discoursing of the Roman consul Licinius and the Lycian plane-tree, the Lilavati of Bhascara Acharya, the seven magic rings of Jarchas, the drinking-horns of Valhalla, the Revd. Mr. Pegge's essay on cock-fighting among the Ancients, Milo with his fingers in the oak, the great wild boar Scrimner, the Pythagorean noviciate of five years of silence, Ariosto's heroes, and that pleasant author, Marcus Antoninus. If from the banks of a frozen river, he see farmers cross in sledges, and a weather-bound schooner, he thinks of "Lapland sledges, and the song of Kulnasatz, and the dismantled ice-locked vessels of the explorers of the Arctic Ocean." If skaters wheel round their fire and speed away before the wind, straight images arise of "Norwegian Skate-Runners, bearing the tidings of King Charles's death from Frederickshall to Drontheim; and of the retreating Swedish army frozen to death in its fireless tents among the mountains." If he see horses drawing the block-ice to the storehouses, he contrasts them with "Grecian mules, bearing the snows of Mount Parnassus to the markets of Athens, in panniers protected from the sun by boughs of oleander and rhododendron." His imagination, to use one of Mr. Longfellow's pet Americanisms, is *quite* too exuberant for one who, however poetic and meditative of Romance, is observed "daily moiling and delving in the common path;" and the scope of his reading *quite* recondite

beyond what it were reasonable to expect from one who never seriously begins anything, and only on Saturday can soar and revel before sunset.

But to proceed with "Evangeline." The autumn sees not Gabriel at the Mission, and she then adventures, with some returning guides, on weary marches through the Michigan forests, where at length she finds his lodge in ruins. Years and melancholy have marred her youthful bloom ;—she retires to Pennsylvania, where old René died, and lives there for years as a sister of Mercy. On a pallet in the alms-house, she shudders at sight of Basil. Just ejaculating Gabriel, his voice died away ere he could pronounce Evangeline, who kissed his dying lips, and pressed his head to her bosom ;

"Then, meekly bowed she her own, and murmured 'Father I thank thee!'"

As the "Voices of the Night" have been much longer before the world, and are better known in India than Mr. Longfellow's later works, we need not detain the reader long upon them, and other of his shorter poems printed in Griswold's collection, which is also easily procurable. The massive thoughts and spiritual heroism of his "Psalm of Life"—the sweet haziness of "Endymion"—the noble calmness of "Excelsior"—the bold impersonation of the "Village Blacksmith," it must suffice that we simply indicate : the verses most completely to our taste are those on "Maidenhood," as delicately finished as Coleridge's sweet lines, beginning,

"Myrtle leaf, which un-besped,"

and of as pure a tone as Wordsworth has embodied in his "Longest Day."

<p>"Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies, Like the dusk in evening skies!</p>	<p>Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem, As the river of a dream.</p>
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<p>Thou, whose locks outshine the sun, Golden tresses, wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run!</p>	<p>Then, why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian?</p>
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<p>Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet! Womanhood and childhood fleet!</p>	<p>Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?</p>
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<p>Gazing, with a timid glance On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse!</p>	<p>Hearst thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?</p>
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O, thou child of many prayers!  
 Life hath quicksands,—life hath  
 snares!  
 Care and age come unawares!

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
 Gates of brass cannot withstand  
 One touch of that magic wand.

Like the swell of some sweet  
 tune,  
 Morning rises into noon,  
 May glides onward into June.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and  
 ruth,  
 In thy heart the dew of youth,  
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

Childhood is the bough where slum-  
 ber'd [ber'd;—  
 Birds and blossoms many-num-  
 Age, that bough with snows encum-  
 ber'd.

O, that dew, like balm, shall  
 steal  
 Into wounds that cannot heal,  
 Even as sleep our eyes doth  
 seal;

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
 When the young heart overflows,  
 To embalm that tent of snows.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
 Into many a sunless heart,  
 For a smile of God thou art."

We now approach the most dangerous part of our under-  
 taking, an analysis and estimate of Mr. Longfellow's last  
 work, "Kavanagh." We admit that a little post-octavo of  
 some hundred and eighty pages has not usually puzzled us  
 so much. The moral of the book we presume to be that  
 very favourite one of our author, which he has embodied in  
 his "Psalm of Life,"

"Act,—act in the living present!  
 Heart within,—and God o'er head;"

and which gives a zest to the existence of his "Village  
 Blacksmith;"

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
 Onward through life he goes;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close;  
 Something attempted—something done,  
 Hath earned a night's repose."

But this we have to trace through the quaintest mélange  
 of subject and character that we ever recollect to have seen  
 grouped in so small a compass. There is Mr. Churchill,  
 with some of whose phantasies we have already enlightened  
 the reader; who loves all life, but its real earnestness. There  
 is his wife, an amiable, confiding, nervous enthusiast, who  
 weens of no one like her spouse, save the vociferous little  
 urchin, who clamours for her reiterations of the story of the  
 "dog Jumper." Next comes Lucy, their maid—really very  
 pretty—with Milesian blood in her veins, whose gipsy look

and brown hair fascinates a vender of old boots, whom Mr. Churchill takes to be "a kind of centipede." Then we have Mr. Pendexter, a hungry fanatic, who after twenty five years' occupation of the pulpit of Fairmeadow, takes his farewell because the parish declines to increase his salary.

"As he announced the text, 'Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance,\*' it seemed as if the Apostle Peter himself, from whose pen the words first proceeded, were calling them to judgment.

He began by giving a minute sketch of his ministry and the state of the parish, with all its troubles and dissensions, social, political, and ecclesiastical. He concluded by thanking those ladies who had presented him with a black silk gown, and had been kind to his wife during her long illness;—by apologizing for having neglected his own business, which was to study and to preach, in order to attend to that of the parish, which was to support its minister,—stating that his own shortcomings had been owing to theirs, which had driven him into the woods in winter and into the fields in summer;—and finally by telling the congregation in general that they were so confirmed in their bad habits, that no reformation was to be expected in them under his ministry, and that to produce one would require a greater exercise of Divine power than it did to create the world; for in creating the world there had been no opposition, whereas, in their reformation, their own obstinacy and evil propensities, and self-seeking and worldly-mindedness would have to be overcome!"

Mr. Pendexter, next morning, rolls down the street in his old-fashioned chaise known by all the boys as "the ark," his old white horse seeming to shake the very dust of the ungrateful village off his feet, which Scriptural behaviour his master seemed to imitate by extending his legs over a large band-box, and thus projecting them out of the vehicle. He is next found at a muster of Militia, praying on horseback, and going at large into some of the bloodiest campaigns of the Hebrews.

Mr. Arthur Kavanagh succeeds to the Fairmeadow pulpit, after many a parish disputation and division, and threat of a new church, and such other extravagances as will always have place under the "voluntary" system. He proves quite worthy of his "new mahogany pulpit," impassions his gentle auditors generally;—indeed Miss Sally Manchester, an excellent chamber maid but a very bad cook, declares him "not a man, but a Thaddeus of Warsaw." He preaches in perpetual tropes and euphemisms, furnishes a room in the church tower,\*

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\* By the way, we like not his choice of a study. In Mr. Pendexter's time "the first bell rang from thence like a brazen mortar, seeming from its gloomy fortress to bombard the village with bursting shells of sound,



and in quest of a captive ballad-singer to cheer his solitary room, drops in on "Moses Merryweather, dealer in singing-birds, foreign and domestic," where he meets Miss Cecilia Vaughan, of the Hall, purchasing a carrier pigeon, between which and Mr. Kavanagh the shrewd Taxidermist at once established a mysterious connexion. Indeed by attractions of temperament as well as person, Arthur Kavanagh was formed to please. Of ancient and honourable family, he had been watched through a feeble childhood and trained in the Roman faith, by a doating mother, who early indoctrinated him with the "Lives of the Saints."

"Of all the legends of that mysterious book, that which most delighted and most deeply impressed him was the legend of St. Christopher. The picture was from a painting of Paolo Farinato, representing a figure of gigantic strength and stature, leaning upon a staff, and bearing the infant Christ on his bending shoulders across the rushing river. The legend related that St. Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom he in turn deserted, because each recognized by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the king of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where he might be found, and how he might serve him. The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he should lose his strength, and that he did not know how to pray. The hermit bade him take up his abode on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. The giant obeyed; and tearing up a palm-tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side, and saved many lives. And the Lord looked down from heaven, and said, 'Behold this strong man, who knows not yet the way to worship, but has found the way to serve me!'

And one night he heard the voice of a child, crying in the darkness and saying, 'Christopher! come and bear me over the river!' And he went out, and found the child sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and taking him upon his shoulders, he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first had seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril; so that when he reached the shore, he said 'Who art thou, O child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?' And the little child answered, 'Thou hast borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, and Him who created it. I am Christ, whom thou by deeds of charity would'st serve. Thou and thy service are accepted. Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!' With these words the child vanished away.

There was something in this beautiful legend that entirely captivated the heart of the boy, and a vague sense of its hidden meaning seemed at

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that exploded over the houses, shattering the ears of all the parishioners, and shaking the consciences of many!"

times to seize him and control him. Later in life, it became more and more evident to him, and remained forever in his mind as a lovely allegory of active charity and a willingness to serve. Like the giant's staff it blossomed and bore fruit."

At the Jesuit college in Canada, his mind displayed itself congenial to philosophy and theology. But in all his scholastic dreams and contemplative science, now embalmed by memory of his lost mother, arose the legend and its lesson, humility and labour.

"Saint Christopher and his service had been accepted, though he would not fast, and had not learned to pray! It became more and more clear to him, that the life of man consists not in seeing visions, and in dreams, but in active charity and willing service."

And so, and by lessons which his favourite authors weaned not of our reading from them, truth triumphed over dogmatism, and he became a Protestant. But yet—

"Out of his old faith he brought with him all that he found in it that was holy and pure and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance, but its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity. Not till after his father's death, however, did he become a clergyman. Then his vocation was manifest unto him. He no longer hesitated, but entered upon its many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, with the zeal of Peter, and the gentleness of John."

All this beautiful portraiture Mr. Longfellow has marred and checkered by the information he gives on the style of Mr. Kavanagh's pulpit discourses. On one occasion, preaching about the ruling passion, he said that

"A German nobleman, when he was dying, had his hunting horn blown in his bed room and his hounds let in, springing and howling about him; and so it is with the ruling passions of men; even around the death bed, at the well-known signal, they howl and leap about those who have fostered them."

He discourses on spring, on another occasion, in a way which some of his congregation think very beautiful, and others very incomprehensible; describing it as "the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod," and then proceeding with deep solemnity and emotion,

"To speak of the spring of the soul, as from its wintry distance it turns nearer and nearer to the great Sun, and clothes its dry and withered leaves anew with leaves and blossoms, unfolded from within itself, beneath the penetrating and irresistible influence."

Mr. Kavanagh must have altered a good deal the tone of his sermons (at which he is said to have "worked assidu-

ly ;") or else Mr. Longfellow must have very odd ideas of what it is to "preach the doctrines of Christ, holiness, self-denial, and love."

This engaging young apostle, who, while it was "the meditated great design and purpose of his life" to unite all sects into one Church universal, yet would "not destroy sects themselves," they being to him only separate converging roads, leading all to the same celestial "city of peace," has almost as fertile a fancy as Mr. Churchill. If the bells ring, he recalls the time when they were anointed, baptized and prayed for ; and the great bell Guthlac, and six others, "so musical, that, when they all rang together, as Ingulphus affirms, there was no ringing in England equal to it." His bell seemed to breath such clangorous sentences as,

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,  
Defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festaque honoro."

"Possibly also it sang into his ears as did the bells of Varennes into the ears of Panurge.—Marry thee, marry thee, marry, marry ; if thou should'st marry, marry, marry, thou shalt find good therein therein, therein ; so marry, marry."

If he looks out of his garret window, he thinks of nothing less than *the words of Plato*, "when we consider human life, we should view *as from a high tower* all things terrestrial," &c. &c. ;—a quotation which, however apposite and probably suggested by Mr. Kavanagh's residence, we object to the bodily introduction of in a book of this class.

Such as our hero will seldom want for *belles* to woo or to be wooed. Mr. Kavanagh found one of either kind in Alice Archer and Cecilia Vaughan. Never were two characters in stronger contrast. Their very dwellings seem to indicate their incongruous temperaments. Alice's is

"Sombre, desolate and silent. The very clock in the hall had a dismal sound, gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera."

Cecilia's filled the mind with pleasant thoughts of Prince Rasselas and the Happy Valley. The widowed lady of the one is poor, and old, and querulous, and blind ;—with but a single domestic, Miss Sally Manchester, who did all the housework, tended the poultry, and gave lamp-oil to the cock when he crowed hoarsely. The lord of the other, also widowed, is a judge in one of the courts ; kindly, dignified, and affable, with a host of retainers about his ample and

airy halls. Alice is a sickly, melancholy dreamer, exciting neither love nor pity, though she die by the scorplings of an unrequited passion. Cecilia is gay, joyous and natural, the queen of every heart which encounters her, conscious of inherent grace, yet tenacious of her maidenly unimpressiveness, until a suit which she might favour kindle the woman within her. Now if, in America, two such girls are likely to get to school together, or being there, to be "drawn together by that mysterious power which discovers and selects friends for us in our childhood;"—if it be a common incident of trans-atlantic romance that such should become so desperately impassioned that the one must buy a carrier pigeon to facilitate a rapid correspondence with the other;—if trans-atlantic society be so constituted, that they might accompany Mr. Kavanagh in a carry-all to the "Roaring Brook," the fourth seat being occupied "by a large basket, containing what the Squire of the Grove, in Don Quixote called his *fiambreras*,—that magnificent Castilian word for cold collation;"—above all, if at one of Mr. Churchill the Fairmeadow schoolmaster's "*At Homes*," Mr. Kavanagh the Rector's attentions might be diverted from Miss Archer, by the manœuvres of Miss Hawkins, sister of Mr. Hiram A. Hawkins, a dealer in English linens and carpets, and an aspirant to Miss Vaughan's hand;—then we think we gather from the evidence of an American Professor of *Belles Lettres* that there were better grounds than we ever imagined for Mrs. Trollope's pasquinades.

But enough of this unseemly patchwork. We rejoice to think that the numberless incongruities, the shallow incident, the little pedantry, the unwrought associations, and the ill-devised moral of Mr. Longfellow's "Kavanagh" must quite neutralize the stigma which it otherwise would reflect upon his nationality. We will not follow at large the childish story of the pigeon, and the love thereupon consummated, and Alice's disconsolacy and premature death, and naughty Billy Wilderming the Butcher's son's career, and the Fairmeadow sensation at the betrothal, and how Kavanagh took his bride, like an Apostle, to Italy and the East, and all the Churches of Christendom, to sow in many devout hearts the desire and prophecy which filled his own—the union of all sects into one universal Church of Christ. We will merely advise the reader, if he is curious about it, that they longed for Mr. Churchill.

"In all the old cathedrals; in all the lovely landscapes; among the Alps and Apennines; in looking down on Duomo d'Ossola; at the fan at Ba-

veno, at Gaeta; at Naples; in old and mouldy Rome; in older Egypt; in the Holy Land; in galleries, churches and ruins; in their rural retirement at Fiesoli;—whenever they saw any thing beautiful."

On their return, the dog Major barked at them; Mr. Vaughan, the workhouse, and the brass knocker on Mr. Churchill's door were much as usual; Miss Sally Manchester was discovered on a ladder, in a spacious gingham bonnet, painting her house; but the railroad had completely transformed Fairmeadow, and made of a simple village, a very precocious town.

Our advice to Mr. Longfellow would be, that he cultivate his elegant muse; but eschew novel writing. To point a moral, with imaginary characters and devised incident—to create harmonious and human groups, and array them in lively and picturesque reality;—this we have no hesitation in saying, is not his vocation. He has noble gifts—a delicate ear, wanting only the harness of verse to lead it—an exquisite sense of the beautiful in nature—high moral sensibilities—the rare capacity of infecting minds; and he can exercise a balance of thought so fine, that it will admit of no redundancy of utterance, though surfeited by its own richness. He has studied landscape with an artist's love—and no one better understands the finish which a true artist can impart to word-painting. Here then be his study—to elaborate his pictorial genius, and enrich our cabinets with other gems, selected from his country's scenes and story. Let him condescend to deliver the acts of history, or the suggestions of his individual mind, in his graceful combinations; knowing that his temper is rather imaginative than inventive, and he the skilful limner, and not the great designer. Let him learn too that we possess, in English, as flexible a vehicle for poetic thought as ever the art of man devised—our bold heroic pentameter—perfectly fitted to the genius of our language, and therefore to be preferred to any form which can be but experimental, and in which success can scarcely be beyond partial. Let him consider, further, that gracious scholarship is rather diffident than obtrusive; and its compass much more pleasantly inferred from the charm of its imbibed tones, than from the display of whence it drew them. So may he achieve a work worthy of his fine sensibilities, which shall be loved throughout the world of letters, but honoured in America.

## I V.

## THE FALL OF THE OAK.

High-towering, by a river stood  
 An oak of ample head ;  
 And wide around, o'er field and flood  
 A grateful shadow spread.  
 The fainting flocks oft sought that shade,  
 And there his foot the pilgrim stayed  
 And bathed his throbbing brows,  
 When summer's noontide heat oppressed,  
 And many a songster sought a nest,  
 Amongst the sheltering boughs.

Full many a year that tree had sighed  
 Whene'er a Zephyr breathed ;  
 Those arms had many a storm defied  
 When ice-crowns round them wreathed,  
 Which, aged now, responsive groaned,  
 As wintry tempests, circling, moaned,  
 And whirled the starry snow.  
 For youth, with long-told years, had passed,  
 And he, of many, was the last  
 To meet the woodman's blow.

The vigour which was his of yore  
 Time's numbing touch had spoiled ;  
 For mantling moss, like winter's hoar,  
 Around his limbs had coiled,  
 The canker wormed its unseen way  
 Beneath his bark, and slow decay  
 The monarch's trunk o'er-spread ;  
 While in his verdure's sickly dye  
 You read some fatal doom was nigh  
 To bow his lofty head.

The spangling dewdrops glistened bright  
 On opening bud and flower,  
 For still the sun to waking sight  
 Denied his orient hour ;—  
 When forth a sturdy woodman strode  
 With shouldered axe, and on his road  
 Hymned forth a morning lay :  
 He thanked his God for life, and health,  
 And freedom, better far than wealth,  
 And joyful went his way.

He reached the pride of all the plain,  
 That venerable oak,  
 Unheard, the wood-nymphs plead in vain  
 To avert the fatal stroke ;  
 His gleamy steel with might he swung,

Then peal on peal resounding rung.  
And waked the sleeping air,  
Till every parent bird in dread,  
Deserted nest, from nestlings fled.  
But fondly lingered near.

Along the shore the echo flies  
And thrills the quiet tide,  
And water-spirits seem to rise  
That reckless man to chide ;  
Yet follows blow on blow, until  
Bright Phœbus o'er the eastern hill  
Again asserts his reign,  
And as his flaming orb uprose,  
Slow-crashing, sunk to his repose  
The monarch of the plain.

And now the pilgrim passes on  
Nor hails a welcome shade,  
And flocks that met there once, are gone  
To court a distant glade ;  
Autumnal blasts sweep fiercely by,  
But silent is the leafy sigh  
Which once responded there ;  
For now a blackened bole is all  
Which registers his solemn fall  
Who was so nobly fair.

So perishes the pride of man,  
So sinks his feeble power,  
When death sums up life's narrow span.  
That fitful, troublous hour.  
A few brief days exempt from woe  
Is all the joy which man can know,  
E'er called by Him on high  
Who wields Creation's awful doom  
To render to the oblivious tomb  
His transient dignity.

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## PURSE VERSUS PEDIGREE.

## CHAPTER I.

The folly of human nature is incurable. Even Molière has failed to make the world much wiser. M. Levrault had made a large fortune by keeping a draper's shop, in the neighbourhood of the *Marché des Innocens* in Paris, but no sooner did he retire from business, than his brain became inflated with pride and ambition. When he found himself the possessor of three millions of francs, acquired by honest industry in the shop of his fathers, the worthy man, intoxicated by prosperity, discovered that the acquisition of wealth, which he had hitherto considered the end of his existence, was only the commencement of a new career. He thought it necessary to cast his former slough, and, issuing from the obscure corner in which he had hitherto vegetated, to burst forth like an emancipated butterfly, into the bright world for which he thought himself born. At that time the democratic absurdities of the revolution of July had passed away, and although the aristocracy of wealth still looked with contempt on its elder sister, there were not wanting many who regarded with a wistful eye the titles of nobility. Nothing less would serve M. Levrault, than to become a member of the government, and to give himself due encouragement he perused with secret satisfaction the new registers containing the names of certain citizens recently elevated to power and distinction. He delighted in revolving in his own mind all the schemes then on the tapis for recruiting the ranks of the peerage, and congratulated himself on the reflection, that the payment of three thousand francs per annum in direct taxes, would be nothing to him. One night he dreamt that his porter had put into his hands a packet addressed to "M. le Baron Levrault," and when with a trembling hand he broke the seal, he found it contained a patent of nobility. On the day following, in the fulness of his emotion, he astonished the porter with a present of five francs, who was puzzled to know the cause of this unwonted munificence. His wife had seen with regret the progress of this mental disease, and had done her utmost to counteract it.

"Levrault," she would sometimes say, "do oblige me by keeping yourself quiet. What business have we to



meddle with honours and dignities? Surely it is enough that we are rich; and now let us learn to enjoy our wealth in moderation. Whatever the world may say, money cannot command every thing, and all our three millions have been amassed without adding anything to our real worth. Let us be content to remain in our own sphere, without being ashamed of our station. Let us cultivate the society of those who esteem us, and not thrust ourselves forward into a world, where we shall only be laughed at. The more I know you, the better am I convinced that you cannot impose upon any one; and as for me, I know well enough that I am unfitted to become a lady of quality. On the other hand, for wealthy retired tradespeople we are sufficiently genteel, and can cultivate with advantage the society of those of our own class. Let alone all such follies. Buy a good estate likely to yield some return, and as you are not without ambition, let it be confined to becoming mayor of the *Commune*, or churchwarden of the parish. Indulge in a little fishing now and then, of which you once were fond, and cultivate dahlias for which I know you have a taste. Be hospitable to your friends and charitable to the poor. Above all things marry your daughter to a man who will not blush for his wife's family, nor be afraid at some future day to say to his children, 'Your grandpapa was a worthy man, who made his fortune as a draper in the Rue des Bourdonnais. It is him you have to thank for the bread you eat' " Such was the language Mme. Levrault was in the habit of using towards her husband, and her efforts appear to have been successful during her life time; but unhappily she had died ten years before the opening of our story, and had taken with her all the common sense of the family.

M. Levrault knew too well that honours and dignities would not come to seek him in his back parlour in the Rue des Bourdonnais. He had already dropped the society of his old friends, and only awaited the return of his daughter from school, in order to commence an entirely new life. Not knowing in which way exactly to approach the aristocracy, the great object of his desires, he relied upon the resources Mlle. Laura Levrault possessed in her beauty and accomplishments; nor did these disappoint his expectations.

Mlle. Levrault had been educated in one of the most aristocratic boarding schools of Paris. Perhaps she might have possessed greater attractions, had her charms been permitted to expand in the simplicity and modesty of her native condition. Transplanted into an establishment full of countesses

and marchionesses in embryo, she had early lost her natural simplicity and grace; and, like a sparrow in a cage of amadabads, her first real grief had been the knowledge of her plebeian origin. The ridicule and hidden sarcasms which she was continually forced to endure, made her irritation and sorrow deep-rooted. Instead of retaliating upon those malicious companions who took such delight in humbling her, Laura conceived a deep and bitter hatred toward the shop in which she was born; indeed the whole Rue des Bourdonnais was included in her indignation, and even the name of Levraut exasperated her. Whenever, during the hours of study or of recreation, this unfortunate name, associated with the memory of so many bitter taunts, resounded in her ear, she felt the utter solitude of her position, and shuddered with shame. One day she happened to wear a cloth dress, on seeing which, one of her companions ironically, remarked, "Ah! this dress could have cost you nothing but the making!" and all enjoyed the malicious speech, and the discomfiture of Laura who wept in silence. On another occasion she was asked if one of her ancestors had not been present at the field of the cloth of gold! Some time after, several young ladies, versed in heraldry, affected to compose for her a coat of arms, bearing an *ellwand in bend*; and the mortification she suffered from this incident was sufficient to bring on serious indisposition. In this way, her feelings were most cruelly wounded on numberless occasions. I leave it to the reader to imagine what a mysterious sympathy and secret union of ideas already existed between father and daughter, and how well they agreed as to their future mode of life.

Mlle. Levraut at the age of eighteen was what might be termed pretty. With a fine complexion, dark brown hair, eyes well set, and a good figure, there was still somewhat in her appearance to betray her plebeian origin and the impress of the shop, which would not have been observed, but for the efforts made to conceal them. She possessed, indeed, a calm and impassive nature with much self-possession, and had never allowed her imagination to stray into the land of dreams and chimeras. In her, vanity with its icy breath had withered up the flowers, which naturally bloom in the dawn of youth. Had her mother lived a little longer, she would no doubt have succeeded in fostering the precious germs which pride and vanity had blighted. But left almost entirely to herself, her good qualities had been neglected like noxious weeds, while all that were bad had been carefully preserved. It would be unjust not to mention that

she possessed all the talents and accomplishments proper to young ladies of her age. Continually depressed and slighted by her school companions' she had spared no pains to surpass them in her acquirements. She was a good musician and painted landscapes remarkably well, for one who had never studied from nature. She had been taught by the cleverest masters, but had only succeeded in her studies from extreme vanity. No sooner was she released from the thralldom of school, and become aware of her fortune, than she looked forward with eagerness to the dazzling prospects opening before her. She knew well that with a dowry of one million, and two more in prospect, she would never be sought in marriage from love, and therefore the idea of love never entered her thoughts. She had in fact many clear and determined views of her own on matrimony, and knowing very well that the man who would ask her hand in marriage would only do so as a matter of business, she was resolved, on her side, to regulate her choice by her ambition. She therefore declared to her father that she would marry none but a man of rank; and he, embracing her fondly, recognized in her his second self. This he concluded was the most certain means of introducing him into the world of his ambition, from which he did not conceal from himself that he was separated by a gulf; but this gulf he was determined to cross on the shoulders of his son-in-law.

All that remained to be done was to seek for a son-in-law equal to his highest hopes, but most certainly such an one was not to be found near the *Marché des Innocens*. M. Levrault had heard it said that of all the provinces in France, Brittany most abounded in ancient and noble families, that châteaux were there as abundant as cottages, and embattled towers as numerous as mushrooms. It was in Brittany therefore that he determined to establish himself; there he would lay the foundation of a splendid career: and there he proposed to cast the golden net which was destined to entrap the phoenix of sons-in-law. As soon as he had settled his plans, M. Levrault wrote the following letter to a notary at Nantes, whom he had formerly known as a head clerk at Paris.

"The time has at length arrived, my dear M. Jolibois, for my removal into a world better suited to my taste and habits. In the midst of my laborious avocations, I have always looked forward to seek in my old age an asylum consecrated by the great names of our history. Brittany has always been associated in my mind with heroic recollections, and my beloved Laura, who has received an education worthy of her rank, has often delighted me with tales of that chivalrous land. You will therefore hear

without surprise, that it is my intention to become the purchaser of some noble domain in Brittany. However, I do not wish to do so without due consideration. Before deciding on a purchase, I wish to see the country, view its capabilities, and study its manners and customs. Now then, my dear Jolibois, let me address myself to you in confidence. I wish you to engage for me for one year, a castle somewhere in the neighbourhood of Nantes, the position of which will allow me to cultivate the friendship of the nobles of the province. By the time I have had experience of the country, I shall find no difficulty in making a selection. I need scarcely add, that I intend to live in good style, and keep house on a princely scale. To you, my good friend, I wish to leave every arrangement, from kitchen to drawing-room, and from garret to cellar. With the sole exception of my daughter's *femme de chambre*, I shall bring no servants with me from Paris. It will delight me, I must confess, to see around me a few venerable domestics, types of devotion and fidelity, who are content to live and die in the place of their nativity. Engage for me four or five servants of this class, and spare no expense in preparing everything for our reception, for I am worth three millions, and the life I propose to lead is one of continued festivity and unbounded hospitality. Let my neighbours know before hand who is coming among them. Tell them of my exertions, and of my wealth, in a way to excite their curiosity at my approach. Although I have made up my mind only to associate with the highest classes, I shall still, my dear Jolibois, reserve a place for you, and you will now and then I am sure be glad to come and join me in hunting a stag. I rejoice in the idea that I shall end my days in the country of de Clisson and du Guesclin. Laura has so often mentioned these gentlemen and their feats of arms, that I long to make the acquaintance of their descendants, and entertain them at my board. Above all things remember that I must have the elite of the aristocracy for my immediate neighbours, and be able to see from my windows at least a dozen castles, with towers, battlements and draw-bridges.

Adieu, my dear M. Jolibois. I reckon upon your exertions, as you may upon my liberality."

LEVRAULT.

This notary happened to be a shrewd fellow. While a head clerk at Paris, and at the point of establishing an office in the country, he had himself cast a longing eye on M. Levrault's millions, and on one occasion had actually made an offer for Laura's hand, thinking that it was quite as reasonable that Jolibois should marry the daughter of M. Levrault, as that the Duc de Lauzun should marry the daughter of Henry IV. But M. Levrault rejected his advances with the most sovereign contempt, and showed him how much he had been mistaken. M. Stephen Jolibois had retired much discomfited, never supposing that another opportunity would offer for renewing his acquaintance. In spite of the official character he had acquired, he had not forgotten the waggeries of his apprenticeship; and rubbed his hands with delight on reading the letter of his father-in-law elect, which was indeed

sufficiently silly and impertinent to excite the laughter of a stoic. Young, gay and full of fun, Jolibois seized with avidity the opportunity thus offered of revenging his disappointment, and at the same time reaping advantages for himself. Eight days after, he wrote the following answer to M. Levrault :

" It gives me pleasure, my dear Sir, to announce that I have engaged for you a mansion, adapted, I fondly hope, both to your exalted rank and refined taste. It is a handsome edifice, though of modern architecture, situated on the banks of the Sevre, between Tiffange and Clisson and only eight leagues from Nantes. I am proud to think that I have so fully and happily merited the confidence you have placed in me. I am busily employed in furnishing your mansion with all expedition, in a manner suitable to your position in the world. I have omitted nothing, and rejoice in the belief that you will be satisfied. All shall be ready in a fortnight, and you need delay no longer period in setting out on your journey. I have had no difficulty in comprehending the elevation of your ideas, and that you only desire to live among your equals. That unerring glance which has made you, as it were, one of the eagles of commerce, has pointed out to you the very portion of the earth most worthy to contain you. The exalted society which you desire may be found at your very doors—The castles of Tiffange, of Mortagne, and of Clisson are ready to welcome you.

According to your desire I have mentioned your name, and now that the nobility of the district know who you are, they are ready to vie with each other in the warmth of your reception. They well know that in the present day, industry is the queen of the world, and all are prepared to regard you with respectful interest. Do not suppose that your fortune is at all connected with these favorable anticipations. It is your merit alone that causes their impatience. Ever since I announced your expected arrival, conversation turns upon no other topic. I am overpowered with questions regarding you from all quarters ; and every one around asks on what day and at what hour you may be expected. The beauty of your daughter will revive the most delightful associations and traditions of the days of chivalry. Time does not admit, at present, of my giving you the names of all the great families, whose seats are grouped around your residence. The least ancient of them date from the time of the second Crusade. Mlle. Laura, whose mind is so richly adorned, will have many pleasing emotions excited, by finding close to your park gates, a descendant of Godfrey de Bouillon, a venerable old man of noble aspect, whose conversation is a mine of instruction. A little further off, you will find the last scion of a noble race, connected by intermarriage with the families of Baudouin and Lusignan : his name is the Viscount Gaspard de Montflanquin. Young and chivalrous, but perhaps a little too disinterested, he has only to express his wishes and they are realized. The new administration, proud of enlisting him under their banners, would gladly do anything for him. He will become your guide in your excursions, and your adviser in the choice of friends. Come then and enjoy the delightful shades of La Trélade, which is the name of your château, and banish from your thoughts the noble exertions, which have exalted you to your present position. Believe me, I shall avail myself joyfully, (though with moderation) of the entrée into your house so graciously accorded to me.

I well know the distance which separates us, but at the same time, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of hunting a stag with you occasionally. A year hence, should you decide on establishing yourself in our beloved Brittany, I shall hope to enrol you in the number of my clients, and I need not say that your name will be the glory of my office.

Receive, my dear Sir, the assurance of my profound esteem"

JOLIBOIS.

The same day Jolibois wrote as follows :—

" Monsieur le Vicomte,

The interest I take in you must plead my apology for addressing you on a very delicate matter; but I feel assured you will appreciate my motives. I never look without regret on the dilapidated walls of your ancestral castle; and the sight of you invariably brings to my mind the unfortunate Lord of Ravenswood. I never leave your presence without revolving in my mind some plan for restoring the departed honors of your house. An opportunity now presents itself, and it remains alone for you to seize upon it, to uprear your ancient banner, and reunite the scattered fragments of your inheritance. One M. Levraut, a retired citizen who has realized a fortune of three millions as a draper, proposes to become purchaser of an estate in Brittany; but before coming to a decision, he has taken La Trélande for a year. In a fortnight, or even less, he will be here. I have known him long, and have seen the rise and progress of his ambition. He wishes to raise himself in the world, and wants some one to be both his passport and his tool. His daughter, Mlle. Levraut, is just as impatient to change the vulgar name of her father for one which will admit her into the fashionable world, and at court. You have only to appear, and in three months, believe me, you will find yourself master of the fortress. I know very well how repugnant it will be to your pride to think of such a connexion, but although Mlle. Levraut is of low origin, she is really pretty, and her brilliant complexion will plead an apology for the obscurity of her birth. And then, M. le Vicomte! three millions of francs! what a glorious fortune! The very bones of the old lords of Montflanquin would rise from their graves to bless you. But, I beseech you, lose not a moment in coming, for your success depends on your keeping the La Rochelandiers at a distance. They alone are to be feared, and the most likely to contend with you for the prize which providence has thrown in your way. Take time by the forelock, and do not on any account, allow the opportunity to pass. M. Levraut and his daughter must come to their abode without knowing that such people as the La Rochelandiers exist. I reckon upon your tact, of which no one, more than I, appreciates the grace and delicacy. Look forward to the happy day when you will receive, from the hands of your respected Father-in-law, the princely dowry he is to give his daughter—what a blessing for you, what pleasure for your friends, and what rejoicings for me, who count upon drawing up the contract! You know my sentiments towards you, and the pleasure I shall derive from obliging you. To serve those I love, without self-interest, has always been my greatest delight. All I ask for the hint I have now given you, is the repayment of the 80,000 francs you owed my father, the interest of which you have, from forgetfulness, omitted to pay for the last ten years.

Receive, my dear Vicomte, the assurance of my best wishes, and again let me say; *Beware of the La Rochelandiers.*"

JOLIBOIS.

A fortnight later, a post-chaise and four stood at the door of M. Levrault's house in the Rue des Bourdonnais. A man of less importance would have gone by railway to Tours, but M. Levrault wished to enter upon his new life with all éclat; and to take his revenge upon the hackney-coaches, which for twenty years had carried him on Sundays to the various environs of Paris. The horses were impatient, the postilions ready in saddle, and all the neighbours collected at their windows, regarding the scene with envious curiosity. At the moment of leaving the humble abode where he had spent so many years of labour and of pleasure by the side of his departed wife, M. Levrault could not fail to experience some little emotion. But Laura did not bestow a single regret on walls which recalled no memory but that of her humble origin; and the glance which she cast around her chamber, when on the point of leaving it for ever, was one of triumphant joy. When they issued from the door, numerous heads were projected from the neighbouring windows, and a stifled laugh broke from the spectators; but not a hand was raised to wave them an adieu. They mounted proudly into the carriage, the postilions cracked their whips, and the horses started at full gallop.

The very morning of their departure, a traveller in a plain shooting-coat leisurely climbed to the top of the Diligence from Paris to Nantes—This was Vicomte Gaspard de Montflanquin.

## CHAPTER II.

The journey was passed, as we can well understand, amid enchanting visions of a brilliant future. M. Jolibois's letter had added fuel to the flame of M. Levrault's ambition; but the rodomontade which abounded in his epistle, had not totally escaped Laura's keener penetration, although she failed in discovering the notary's real intentions concealed beneath the irony of his style. She had no reason to mistrust M. Jolibois, ignorant as she then was, of his former pretensions to her hand, and in the exaggerated compliments of the cidevant head-clerk, she saw nothing but the homage of poverty to riches, and more she did not require. We may however remark that Mlle. Levrault did not give her father credit for being perfectly serious in all his designs, yet with a view of furthering her own schemes, she thought it necessary to humour him to a certain extent, and thus make herself his accomplice without becoming his dupe. As M. Jolibois had mentioned to the Vicomte de Montflanquin, all she

longed for was, to change the vulgar name of her family for one which might introduce her to an aristocratic circle. As for M. Levrault who was prouder of his money than a Montmorency of his ancestors, he never for a moment doubted, that the nobility of Brittany were prepared to receive him with open arms, and overwhelm him with their hospitality. Not only did he consider it impossible that any one could ridicule a man worth three millions, but he had not even discovered through M. Jolibois' letter, a single expression of an offensive nature; on the contrary, he learned it by heart, and repeated it to himself as the horses galloped along the banks of the Loire. Spring was opening in all its charms, and the route from Blois to Sanmur revealed a succession of beauties; but M. Levrault was so absorbed in ideas of his own grandeur, that he scarcely appeared conscious of the scenes around him. His wishes till then had been mere chimeras, but now he beheld his fondest hopes realized, and a bright future revealed to his view.

Laura was equally indifferent to the beauties of nature, for she felt she was approaching towards the goal of her ambition, and could think of nothing but the image of M. Le Vicomte de Montflanquin which constantly flitted before her mental vision. She asked not if he was worthy of her love, her sole thought being the effect his armorial bearings would produce on the pannel of her elegant carriage. She pictured in her mind a meeting with her former school companions, who had treated her with so much contempt, and their envious astonishment at her magnificence and the lustre of her name: thus the triumphs of vanity were doubly sweetened by the satisfaction of revenge. Whilst M. Levrault and his daughter, thus mused on their respective destinies, the soft breezes of April wafted on their wings the sweet perfumes of the budding foliage; the blossoms smiled amid the sunshine, the hedges were in flower, and the birds sang merrily on every tree. The silvery waters of the Loire, wound peacefully through the green savannas of Touraine and Anjou; and for the first time M. Levrault and his daughter, who had never before been ten miles out of Paris, found themselves surrounded by the beauties of nature.

On arriving at Nantes, M. Levrault learnt, that M. Jolibois had started in the morning and was awaiting his arrival at La Trélade; but he would not leave the town till the afternoon of the following day, in order that his arrival might take place exactly at the hour indicated. Stretching his head out of the carriage window, M. Levrault regarded the



surrounding country, with a wistful gaze, and searched for castles at all points of the horizon. He had expected that after leaving Nantes, his road would lie between rows of towers and battlements, and it was with much difficulty Laura made him understand, that even in Brittany castles are not to be found like ale-houses dotted along the highway. Towards evening the postilions branched off from the high road, and in about an hour, a burst of martial music, combined with the barking of dogs, re-echoing from the neighbouring hills, warned them that they approached the end of their journey. The gate leading to the castle of La Trélade opened as if by magic, the carriage rolled rapidly through the approach, splendidly illuminated with coloured lamps, and the horses covered with foam suddenly drew up at the entrance of M. Levrault's long desired abode. M. Jolibois descended the staircase, with an important air, between two ranks of footmen, holding flaming torches, and drawn up in stately array to receive the new owner. Jolibois himself opened the carriage door, and lowered the steps.

"Good, Jolibois, very good," said M. Levrault, with apparent negligence of manner; overjoyed in his own heart, yet desirous of appearing as a great man, accustomed to similar receptions. He descended from the carriage with a dignified air, and resting upon the arm of his daughter, slowly mounted the steps.

"How are you, my friends, how are you?" said he with a patronizing air to the footmen, who respectfully saluted him, some of whom greeted him with the exclamation of "vive M. Levrault!"

Preceded by M. Jolibois, whose imperturbable presence of mind did not for one moment fail, he advanced into a richly decorated dining room, where a magnificent supper was laid out on a table loaded with massive crystal, elegant lamps, and choice flowers. Seated between the notary and his daughter, it was with much difficulty that M. Levrault mastered his emotion, and in spite of the restraint he placed upon himself, he could not help admiring the decorations of the hall and the arrangements of the feast.

The most exquisite viands and the most delicious wines, succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity. Three valets, with white gloves, and in blue and yellow liveries glided like shadows around the guests—Laura even felt excited. As for Jolibois he ate and drank as one who had not partaken of such a feast for the last ten years. The repast completed, the party descended to the park, where

Jolibois had prepared a new surprise. They were walking in an extensive opening, when suddenly a bright rocket clove the air, and M. Levrault perceived about fifty steps before him, a bright wall of fire. A dozen fire wheels revolved with amazing rapidity, casting forth on all sides a torrent of sparks. Bengal lights illuminated the depths of the arcades, and Roman candles issuing from the foliage, like fiery serpents fell to the ground in showers of stars. M. Levrault who had till then maintained a suitable gravity, could resist no longer the expression of his amazement : and wringing the hand of Jolibois, said, with a voice full of emotion :

"My dear friend ; this is the happiest day of my life. And yet," added he, changing his tone suddenly ; "these rockets, these fireworks, awake sorrowful recollections in my mind. My son ! My poor child ! My beloved Timoléon !".....

M. Levrault put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Ah !" said Jolibois, striking his forehead ; "I totally forgot your sad misfortune."

"Alas ! since that fatal evening," resumed M. Levrault, "I have never been able to see a Roman candle without experiencing the most bitter emotions."

"That is very natural ;" added Jolibois.

"So fine a child ! such a precocious mind ! and such wonderful intelligence !"

"Ah, sir ! what have I done ?" explained Jolibois, pulling his hair with a gesture of despair. "Pardon the forgetfulness of my zeal. Shall I countermand the fiery fountain, which is all that now remains of the fireworks ?"

"Certainly not. Pray do not countermand it ;" answered M. Levrault in a lively manner, replacing his handkerchief in his pocket. "I wish to see the fiery fountain."

"But, sir, this will only aggravate my fault, and prolong your suffering."

"I wish to see the fiery fountain ;" repeated M. Levrault with decision ; "I am delighted with every thing, and despite of these sorrowful recollections, this is the happiest day of my life. Let us see the fountain, Jolibois."

Upon signal from M. Jolibois, the fiery fountain was lighted, and for some seconds, M. Levrault imagined, that all the stars of the firmament had descended into his park. His bright and joyous face seemed to shine as if it were part of the display. Laura, although secretly flattered, could not help smiling to herself at the idea that the entertainment,

although at her father's expense was in reality for the gratification of M. Jolibois. The evening was pleasant, and as they returned towards the castle they saw by the flame of the Bengal lights, which were still burning, a little page advancing to meet them.

"Who is it? What does he want?" said M. Levrault with the important air of one who is interrupted, and who has not a moment to himself.

"It is Galaor" said M. Jolibois; "I know him very well."

"Galaor!" said M. Levrault, opening wide his eyes.

"M. Levrault?" asked Galaor, advancing with assurance towards the group of promenaders.

"What do you want, friend? Here I am."

Galaor drew a letter from his pocket, and gave it in silence to M. Levrault, who looked with delight at the arms on the seal. It was the first of the kind which had ever been in his hands. After examining the arms, as if to identify them, he broke the seal, and read what follows, whilst the little page, falling on one knee, presented to the delighted Laura, a bouquet of roses and jacinthe.

"The Vicomte Gaspard de Montflanquin, is anxious to know how M. Levrault and his daughter have accomplished their journey. He requests permission to pay his respects at two o'clock to-morrow, at the castle of La Trélade, and begs to place at Mlle. Levrault's feet some roses from his garden."

"You see," said M. Jolibois, "you have scarcely set foot in your mansion, and yet already the great nobles of the land are pressing forward to make your acquaintance."

"I am touched, I must say," replied M. Levrault. "Galaor" said he to the page; "return our best thanks to M. le Vicomte Gaspard de Montflanquin, and say that we accomplished our journey in a post chaise with four horses, and that we shall be happy to see him to-morrow at whatever hour he chooses."

Galaor made a respectful bow, and disappeared in a turn of the walk.

"So then, my dear Jolibois, it would appear that we are expected," said M. Levrault, taking the arm of the notary with condescending familiarity.

"In less than eight days, take my word for it Monsieur, you will see all the surrounding aristocracy crowding into your saloons and your pleasure grounds. You will hear on all sides nothing but great and illustrious names; but, let me tell you, for twenty leagues round, there is not one so great or so noble, as that of the Vicomte Gaspard de Montflanquin."

"I do not doubt it. Did you not write me that his house is connected by marriage with Baudouin and Lusignan? If so, he must be a connexion of the old gentleman who repeats such beautiful verses in the tragedy of *Zaire*?"

"And so he is indeed, Monsieur."

"I shall be delighted to shake hands with him."

"And so you well may, for if he is the last of his race, he well deserves to be the first. Never beat a more noble heart in the bosom of a gentleman. He is indeed a character of the days of chivalry. He has, as you may have heard, declared his adhesion, for some time, to the new dynasty. His motives in so doing are not exactly known, but whether from despair of the cause of legitimacy, from noble promptings, or from a desire to heal the wounds of civil discord, all I know is, that the Vicomte did not long withhold his countenance from the throne of July. Some blame, and some commend him."

"He did well," said M. Levrault abruptly; "I should have done the same in his place."

"Did you ever hear, Monsieur, what passed between the Vicomte de Montflanquin and the king, when he was presented at Court for the first time?"

M. Levrault was all attention, and Laura, who was walking in advance, came nearer to M. Jolibois. Sure of his audience he proceeded.

"It is a tale which belongs to history. The Vicomte, who honoured me with his regard, has often told me the story. The presentation took place in the audience chamber, in presence of the Queen, the princes and princesses and all the dignitaries of the state. "Sire," said the Vicomte neither too proudly nor too humbly, "I frankly tender my allegiance; but your majesty must permit me in so doing to make one condition." At these words, the King knitted his brows, and all the countenances around seemed stupified with astonishment. "Vicomte Gaspard de Montflanquin," said his Majesty, "It is ours to impose conditions, and not to accept them. Speak however, for there is nothing we should not be willing to do, to attach so precious a gem to our diadem." "Sire," replied the Vicomte, "I tender my allegiance to your royal name on condition that your Majesty will do nothing for me, and allow me to remain as poor as I have hitherto been."

"Nobly said," cried Laura.

"Very good indeed," said M. Levrault; "what said the King to that?"

"He opened his arms, and pressed the Vicomte de Montflanquin to his breast with his eyes overflowing with tears. "We shall do nothing for you then, my dear friend," said the king "since you so desire it; be nothing but a peer of France. Only remember that whatever you ask, be it for relative or friend, obtain it you shall from our royal gratitude."

"Indeed," cried M. Levrault, "did the king say that?"

"To be sure he did, and they were not empty words either. Although ruined by revolutions, and living in retirement on small means in the castle of his ancestors, (which he only leaves now and then to visit at the Tuilleries, or hunt with the princes at Chantilly,) the Vicomte de Montflanquin is perhaps at this moment the most important personage at Court. I know more than one big-wig, strutting about in a public office, who owes his position to him. More than once he has offered me a *prefecture*; for although I say it that shouldn't, he is very fond of me. It was only the other day, he said to me, 'Jolibois, you are not in your proper place.' But as my political opinions will not allow me to place myself under obligations to Government, I have always refused."

"Why, Jolibois, I have all along supposed you leant to republicanism. You have not told us whether the Vicomte is a family man?"

"The Vicomte de Montflanquin is not a married man," said M. Jolibois.

After a few moments silence, seeing the face of M. Levrault brighten up, Jolibois added.

"The Vicomte de Montflanquin will never marry."

"Is it possible?" said M. Levrault.

"Why should it be so?" said Laura smiling. "Is the Vicomte de Montflanquin a knight of Malta?"

"Mademoiselle" answered M. Jolibois; "it is a sad and touching story, which should be related in strains more poetical than those of a country attorney. When the Vicomte Gaspard de Montflanquin was scarcely twenty four years of age, he loved a young lady, Mlle. Fernande Edmée de Chanteplure, noble as himself and lovely as you. Every one who knew her, agreed in saying that a more lovely creature never existed—Gaspard adored Fernande, and she loved him with equal devotion. On the very morning which was to have crowned their happiness, the joyous lovers, accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness of Chanteplure, went to take a walk on the banks of the Sèvres. Fernande clung like a delicate plant to her mother's arm, and Gaspard with the

Marquis, who walked slowly from gout, followed at a little distance. While supporting him with the tenderness of a son, Gaspard suddenly heard a piercing shriek, and rushing forward, found the Marchioness wringing her hands on the bank, and his beloved Fernande, struggling in the stream. In attempting to gather a water-lily her foot had slipped, and the current was rapidly hurrying her towards the sluice of a mill. Gaspard threw himself into the water, and, quicker than thought, seized Fernande with a grasp of iron. He struggled manfully with the raging tide, and at the moment she was about to be crushed by the wheel of the mill, brought her back lifeless to the bank. Alas! Fernande never revived. The pale hue of death had overspread her lovely lips. Kneeling over the body of his betrothed, Gaspard solemnly declared, he should have no other bride, and called on heaven to record his vow of fidelity—Gaspard has kept his vow."

"The tale is most touching;" said Laura; "this Vicomte de Montflanquin must be a hero of romance."

"Bah!" said M. Levrault; "the Vicomte de Montflanquin will get married after all."

"You do not know him;" said Jolibois decidedly. "The richest and most-magnificent matches have been proposed to him, but he has rejected them all with scorn."

"He must be mad, Jolibois; I once passionately loved a young lady, who also perished like a flower too early blown; but that did not prevent me marrying Mme. Levrault, who brought me a hundred thousand crowns in ready money. The Vicomte is quite unreasonable."

"Certainly Sir; I am quite of your opinion. As a man I admire Gaspard, but as a notary I blame him. I do my utmost to urge my clients to marry. 'Monsieur le Vicomte, you ought to marry;' said I to him the other day. 'Jolibois,' he replied with an expression of countenance which I shall never forget, 'one can be faithless towards the living, but one can never be so towards the dead.'"

"Bah!" repeated M. Levrault, "he will marry yet. How old is he?"

"Twenty-eight at the most, but sorrows have too early wrinkled his noble brow."

"But tell me, M. Jolibois, is this model of posthumous fidelity at all handsome?" asked Laura in a careless manner, pulling to pieces one of the roses which she held in her hand.

"Mademoiselle, he is handsome, melancholy and proud. I know some who would call him plain, but they are all peo-

ple who are no judges of true beauty. It is impossible not to be struck by the dark flash of his eye, the nobleness of his features, and the grace of his manner. For my part I laugh at the idea of all aristocracy but that of an intelligent mind."

Conversing in this manner they again reached the castle.

After having cast a glance around the hall, Laura retired to her apartment. M. Jolibois was to start early the following morning, as urgent business hurried him back to Nantes. The remainder of the evening was employed in visiting by torch light, the numerous apartments of the castle of La Trélade. All M. Levrault's orders had been faithfully executed. His house was magnificently furnished : ten horses stood in the stable ; carriages of various sorts were at his command ; kennels full of dogs, ante-chambers with footmen, and kitchens with scullions. More than once M. Levrault deigned to express his satisfaction to M. Jolibois, who walked near him, hat in hand, preserving a modest and respectful demeanour.

" Good, Jolibois, very good," he repeated from time to time, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder.

He could not however refrain from expressing a little disappointment at the outward appearance of the castle, which having neither towers, battlements nor loop-holes, seemed to him too much like a suburban villa ; at the same time he was satisfied, and could not but feel pleased at the zeal of the attorney.

The next morning at day break, Jolibois saddled his own horse, and left La Trélade, rubbing his hands, as happy as Reynard after a glorious feast in a well-stocked poultry-yard.

## VI.

## THE FUNERAL SONG OF THE KOLES

(See *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. No. 8. *New Series*.)

Oh ! come to thy home again !  
Where we lived, and loved, so long '  
Where none ever gave thee pain  
By an unkind word, or wrong.

Oh ! come to thy home again !  
To the place that loveth thee !  
Where none ever gave thee pain ;  
Oh why, then, why, shouldst thou flee ?

Return from the lonely lea !  
Quit the forest's tangled glade !  
Oh haunt not the Peepul tree !  
Nor the green Saul's scanty shade.

The long and the bleak wet night,  
And the cheerless windy day,  
Are coming ; for Summer's light  
To the Winter's cloud makes way.

No shelter shall be the Saul  
From the cold and bitter wind,  
For it's leaves full soon will fall  
'Neath the wintry blast unkind.

No roof shall the Peepul be,  
From the sharp and drifting rain ;  
Come ! sit 'neath thine own roof-tree !  
Oh ! come to thy home again !

Our hearts, they within us burn,  
For thy children's board is spread—  
And they ask of thy return !  
Childhood knows nought of the dead.



Thy place, see !, is vacant still ;—  
And we silently gaze around, ‘  
And feel that none else can fill  
The blank which now there is found.

We speak not ; but sit all hushed ;—  
But we listen and gaze in vain ;—  
Each heart is with anguish crushed ;—  
We nor see thee, nor hear, again.

Then, come to thy home again !  
Where we lived and loved so long ;  
Where none ever gave thee pain  
By an unkind word or wrong.

Child of the wild ! sweet is thy plaintive strain,  
Streaming from chords that Nature's self hath strung ;  
Would that thou might'st the Christian's faith attain,  
And solace learn for hearts which Death hath wrung !

So, should'st thou not thy dead as lost deplore ;  
But, whilst the heart in musing breasts should burn,  
Thy harp should speak of joys for evermore,  
Nor bid the Dead to Time's brief shows return.

Faith from blank Sorrow's hands should snatch the lyre,  
And bid Hope wake on it immortal lays,  
Of Heavenly homes, where, touched by living fire,  
Redeem'd lips hymn ever songs of praise,

And tell of mansions for the just and pure,  
Where, from thirst, hunger, toil, and heat and frost,  
And tears, and all that paineth, made secure,  
They bless'd are who enter—bless'd—saved—not lost.

*January, 30th, 1841.*

**SPHYNX.**

## Extracts and Intelligence.

### CHRONICLE OF CHURCH PROCEEDINGS

TO MARCH 20TH 1850.

The decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the great case of *GORHAM versus THE BISHOP OF EXETER* has been long before our readers, and we need not repeat it here. What the consequences will be, and how much more of trial is reserved for our divided Church, we will not speculate upon. As might have been expected, the excitement which this judgment has caused has been, and we have no doubt continues to be, intense and painful.

Justice seems to demand that we dispute an opinion which has gone pretty generally abroad here, that no opposition was ever made to the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and its judgment on points of doctrine, by the High Church party, so long as there was hope that it would uphold the Bishop and condemn Gorham. Right or wrong (and in these pages, we profess to be merely chroniclers, and not pleaders) it is beyond the possibility of a doubt that the opposition was sounded long before. *Pendente lite*, the sentences following were published in the first of a series of able tracts on Church matters, by Mr. Kehle.

"Neither by any act of the Church as a body, nor yet by any oath or engagement which we have made as individuals, are we so committed to this court (of Privy Council) especially to its doctrinal authority, as that it should fairly be imputed to us as part of our Church system, or we precluded from disowning it, and exerting ourselves to procure its abolition."

The reverend author supports this opinion by an historical examination of the constitution of the old Court of Delegates, shewing that the Church had not either then, at the Reformation, or afterwards, when the powers of the Court were transferred to the Judicial Committee, the opportunity of breathing a thought upon the matter. For at the latter period, the voice of Convocation had been already silenced for a hundred and twenty years; and at the former, though the church of England did really and formally admit the Regal Supremacy, as claimed by Henry viii. and Elizabeth, and so bound itself to submission to the Court of Delegates as then established and constituted, it did not bind itself to submission even to that Court itself, should it ever be so materially altered as not to answer that description of it on which the submission of the Church was avowedly founded; but is still less bound to any future Court which might profess hereafter to succeed to the same functions, though of so essentially different a constitution, that whereas, in the first Court, every member must have been in church Communion, in the second, she has no assurance that any one shall be. "What she allowed to her own people has gradually fallen into the hands of aliens. There is no

harm—surely no disloyalty—in her quietly endeavouring to reclaim it.” “Indeed,” adds Mr. Keble, “it is most evident that the two acknowledgments of sovereignty, in the Church and in the State, are just parallel to each other. As the one owns not any power in the crown to make statutes without Parliament, so neither the other, to settle doctrines without Convocation. *In both it is assumed that Kings will govern according to law.*”

“Our consciences, then, are quite clear of any obligation by this engagement to receive the doctrinal decisions of the Privy Council as part of the doctrine of the Church. No number nor amount of them can make the Church of England formally heretical, nor bind us to withdraw from her ministrations. It is not, perhaps, often, that men taking a pledge can be quite so sure that they take it according to the meaning of him who imposes it, as we may be sure that, in thus construing the Oath of Supremacy, we are just doing what our rulers, from Henry viii. downwards, desired us to do. \* \* \* If the sentence of the Privy Council be now, or at any time, such as to favour heresy, let our protest be, once for all, uttered, and let all Christendom ring with it, that this Court is not, cannot be the Church, that we will not, cannot be, bound by it.”

In the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, too, on the 3rd of February last, the Reverend Mr. Sewell thus expressed himself.

“Let us at once join cheerfully, and firmly, and hopefully, to enter a public, a wide-spread protest, not so much against the existing tribunal itself, (for perhaps it is only determining a question of temporalities, and it may not venture to pronounce upon any spiritual question) but against the fears and alarms of our brethren, who dread lest, if it should so venture, the act would compromise the Church, impair her divine character, rivet fetters on her conscience, and almost forfeit her spiritual birthright. What can be the meaning of such fears? If to determine questions of spiritual doctrine is the inalienable, indefeasible privilege of the Church acting through its own spiritual tribunals, a privilege conferred on it by God Himself, and of which no earthly power can deprive it, then the decree of any external tribunal can be no more binding on its conscience than a breath of empty air.”

To the same tenor the Revd. W. J. E. Bennett protested in presence of his Churchwardens on the 22d of January last, in a document which we reprint, as comprehending the leading articles in the debate.

“1. Whereas, upon a faithful examination of the thirty-sixth Canon of the Church of England, subscribed of necessity by the Clergy at their Ordination, combined with the Oath of Supremacy and Abjuration, and upon the legal opinion of Counsel learned in the law, given under their hands in interpretation thereof, it appears that the right of appeal from the Spiritual Courts of the Church, concedes to the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council a power of determining by a judicial sentence, or of recommending Her Majesty so to determine, questions of Doctrine.

2. And whereas, a submission to such power is considered by the said Counsel learned in the law to be binding on the conscience of those who have made such subscription and taken such oath.

3. And whereas, it is an acknowledged rule in morals, that all oaths are to be taken “in animo imponentis,” that is to say, in the sense and intention of the power which imposes the oath, and not in the sense and intention of the recipient; and also, should any new case of law arise, or should there be any development of circumstances which bring to light a power which was not known to exist previously—still the oath “in ani-

mo imponentis" is binding, and must be of continued obligation in the developed sense.

4. And whereas, the twentieth Article of the Church of England, to which the Clergy have equally subscribed, declares on the other hand, that questions of Doctrine in Controversies of Faith are to be brought before the Church, in the words—"The Church hath authority in Controversies of Faith."

5. And whereas, in recognizing the Supremacy of the Crown, the Church of England in Synod assembled, limited their submission thereto, by the express terms, "quantum per legem Christi licet," that is to say, so far as permitted by the law of Christ; by which law of Christ it is understood that the office and power of judging, declaring, or interpreting, in doubtful cases, the sense of Doctrine, should be committed to the Church alone.

6. And whereas, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is no more than a temporal or civil court; and, by the present laws of the land, nothing hinders but that such court may consist entirely and solely of persons out of the Communion of the said Church of England, and even possibly of professed Heretics.

7. And whereas, in a recent cause in the Court of Arches, viz., Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter, concerning a question of Doctrine—and a Controversy of Faith—the said Spiritual Court of the Church did pronounce that the Regeneration in Baptism is of necessity, and exclusively the Doctrine of the Church of England.

8. And whereas, the said cause had been taken in appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and the said Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has publicly and openly heard pleadings thereupon, bearing upon the Doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism; and, as it is supposed, intends to pronounce judgment thereupon.

9. And whereas, the very fact of the power of this Court (being merely a temporal or civil Court) to sit in judgment on a point of Doctrine and Controversy of Faith involves the possibility of a judgment which shall reverse or vary the judgment of the Spiritual Court of Arches, from which the Appeal is brought; and therefore it may happen that the judgment may be such as to contradict the Doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism, as now declared in the Court of Arches.

10. And whereas, the Doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism so declared is one of necessity to be held by all faithful and orthodox Christians, being vital to the Faith and Catholicity of the Church, and without which the Church of England would become unsound, and heretical, seeing that it is set forth and involved in the Nicene Creed, in the Article, "One Baptism for the Remission of Sins."

11. And whereas, it is unjust, and contrary to all equity, and a grievous hardship, that a Court possibly consisting of persons excommunicate, or of heretics, should have the power of determining or of recommending to Her Majesty to determine by a Judicial Sentence, what is the doctrine and what is not the doctrine of the Church of Christ; and thereupon, having so determined, should bind the Clergy, under their oath and subscription, to adhere to such doctrine.

12. And whereas, in a great portion of Great Britain, namely, Scotland, a Religious Communion exists, which although established in connexion with the State, still is exempted from the power of the Civil Courts in causes of Doctrine, and maintains its own Ecclesiastical Synod, namely, the General Assembly, to be the sole and final Court of Appeal in such causes, whereby the injustice of a contrary law in the Church of England is the more manifest.

13. And whereas, from this power, now confessed to exist (but only lately developed and made commonly known) in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it follows, that not only the Doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism, but other Doctrines in Controversies of Faith, may likewise from time to time be brought before the same Court; and so it may come to pass that the Doctrine of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, or the Doctrine of the Divinity of the Blessed Son of God, or other such Doctrines vital to the essence of Christianity, may be made questions of dispute, and possibly denied, or varied from Catholic truth, by the judgments of the said Court thereupon.

14. And whereas, the result of the agitation of such questions in such a manner, and before such a Court, and the probable repetition of such cases of discord and breach of unity, as at this present time are vexing the Church, must manifestly bring scandal upon the Faith, disturb the attachment which men ought to feel for the Church of England, and render it not impossible but that—for the relief of their wounded consciences—many of the Clergy, now holding cure of souls, may suffer themselves, however unwillingly, to be ejected from their cures.

15. And whereas, finally, it cannot be right that the Clergy or others, suffering under this difficulty of conscience, should be suffered to remain without relief, seeing that the spiritual kingdom of Christ ought not, and cannot be subject (and is not subject in any other communion or religious sect in this country) to such temporal powers of this world, as are in this Court set forth.

Now I the undersigned, William J. E. Bennett, M. A., of the University of Oxford, and of St. Paul's, Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, do hereby PROTEST against the power of appeal aforesaid, and do hereby declare that it cannot be reasonable, just, or according to the true dealing between man and man, required of us in Holy Scripture, that such power should any longer exist. And, therefore, I do hereby humbly, reverently, and solemnly determine, to the best of my ability, and with God's grace, to use such lawful and charitable means as are according to the constitution of our country and the precepts of our holy religion, for the redress of the grievance herein set forth, in order that the Clergy and others may be restored to that liberty of conscience which every member of the Church, as well as any other Christian man, of whatever communion he may be, has a moral, and a civil, as well as a religious right to enjoy."

The London Church Union, also, on the fourth of February, issued forms of petition to Her Majesty for the constitution of a proper ecclesiastical Court of final appeal; resolving that the exercise of power in such matters, under the present state of the law, endangers the public maintenance of the faith of Christ; that "the existence of such a state of things is a grievance of conscience; that this grievance is aggravated by the fact that the Judicial Committee are not necessarily members of the Church of England; and that although the fullest confidence may be placed in the integrity and legal ability of the Judges in the case now pending, nevertheless no judgment pronounced by them, either one way or the other, can be accepted by the Church."

These, a few of many evidences which we might adduce, will, we suppose, place in its proper light the innuendo that the Church never entertained any real abhorrence of the interpretation of doctrinal points by temporal judges, and the rash assertion that as long as there was any hope that the council would uphold the Bishop and condemn Gorham, (that is, according to the same authority, up to March 8th 1850—for then, *contrary to almost universal expectation*, the Council decided that the doctrines

held by Mr. Gorham are not contrary to the Church of England) no opposition was made to its jurisdiction. The Court of Arches being not a lay, but an ecclesiastical tribunal, presided over by the Primate of all England's Judge of doctrine, himself, perhaps, the first canonist of his day, and hearing pleadings of proctors learned in the ecclesiastical law, it may we think fairly be maintained that had the Bishop of Exeter been cast in *that* Court, he could not have consistently appealed his case to a tribunal formed of such elements as the Judicial Committee. And we dare say—and we believe—he would not. But to declare that those who hold with him on the points at issue would not have impugned the authority of the Judicial Committee in matters spiritual, except its judgment were found aversive to their wishes, appears to us to be a sacrifice to party spirit of every principle of righteous persuasion. The protest may be right or wrong,—on this we offer no opinion at all; but that it was often made and largely recommended, prior to the decision of the Gorham case, is incontrovertible.

It is not yet known here what course the law will take in this unhappy case. The latest notice we can give is from Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette of March 16th 1850.

"We learn that the Lord Bishop of the Diocese,\* so far from yielding to the decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, will yet adopt every lawful measure that may be open to him for a review of the case by a competent tribunal. If, however, no course should be open to him, his lordship, it is understood, will *not* institute Mr. Gorham to the living of Bramford Speke. This will be done by the Judge of the Arches Court, as Commissary of the Archbishop, whose jurisdiction Mr. Gorham evoked by his suit in that Court. An idea has been entertained in some quarters that the Archbishop might institute by holding a special visitation in the Diocese of Exeter. This is altogether erroneous. Such an act on the part of the Archbishop would be schismatical, and therefore uncanonical. The last instance of a Metropolitan visitation in this Diocese was before the Reformation, when the Archbishop exercised legatine powers derived from the See of Rome. The Reformation re-established the primitive rule of the equality of Bishops in matters of spiritual,—though in certain matters of ecclesiastical polity it is found convenient that an appeal should lie from the Consistorial Court of the Diocese to the Court of the Archbishop."

Meanwhile, the greatest activity prevailed up to the time of our last despatches. On the 19th of March last, the London Church Union held an adjourned General Meeting at the Craven Hotel, and resolved;

*1st, That the doctrine maintained by Mr. Gorham on the subject of Holy Baptism, and declared by the report of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council to be admissible in the Church of England, is, in the opinion of this Meeting, heretical, and contrary to the Creed, in that it denies that original sin is remitted to all infants in and by the grace of Holy Baptism.*

*Resolved—2dly, That it is the immediate duty of all Churchmen to consider what steps shall be taken in order to procure a Synodical recognition of the doctrine that original sin is remitted in and by the grace of Holy Baptism to all infants.*

*Resolved—3dly, That it is a grievance of conscience, and subversive of the integrity of the Book of Common Prayer, that it should be maintained by public authority that the essential part of a vital doctrine may be taught in different and contradictory ways in the Church of England.*

*Resolved—4thly, That it is the opinion of this Meeting that all constitu-*

*tional means should be employed for obtaining a measure giving legal effect to the proper ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Provincial Synods, with or without judicial assessors, as courts of final appeal in causes of doctrine, and all matters purely spiritual.*

The resolutions which bear Dr. Mill's honoured name, with those of several other as distinguished divines, we need not reprint,—for they are probably accessible to most of our readers, and from the distinguished position which he once occupied in the Indian Church, doubtless their substance will be already well known to all. In reference to the Rev. G. A. Denison's protests, which provoked the *Times* to declare that "he has violated the statutes of the realm, has violated the canons of the Church, has broken his oath of canonical obedience to the articles of that Church, and has been wanting in his duty to the undoubted supremacy of the Crown," we find Mr. Thomas Tyssen Bazely, the Rector of Poplar thanking him publicly in the columns of the *Guardian*, and abjuring with the same publicity any such Supremacy of the Crown as shall involve the right of the State to decide doctrinal questions by the Civil Power; and the Revd. T. W. Allies reading the same protests publicly in his church, and adopting them word for word. The gravamen of the *Times*'s political charge against Mr. Denison appears to be, that he controverted the 1st of Elizabeth, to this tenor:—

"Such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and pre-eminences, spiritual or ecclesiastical, as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority have heretofore been or may be lawfully exercised or used for the ecclesiastical state or persons, and for reformation, order, and correction of the same, and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities, shall for ever be united and annexed to the Imperial Crown of this realm."

But in reply, it has been argued, that in regard to *this* the teeth of the law have been pretty effectually drawn by the Long Parliament; that this is merely a pre-ambule to the act under which the English Sovereigns established the Star-Chamber; that by 16 Car. I. the really effective sections were repealed; and that although the unfortunate James II, acting probably in the spirit of the quoted statute, attempted a revival of the old ecclesiastical discipline, yet the first Parliament of William and Mary declared his proceedings to be "illegal precisions," and "utterly and directly contrary to the known laws, statutes, and freedom of this realm." The Oath of Supremacy now imposed upon the clergy by the 36th canon is identical with the 19th section of the 1st of Elizabeth. The meaning of this section was declared by an act of authority; and the Queen thought it necessary to issue an admonition that she claimed under the head of Supremacy "no authority or power of divine service in the Church; that she would carry her power no further than Henry VIII or Edward VI, or than was "of ancient time due to the Imperial crown of this realm." She professed only

"Under God to have the sovereignty, and rule over all manner of persons born within these realms, dominions, and country, either ecclesiastical or temporal, so as no foreign power ought to have any superiority over them,"—the substance of which profession is embodied in the 36th Article of the Church: and maintained in the following passage from the statute law:—

"Where we attribute to the Queen's Majesty the chief government, by which titles we understand the minds of some slanderous folks to be offended; we give not to our Princes the ministering either of God's word or the Sacrament, the which thing the injunctions also lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen do most plainly testify; but that only prerogative, which we see to have been given always to all godly princes in Holy Scrip-

ture by God Himself, that is, that they should rule all states and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil doers."

An identical interpretation is recognized in the 5th Eliz. C. I. Sec. 14, where it is provided that the supremacy shall be "taken and expounded in such form as is set forth in the Queen's admonition." In addition to this, the Revd. W. J. Irons, in an able inquiry on the Royal Supremacy, has produced a speech of Archbishop Ussher, for which he received the unqualified approbation of James I, and which is as follows;—

"God, for the better settling of piety and honesty among men, and the repressing of profaneness and other vices, hath established *two distinct powers* upon earth; the one of the keys committed to the Church, the other of the sword committed to the civil magistrate. That of the keys is ordained to work upon the inner man, having immediate relation to the *remitting or retaining of sins*. That of the sword is appointed to work upon the outward man, yielding protection to the obedient, and inflicting external punishment upon the rebellious and the disobedient. By the former, the spiritual officers of the Church of Christ are enabled to *govern well, to speak and exhort and rebuke with all authority, to loose* such as are penitent, to commit others unto the Lord's prison until their amendment, or to bind them over unto the judgment of the great day, if they shall resist in their wilfulness and obstinacy. By the other, princes have an imperious power assigned by God unto them for the defence of such as do well, and executing *revenge and wrath* upon such as do evil whether by *death or banishment, or confiscation of goods, or imprisonment*, according to the quality of the offence."

"We make both prince and priest to be in their several places *custodes utriusque tabulae*. 'keepers of both tables,' yet do we not hereby any way confound both of their offices together; for though the matter wherein their government is exercised may be the same, yet is the form and manner of governing therein *always* different, the one reaching to the outward man only, the other to the inward; the one binding or loosing the soul, the other having hold on the body and the things belonging thereunto; the one having special reference to the judgment of the world to come, the other respecting the present retaining or losing of some of the comforts of this life."

"That there is such a 'civil government' as this in cases spiritual or ecclesiastical, no man of judgment can deny. For must not heresy, for example, be acknowledged to be a cause merely spiritual or ecclesiastical? and yet by what power is an heretic put to death? The officers of the Church have no authority to take away the life of any man: it must be done therefore *per brachium seculare*; and consequently it must be yielded without contradiction, that the temporal magistrate doth exercise therein a part of his civil government in punishing a crime that is of its own nature spiritual or ecclesiastical."

"Seeing therefore the makers of the law have full authority to expound the law, and they have sufficiently manifested that by the 'supreme government' given to the prince, they understood that kind of government only which is exercised with the *civil* sword, I conclude that nothing can be more plain than this, that without all scruple of conscience, the king's majesty may be acknowledged in this sense to be 'the only supreme governor of all his highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal.'"

Elizabeth, as we stated above, declared her intention to carry her power in the Church no further than "was of ancient times due to the



imperial crown." The question has been raised how far this power extended, as claimed by Henry VIII. This, another learned canonist (Dr. Pusey) has submitted, is clear from that monarch's "authentic declaration":—

"Albeit Ecclesia is spoken of in these words, there is added the words 'et cleri Anglicani,' which words conjoined restrain by way of interpretation the word Ecclesiam, and is as much as to say the Church, that is to say, the Clergy of England."

And therefore, the reverend author remarks,

"The word 'supreme' speaks of there being no earthly authority over the King, that he is entitled, by virtue of his authority from God, to give redress to any of his subjects. Yet, as in temporal matters, he gives that redress according to the civil laws, so must he, in spiritual matters, according to the laws of the Church. The Bishops were the judges in ecclesiastical matters in this land nearly eighteen hundred years ago. The King, in referring a matter to them, refers it to an existing authority, anterior to his own. The word 'supreme,' as I said, implies that he has the highest authority: it does not imply any thing as to his being 'the fountain of authority.' It implies that he may, in a legitimate way, have wrong things righted; it does not imply that he may act in an illegitimate way."

On these documents and arguments it has been submitted that Mr. Denison has never, as the *Times* asserts, "incurred excommunication by the canon, and a *præmunire* by the statute;" nor would ever, in any "less mild and tolerant age of the Church, his language have afforded ample ground for a charge of treason, aggravated by the mode in which he presumed to record his opinion in the presence of his churchwardens."

We will merely allude to Mr. Denison's letter to the Premier, and his Lordship's enlightened remarks in the House of Commons, as both are accessible in the ordinary Parliamentary reports.

As far as our information goes, the judgment of the Privy Council in the Gorham case has been very far from satisfactory to any large party, either within or without the Church. True, the *Record* eulogizes it highly;—but the *Morning Chronicle* is of opinion that it will probably prove perfectly satisfactory to no one who has taken a real interest in the question at issue, except, perhaps, Mr. Gorham himself; for that it decides *this, and no more*—that no canon has been pointed out, or principle demonstrated which not only proves Mr. Gorham's tenets heterodox, but also binds the Committee to refuse him institution. The *Morning Post* opposes the two judgments one to the other in the following language. "The judgment of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, in the Court of Arches, was a painful and powerful summary of the whole bearings of the question, a survey of the historical facts which had been laid before the Court in the nature of collateral evidence, and a profound estimate of the weight to be respectively assigned to that which is absolute and that which is relative, that which may be taken as the spontaneous voice of the Church, and that which was spoken under special circumstances, and with a view to a special object. For our own part, we are disposed to think that judgment unanswerable. We looked therefore with some curiosity to the case which would be set up against it by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Those who, from conviction, prejudice, or partizanship, took an interest in behalf of Mr. Gorham were, of course, still more eager about the matter. They felt, as we felt, that the bare decision of the Privy Council in favour of the appellant, though it might be of considerable personal advantage to Mr. Gorham, would be of very little service to the cause of which he is the champion, unless it was also accompanied

by such a satisfactory answer to the judgment of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust as might be placed side by side with that document in the records of the controversy. Such, indeed, is the ordinary concomitant of judgment in a Court of error or appeal. It usually examines the grounds which appear to have constituted the basis of the judgment which it is called on to reverse, and either confirms them by arguments in the same direction, or invalidates them by counter-reasons and counter-authorities. From the length of the judgment of the Judicial Committee, as delivered by Lord Langdale, it would indeed seem that his Lordship contemplated something of this kind. On reading the judgment, however, it will be seen that this object was very far from being effected. As a piece of reasoning, the judgment is singularly weak and inconclusive; as an array of legal and judicial knowledge, it is barren and jejune to the last degree. The facts noticed by Sir Herbert Jenner Fust are neither met nor explained, his conclusions are neither shaken, nor dealt with in any way whatever. What force the judgment of the Court of Arches possessed, as a feature of the controversy, it still retains altogether unimpaired. The judgment of the Judicial Committee is simply an evasion of every point of the case." The opinion of the Bishop of London on the judgment in appeal, on the tenets of Mr. Gorham, and on the number of the Clergy who would be found to maintain them is well known. It has been freely published in a reply to an address from Mr. Cavendish; and is supported by the activity of certainly a very large and influential body in the Church. Nor are the feelings of the dissenting interest at all more mistakeable. The *Christian Times*, an organ of the Nonconformists, in writing of the great educational meeting and the speech of Mr. Denison which we mentioned in our last Chronicle, reports,

"The meeting was very large, earnest, and enthusiastic. It was conducted by men who appeared to be possessed of distinct and fixed determinations, with a resolute purpose, inflexible will, and passionate fervour. They had the sympathy of the assembly. The great, dense mass of educated mind and combined energy, that was wedged together in the place of meeting, gave forth by no timid or uncertain tones, the proofs of their unison with the spirit of their leaders. There was no simulation or make-believe about it. Whether right or wrong, wise or foolish, the men were in earnest—every one of them *thorough* to the bone.

"With respect to the case, the sentiment of the meeting was unequivocal and intense. It not only referred to what everybody feels, the scandal of appealing to such a tribunal as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for the settlement or interpretation of the doctrine of the Church, but it denounced the idea, which we have so often urged on our Evangelical friends, of quietly comprehending within the same body two such opposite opinions on baptism. We cannot but commend the manly, unequivocal, and decided tone of the Willis's Rooms Ecclesiastical 'agitators' 'it is their own word' compared with the pitiful appeal of Mr. Gorham and his friends to be permitted a tolerated existence in the Church, *along with* the advocates of the sentiments they denounce, or with the shameless and scandalous avowal of the *Record* of its satisfaction with the fact, that the Church has always equally 'embraced and availed herself of the services of both parties.' The Evangelical theory is a miserable compromise. We assert this utterly careless of anything the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may say or decide in their coming judgment. The argument of the advocates of Mr. Gorham, when urging his appeal, was to solicit and secure the ratification of this compromise. It was not to affirm the exclusive truth of the Evangelical interpretation, but to obtain its

permissive recognition as one form of opinion with others which might all alike be authorized or allowed. It is terrible to think, on their own principles, what this involves—nothing less than the recognition and sanction, *by themselves*, of doctrine regarded as ‘soul-destroying.’ Compare with this the following passage from the speech of Mr. Denison, and ask thyself, O reader, whether this man, be he right or wrong, does not speak, and bear himself like a man,—and whether it would be possible for any individual, with the Prayer-Book in his hand, to appeal to it *so* in behalf of Gorham’s interpretation,—or whether, if he did, such a mighty mass of the English Clergy could be got together, to sympathize enthusiastically with such sentiments, or to hail their utterance with ‘TREMENDOUS CHEERING?’

“It is the judgment of Solomon over again. The Evangelical party are submissively willing for the king’s order to come forth—‘Let the Prayer-Book be divided, and give half to the one, and half to the other.’ It says beseechingly to its elder sister, ‘Let it be *neither mine nor thine*’—for such is the meaning of its belonging to both.—Mr. Denison and his friends are indignant at the insult, and stand up for the safety and integrity, and the exclusive possession of their living child.

“Verily and indeed, *the High Church* ‘is the Mother thereof!’”—

We know of nothing to shake these testimonies, beyond the opinion expressed by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons that the decision of the Judicial Committee has generally given great satisfaction.

As to any “*shaking*” of the Church of England by the decision, her children may be satisfied that it is not to be apprehended. Bring matters to a crisis it may, and we devoutly trust it will. For it is a shame that we cannot ignore the position fastened upon us by the recent decision. The Church’s only present refuge for final appeal has published that she has not declared explicitly, or expressed authoritatively her doctrine of Holy Baptism. Now whether our own views on this momentous subject be those of the Bishop of Exeter, or whether we acquiesce in the conclusions which we first learned from the Christian Intelligencer that “the Revd. Wm. Goode, the well-known Champion of the Truth against Tractarian innovations and errors” has gathered from the interesting letter of Peter Martyr by him recently published, or if we be of that (it has been supposed) small number of the Clergy who would be found to maintain the opinions of Mr. Gorham—in any case we would have a positive doctrine of the sacraments at once imposed on the ministers of the Church of England. For otherwise, as has been well remarked, the emoluments of an establishment, and the broad basis of a National Church must necessarily give occasion to the promulgation of doctrines within her pale which would gradually trench more and more upon her purity and unity, till both were altogether lost in a limitless latitude of belief.

We expect a variety of important pamphlets by the April steamer, and hope, in our next Chronicle to digest with impartiality the current of the controversy. But we must refrain from all present allusion to documents of which we know nothing except from *ex parte* summaries.

Many of our Indian readers will rejoice that the amiable and accomplished Mr. JEREMIE has succeeded to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. His competitors for that high dignity and great preferment were Mr. Selwyn, a brother of the Bishop of New Zealand, and one of the first men of his year; and Dr. Wordsworth who is not less honoured for his distinguished attainments than for his great literary connexion. Therefore, if there be any purity in the Caput and the electing Collège, Mr. Jeremie’s admirers may congratulate themselves on his brilliant success.

In regard to the *offence* of the Revd. Morehead James, (for such, under the present state of the law, we fear it must be named) we submit the following—we believe authentic—extenuations. The persons presenting themselves for marriage were *mere youths*. The young man was a dissenter. The girl who accompanied him with an attorney and the Clerk of the Board of Guardians to demand the offices of the Church from which they were wilful and guilty aliens was *close upon her confinement*. It is true that the law allowed Mr. James no choice in the matter, that the resort he had to an indefensible use and interpretation of Rubrics was a mere *ruse de guerre*, for which, we doubt not, he will be mercilessly punished. But we ask any of our religious readers whether these are the acts of a Dominican Inquisitor—or whether rather this breaker of the law shall not inherit the blessing of those who suffer for conscience sake.

### NEW CLERGY BILL.

Upon a more deliberate perusal and consideration of the new Clergy Bill, we perceive that the Appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, provided in clauses 29, 30, and 31, is *restricted* to cases of *Proceedings against Clerks*, for offences against the Ecclesiastical Laws, *under this Bill*; but as the Bill *excepts* cases of Heresy, False Doctrine, Blasphemy, and Schism, they will, apparently, not come before the Privy Council at all, but before the Court of Appeal, constituted by clause 4. At the same it would be much more satisfactory to state expressly that the decision of this Court (clause 4) should be had, and should be *final*, in *all* appeals, on questions of Doctrine and Discipline: for by clause 31, it appears that questions of Doctrine may still arise in Appeals before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council.

A few copies of the Abstract of the Bill, which we published last week, have been struck off (with the above correction of our first impression, and some additional suggestions) for the use of parties who take especial interest in the matter. We have also to correct the statement that *both* of the Regius Professors are appointed by the Crown. As regards the Cambridge Professor, this has been shewn to be an error by our recent University Intelligence, on two or three occasions.

We doubt the policy of having so small a Jury of Incumbents as four. Seven would be better, and thus secure a majority of four. We more than doubt the desirableness of always selecting the Jury from the Archdeaconry in which the offence was committed; for, as cases of immorality appear to be especially contemplated, it would often be most inconvenient and distressing, for themselves and their *families*, for Clergymen to be trying, or to be tried by, their Clerical neighbours and associates, for such offences.

The following brief recapitulation of what appear to be the main objects and features of this Bill may be useful:—

1. To repeal the "Church Discipline Act" now in force (3 and 4 Vict. chap. 86,—1840.)
2. To enact that all proceedings against the Clergy, for Heresy, False Doctrine, Blasphemy, or Schism, shall be conducted as before the Act 2 and 3 William 4, chap. 92 (1832).
3. To provide a *New Court of Appeal* in cases of Heresy, False Doctrine, Blasphemy, or Schism; to consist of the Lord Chancellor,

2 Archbishops, 3 Bishops, 4 Clerical Professors of Divinity, and 2 Ecclesiastical Judges.

4. To enact that Clergymen, "charged with *any* offence against the Laws Ecclesiastical, *except* Heresy, False Doctrine, Blasphemy, or Schism," may have the case inquired into *privately* by the Bishop, or by one or more Clergymen appointed by him; or they may have the matter *tried* before the Bishop (or his Deputy), by a Jury of 4 Incumbents.
5. To provide that in *all* (and only) *such* cases the *Appeal*, in England, shall be to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council (laymen), but that any Archbishop or Bishop who is a Privy Councillor, and has not heard the case, may sit on this Committee in these cases, and that *one* Prelate *must* be present.

Will any one who is acquainted with the constitutional rights and liberties of the Church, and who has any sense of justice, assert that the Parliament has any other right than that of mere might to make such a Bill as this the law of the land, without the sanction of the Church in Convocation?—*English Churchman, February, 1850.*

ended with the temporary separation, implied, as we have proved, in the word *χωρίζω*.

If the interpretation, to which we object, lies open to condemnation upon a mere consideration of the *terms* used by the Apostle, that condemnation is made still more urgent by other considerations. The immediate context is such, as to render the notion of divorce and re-marriage untenable; and such divorce, as is here supposed to be permitted, is also diametrically opposed to our Lord's teaching.

First then, we say, the *context* is inconsistent with the notion, that divorce is here made permissible. The Apostle's expression, "But God hath called us to peace," admits of no reconciliation with such a view. The statement, appended in these words, evidently assigns the reason of the foregoing permission, or of some course naturally to be inferred from it. But how is the promotion of peace attained by divorce? Peace implies something more than the cessation of variance, effected by a perpetual separation: peace is not merely a negation of warfare: it could hardly be said that the North American Indians maintain peace with the Aborigines of New Zealand, or that a man who has quarrelled with his fellow, makes peace with him, because their feud is brought to an end, by his judicial banishment for life from his country. *Christian* peace still more especially implies communication, or at least its possibility. The very fact of peace being proposed by the Apostle, as the object to be aimed at, makes it clear, that the perpetual separation of divorce was not contemplated by him.

To us it appears, that according to St. Paul's frequently elliptical mode of statement, there is some expression to be gathered from the context and supplied, such as the following paraphrase includes, "But if, after this temporary separation which I allow, the parties be inclined to come together, be it so, for God hath called us to peace, not to variance, not to estrangement:" and this would at once give a most pointed significance to the idea contained in the verse next following, as if he would say, "For if there be this willingness to reunite, and you are again induced to live one with the other, how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife; or how knowest thou, O woman, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" But the language of this sixteenth verse is utterly at variance with such a supposition as that upon which we are animadverting. St. Paul unquestionably implies, that, after the separation (implied in *χωρίζω*) has taken place, the husband may still convert the unbelieving

wife, or the wife her unbelieving husband. But how can this end be attained, after a divorce has for ever separated them? Whereas, if the separation be merely voluntarily prolonged, and may, by mutual agreement, be exchanged for renewal of intercourse, there is not only the possibility of influence being exercised, to convert the unbeliever, but even natural affection and desire would prove a stimulus to the effort.

It may however be objected, that this expression may be made to suit with the Apostle's permission to effect a divorce, as if he should say, "If you were not to annul the marriage, a believing husband would live at variance with an unbelieving wife, and it is better to be divorced than to live in strife, for God hath called us to peace." But we reply, that even on the presumption that the Apostle means by "peace," "cessation of wrangling," still, co-habitation and divorce are not the only alternatives. Such a freedom from strife, as this, might be attained by a temporary separation, just as well as by a divorce; independently, however, of this consideration, we urge that the language of the sixteenth verse would still be unaccountable on this hypothesis.

But we advance to the establishment of our next position, which is, that the interpretation, against which we enter our protest, is opposed to the teaching of our Lord. In the sermon on the mount, he promulgated this Law: "But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery, and, whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery," Mat. v. 32. We may remark first of all, that marriage is an institution appointed not for any one nation, whether Jew or Gentile, but for the whole family of man; and that our Lord in his teaching did not legislate for the Jews, as such, but for his Church, which was to be gathered from among all nations. It is therefore nothing to the purpose, to object that our Lord, when instructing Jews, was not ordaining laws for Hindús: he was addressing Jews, it is true, as he did exclusively during the whole period of his ministry, with but few exceptions, but he was legislating for the world. In these words, which we have extracted from his sermon on the mount, he lays down the broad and universal rule, that divorce is permissible for one cause only; namely, that of conjugal infidelity. In any other case, beside this, divorce is unlawful, and a co-habitation entered into by either party thus unlawfully divorced, is not marriage, but is a state of adultery. If then an unbelieving man refuse to live with his Christian wife, she cannot marry again.

because she is put away for a different reason, from that which is sanctioned by Christ: and we believe that if any man contract marriage with her, the words are strictly applicable, "Whosoever marrieth her that is put away, committeth adultery." Of course the same prohibition holds good, when the relationships are reversed; if the woman refuse to live with her believing husband, he cannot marry again, for he is divorced on insufficient grounds, and whatsoever woman marrieth him, committeth adultery.

The objection has been raised, that by Hindú law, an apostate from the faith of his Fathers is considered socially dead, and that, accordingly, his funeral ceremonies are performed, and commemoration made year by year, as if he were actually dead. It is contended that a Christian wife or husband thus divorced, may take advantage of this national custom, and by acknowledging the validity of the divorce, may render himself eligible for a second marriage. But we reply, that national customs can have no weight in a case, concerning which God hath decided, and his law originally expressed in the union of our first parents, (Mark x. 6.) and thereby made a natural law, as well as his revealed will, has determined the inviolability of the marriage bond. Moreover it may be remarked, that in this case, our Lord and Saviour reiterated the divine law expressly to overrule a national custom: the Jews had agreed to frequent divorce as a custom of their nation, but our Lord, so far from recognizing this custom, interposed his authority, and condemned the practice as unlawful. If national custom could not permit the Jews to deviate from the original institution of marriage, how shall custom be admitted as valid, in a system of divorce, sanctioned by the national usages of the Hindú.

We earnestly commend this subject to the attention of all who have the ministerial charge of Christian converts. If the interpretation which we have condemned *be* wrong, then how great the responsibility of those who recommend or permit a system of adultery. With the question of expediency, which is often alleged in defence of this permission to remarry during the life of a former wife, and to which we believe is mainly to be attributed the desire to uphold this interpretation, we have nothing now to do. This is a question which we may discuss in some future number, but we are now precluded from its consideration, as the subject of the present article is concerned only with the popular misapplication of a scriptural text; this misapplication we think we have established: that it is a popular one, we state from our



personal knowledge of a large number of Missionaries both in Calcutta and the Mofussil.

We have only to remark in conclusion, that in order to establish the interpretation which we assail, there are five steps essentially necessary. The first is, to prove that the Apostle's terms imply divorce: the second is, to demonstrate that even in that case, re-marriage is lawful: the third is, to make evident the connection between divorce, or re-marriage, and the attainment of peace: the fourth is, to account for the possibility of the believing husband converting his unbelieving wife, when he has contracted marriage with another woman; the fifth is, to explain the supposed permission with our Lord's prohibition of divorce, except for the cause of fornication. It is not sufficient to establish any one or any some of these points: unless they can each and all be supported, any proof of the others which may be offered, will be dubious and unsatisfactory. The application of every ward is necessary to the opening of the lock: and the demonstrability of each step in the construction, is essential to the correctness of the problem.\*

2.—Some expressions in the address of St. Paul on 'Mars' Hill, have, owing to the inadequate renderings of the English version, been subjected to a very general misapplication. We have ourselves, on one occasion, heard a Lecturer on Divinity in the University of Oxford contend, that this address furnishes an evidence of the propriety of using severe language in religious controversy: and many have adopted the same notion. It is said, that St. Paul was too faithful to conceal the truth; nay, that he was even careful to choose expressions which should indicate his stern condemnation: that he did not hesitate to proclaim in the ears of the polite Athenian Philosophers, "Ye are too superstitious." We should not be surprised at the utterance of such an exposition by men who could search for the meaning of the apostle only through the medium of the English translation: but for those, who have only a very moderate acquaintance with the Greek Language, to be guilty of such a misrepresentation, is inexcusable.

The original term *εὐσεβήμων*, conveyed to the mind of a Greek, in many connections, a favourable idea. It was a word, the application of which, would not only have caused no offence, it would even have been deemed complimentary: it means, a reverer of Deity, a believer in divine authority

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\* In support of our remarks, we subjoin a note at the close of this article, to which we invite our reader's attention.

and influence, much in the same way as our present expression "A pious man."\* But, says an objector, did not the Apostle use the comparative degree, and thereby express and blame an excess of devotion, which blameable excess is superstition? That St. Paul did imply an excess, by the use of the comparative, we admit: but the attributing excess of such a feeling, as is implied in *ὑπερβύτως*, while it served to indicate the Apostle's view of Athenian error, would also have been understood to intimate his polite and respectful feeling towards the Athenians themselves. The use of the comparative form of the adjective does certainly often express blame, through an ellipsis of *ἢ πρῶτον*, or some such word, signifying, more [than is right or necessary]: but then the character of the idea contained in the positive form of the word must be considered, before any thing like severity of rebuke can be properly inferred. And so it is in the English word "too." If it be said that a man is *too* inconsiderate or *too* impudent, the very character of the word determines some degree of blame, which is heightened by the intensive "too;" just as *ὕπερβυτος* would in itself be a disparaging epithet, much increased in intensity, in the comparative form *ὑπερβύτῳ*. But on the other hand, if a man were addressed as being *too* kind, or *too* forbearing, though he might think, that the speaker judged the kindness or forbearance misdirected, yet still he would feel complimented at the very idea that his kindness or forbearance was acknowledged. So with *ὑπερβύτως*: the comparative form implies a misdirection, it is true, but it implies also a complimentary acknowledgment of what is in itself praise-worthy.

Severity of expression in religious controversy, is, we think, almost invariably to be deprecated: only in peculiar cases does it derive any sanction from the practice of our Lord and his Apostles. When he was wickedly opposed by the leaders of the people, who were convinced in their consciences of his divine commission, then even the meek and lowly Saviour could utter words of burning indignation. St. Paul could say of those, who were perilling the salvation of other men's souls, by introducing corruption and heresy into a church

\* So De Wette, in his elegant and valuable translation of the New Testament, 'In jeder Hinsicht seid ihr, wie ich sehe, *sehr gottesfürchtig*.' The French Translation of Ostervald renders the passage thus: "Je remarque qu'en toutes choses vous êtes, pour ainsi dire, dévots jusqu'à l'excès, which, though not so good as De Wette's, is a much more faithful transcript of the original, than our own version.

which he had formed, "I would that they were even cut off which trouble you." When one who had himself been baptized into the faith of Christ dared, with sacrilegious hand, to proffer money for the purchase of the spirit of God, St. Peter's indignation was vented in a flood of overwhelming rebuke : but these are special and extraordinary occasions. Such like expressions are doubtless precedents, which justify a Christian minister in employing the language of severe reprobation to those who are perversely, and against the bidding of their conscience, resisting or undermining the faith of others, or who are themselves deflecting into the way of apostacy. But even then it should be remembered that Jesus "looked round in anger, *being grieved* for the hardness of their hearts." Never should we indulge in language of unmitigated displeasure concerning our fellow sinners, unless we have a portion of that spirit which St. Paul displayed, when, as he was about to utter an awful condemnation, he said, "I now tell you, *even weeping*, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."

Our Lord and his Apostles, in their casual disputations with the mass of the people, were mild and conciliatory in their language. The few addresses on record delivered by St. Paul are master-pieces of delicate feeling, and of respectful consideration for the tastes and prejudices of his audience. There is not only not a word to be found in them, which could offend the most sensitive mind, but there is a felicitous selection both of sentiments and expressions likely to commend themselves to the judgment and sympathy of every hearer. Herein St. Paul shewed himself an accomplished scholar in the science of the human mind. His object was to convince, to persuade, to win. To accomplish this, he knew the advantage, nay, the necessity of conciliation. Knowing that the chief entrance to the judgment and reason of men, lies through the avenue of the will, the feelings, the affections, he occupied it : he possessed himself of the portal, that he might penetrate to the very shrine of the temple. Instead of bringing forward, and denouncing errors, follies, and superstitions, he skilfully sought out, and with care elaborated the truth which natural reason acknowledged. Though the human mind was a fallen sanctuary, the Apostle knew that beneath the superincumbent ruins, there still existed a precious fragment of original but obscured glory. This gem he brought forth to view, and as he traced its nature, its form, its hues, it might have appeared to all spectators again radiant with the brightness of heaven : and although its exhibition by the Apostle were not immediately suggestive of sublimities that

had never yet been imagined, yet when the graces and glories of Christianity were displayed, reason herself must have confessed the harmony between natural and revealed religion, and have recognized in the Gospel system a galaxy of glorious jewels, whose lustre, while it eclipsed, yet resembled the brightness of her own long-cherished treasure. If St. Paul had in every city held up the worship of the people to ridicule, which he did not;—if he had assailed the system of the day with terms of reproach, which he did not;—if he had opposed the prejudices of the people, which he did not;—instead of conciliating them, which he did, would he have achieved the triumphs which are now on record? Would he have been the architect of those glorious spiritual temples which in many a land he raised to the honor of his God? If we would convert men, like the Apostle Paul, we must, like him, conciliate, persuade, and win.

It may be noticed, before we close this subject, that there is another expression in our version, implying a taunt which no Greek student would discover in the original. "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." The expression ought to have this rendering, "Whom ye, without knowledge of him, worship."\* There is of course a reference to the inscription, *Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ*, what might almost be called a play upon the words *ἄγностῳ* and *ἀγνοούμενῳ*; as if the Apostle would say, 'Since ye acknowledge that there is a God whom ye know not, though ye worship him, him declare I unto you?' *ἀγνοούμενῳ* in this connection, merely means "without information," it has not a shade of the reproach which our adverb "ignorantly" conveys.

Altogether, there is perhaps no passage in the whole Bible, which has suffered more from defects of translation than St. Paul's speech at Athens: there is (1) The case of *θεοσεβασμῶνες ἑστέ*. (2) That of *ἀγνοούμενῳ*, both already referred to above. Then (3) there is the improper rendering *σεβασμάτων* by "devotions," whereas it means "consecrated objects of reverence," and refers to the various statues, shrines and chapels, with which Athens was embellished. (4) *ἀναθεωρῶν* is most weakly rendered "beholding:" the term would imply that the Apostle turned his eye up and down, here and there, as he perambulated the city with the intent to survey its sanctuaries. (5) It is very noticeable that the inscription is not *τῷ ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ* the article is

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\* So the French of Osterwald: "Celui donc que vous honorez, *sans le connaître*, c'est celui que je vous annonce." So also De Wettg: "Diesen nun, den ihr *nicht kennend* verehret, diesen verkündige ich euch."

wanting, and therefore should be translated TO GOD UNKNOWN ("einen unbekannten Gott," is De Wette's rendering :) and this gives a very different, and much more sublime idea, than the expression 'to the unknown God.' The latter implies that a God distinct from, but possibly like to, other fabled Deities, was venerated by the Athenians : the former implies, that, besides the various forms in which distinct attributes of Deity were personified, the Athenian mind acknowledged that Deity possessed powers transcending man's utmost knowledge. (6) *θεραπεύεται* (v. 25) is rendered "worshipped," which misses the beautiful idea of the Apostle in the first place, and in the second, is in itself nonsense. (7) The force of *αὐτός* in the same verse is not fully expressed : it should be not "he," but "he himself." (8) *ἐκσκευάζω* (v. 29) is very inadequately represented by "device." (9) The meaning of *ἐντρέποντο* is completely destroyed, and its very contrary asserted by "winked at." It should be, "At the times of this ignorance God hath been indignant, and so," &c. In the original, the Apostle appears, as a master of oratory, as a proficient in the science of the human mind, as a graceful, accomplished, and persuasive pleader, whose reasoning is irresistible, whose tact is inimitable. In our translation, unhappily, we see none of these high qualities in their perfection : some are even called in question, and the opposite defects are insinuated.

NOTE.—In confirmation of our objections to the permissibility of divorce, and of re-marriage with another party, we subjoin the following testimonies of ancient and modern writers, all of whom, with greater or less decision, pronounce a judgment, in concurrence with our own observations, on one or both of these questions.

ST. AMBROSE *in loc* : "Infidelis discedens et in Deum et in matrimonium peccare dignoscitur." Note.—If the unfaithful sins, a fortiori, the faithful.

ST. AUGUSTINE. *De Adulterinis nuptiis*.—"Non evangelio, vel ullis Apostolicis litteris sine ambiguitate declaratum esse recolo, utrum Dominus prohibuerit fideles infidelibus jungi." Note.—If the faithful are not positively prohibited from marriage with the unfaithful, a fortiori, marriage contracted during the infidelity of both parties is not dissoluble. St. Augustine thought re-marriage, even after a *lawful* divorce, a very questionable practice. He admits a great distinction between those, who re-marry after a divorce for adultery, and those who re-marry after a separation for any other reason. "Quisquis uxorem adulterio deprehensam dimiserit et aliam duxerit, non videtur aquandus eis, qui excepta causa adulterii dimittunt et ducunt." Still he only concedes thus much, that the re-married husband of an adulterous wife, may, for aught he knows, be baptized, on conversion to Christianity. "Si autem factæ (æc nuptiæ) nescio, utrum ii qui fecerint, similiter ad baptismum non debere videantur admitti."—Aug. de Fid. et Oper. c. xix. Bingham's *Antiq.* vol. vii. p. 303.

ORIGEN (quoted in Bingham's *Christian Antiquities*).—*Scio quosdam, qui præsunt ecclesiis, extra scripturam permisisse aliquam nubere, viro priori vivente: et contra scripturam quidem fecerunt, dicentem 'Mulier ligata est, quanto tempore vivit vir ejus.'* Item, *'vivente viro, adultera vocabitur, si facta fuerit alteri viro.'* Non tamen omnino sine causa hoc permiserunt: forsitan enim propter hujusmodi infirmitatem incontinentium hominum, pejorum comparatione, quæ mala sunt permiserunt *adversus ea, quæ ab initio fuerant scripta*. Matth. xix. 9. Note.—We believe that the cause which Origen here alleges and condemns, is the principal cause why some in the present day have permitted re-marriage; we would call the attention of such to those words of Origen which we have printed in italics.

WHITBY. Note to 1 Cor. vii. 15.—“If these words, ‘A brother or a sister is not in bondage in these cases,’ do import, that they are not obliged to live unmarried, such a total and perpetual desertion (as the departure of the unbelieving person) must dissolve the matrimony, and render the deserting person as dead unto the other. But though all the Romanists, and many of the Reformed, allow of this interpretation of the Fathers, it must be dangerous to admit it without this restriction;—a brother or sister is not enslaved, after all means of peace and reconciliation have been in vain attempted, and *the unbeliever hath entered into another marriage, or rather, hath dissolved the former by adultery*, as may be supposed of those heathens, who separated from their Christian mates: and this interpretation seems to be confirmed from the previous words relating to the case of believing wives and husbands. ‘If they depart, let them remain unmarried,’ it being not to be supposed, that believers would dissolve the bond of marriage by adultery. Therefore the Apostle seems to grant this in the case of unbelievers departing from Christians on account of their faith.”

VON FLATT, in his *Vorlesungen* on this passage, says:—“Wenn der nicht christliche Theil sich trennen will, so ist der christliche Theil nicht Sklave, nicht gebunden, nicht verpflichtet, sich anzudringen, wider seinen Willen bei ihm zu bleiben; er ist nicht verpflichtet, eher alles (auch etwas mit dem Christenthum Streitendes) zu thun, als die Trennung zuzugeben. Von der Freiheit eine andere Ehe zu schliessen, scheint Paulus hier nicht zu sprechen.”

OLSHAUSEN, in his admirable commentary, is so clear and decided on this passage, that we must quote more at length. “Man glaubte nemlich in dieser Stelle einen zweiten Grund zur Ehescheidung, die *malitiosa desertio* zu finden, während Matth. v. 32. xix. 9, nur der Ehebruch als hinreichender Grund zur Trennung angegeben ist; dadurch schien denn ein Widerspruch zwischen den Worten des Herrn und des Apostels zu entstehen. Bei dieser Erklärung fasste man das unbestimmte *το μενενον εν τοις τοις*, dass darin für den christlichen Theil die Erlaubniß lag, nicht bloss die heidnische Hälfte die nicht bleiben will, zu entlassen, sondern auch sich anderweitig zu verheirathen. Offenbar aber liegt das in den Worten nicht. v. 15. Bildet zunächst nur einen Gegensatz gegen v. 12, den heidnischen Theil, der bleiben will, sagt Paulus, v. 12, den soll man nicht lassen, den, der gehen will, setzt her v. 15 hinzu, den soll man aber auch nicht halten. Dass damit zugleich die Vergünstigung, sich anderweitig zu verheirathen, vom Apostel zugestanden wäre, kaum um so weniger angenommen werden, als gleich v. 16, die Möglichkeit der Bekehrung des heidnischen Theils

ausgeführt wird. Zwar bezieht sich diese Stelle zunächst nicht auf den Zustand, dern ach den χωρίζεσθαι liegt, denn die Worte: ἐν δὲ ἐρηγῇ κέκληκεν ἡμᾶς ὁ θεὸς κ. τ. λ. enthalten offenbar eine restriction des vorübergehenden Gedankens: "der Ungläubige mag sich trennen, aber als Hauptprinzip bleibt doch immer für den Christen stehen, das er in den Frieden berufen ist und daher auch friedliche Gesinnung stets vorherrschen lassen muss, und nicht von seiner seite anlass zu Trennung zu geben." Allein es kann und darf doch nicht die Möglichkeit in Abrede gestellt werden, dass der Sinn des heidnischen Theils sich auch nach der Trennung noch ändere. Schon um dieser Möglichkeit willen, kann nicht die Meinung des Apostels sein, dass der Christliche Theil dann die Freiheit habe, wieder zu heirathen, wenn der heidnische ihn verlassen hat (die wieder Verheirathung des Christlichen Theils wäre doch immer nach Matth. v. 32 *μοιχεία*): *er ist bloss frei von der Last mit einem heidnischen Theil zusammenleben zu müssen, und das allein soll das δεῖον ὄλαι hervorheben.* Dass man diese Stelle so hat verstehen können, dass Paulus die malitiosa desertio als Ehescheidungsgrund für die Christen geltend machen wolle, ist zu erklären aus dem Gefühl der Nothwendigkeit, bei dem jetzigen Zustande der äussern Kirche die Ehescheidungen nicht bloss auf den einzigen Fall einzuschränken, da Ehebruch als äussere That stattgefunden hat. Man fühlte, dass bössliche Verlassung und unversöhnlicher Hass auch gültige Momente zur Scheidung werden könnten, und suchte dafür biblische Begründung u. s. w.

CALVIN, in his commentary on the passage, though he considers divorce permissible, says nothing about the lawfulness of contracting a second marriage. His words are: *Quodsi infidelis.* "Hoc secundum est membrum, in quo liberat fidelem virum, qui paratus habitare cum uxore impia, respuitur, et similiter mulierem quæ non sua culpa repudiatur a viro: nam tunc infidelis divortium magis cum Deo quam cum homine conjuge facit. Est igitur hic peculiaris ratio, quia non modo solvitur, sed abrumptur primum et præcipuum vinculum. Hodie tametsi nobis fere similent rationem cum Papistis quidam esse volunt, prudenter tamen considerandum, quid intersit, ne quid temere tentetur."

We are aware that counter-authorities both among ancient and modern Christian Writers can be produced. We have not given the above extracts in the expectation that they will settle the point in dispute, but to shew, that the sentiments we have advanced are not a mere novelty; that there is, in the judgment of wise men of past and present times, at least sufficient reason for a most careful weighing of this question.

## II.

*Five Sermons on the Nature of Christianity, preached in Advent and Christmas Tide, 1846, before the University of Cambridge. By W. H. Mill, D.D. London. Masters. 1848.*

WE are anxious to bring to the notice of our readers these admirable Sermons by the late Principal of Bishop's College. Their object, as the title page imports, is to answer the question so fearfully agitated in the present day in all parts of Christendom,—What is Christianity? Accordingly, in the first Sermon, the learned doctor considers with his usual depth and clear-sightedness, the various and conflicting answers given to this question. Is the idea of Christianity to be found in human improvement? Is the civilization of the age its Christianity? Do our advances in arts and science, in government and general freedom of intercourse constitute, far more than any doctrines whatever, the genius and spirit of Christianity? From those who are inclined to answer these questions in the affirmative, Dr. Mill naturally enough requires a definition of this word civilization. What are its moral and material parts? Is it a purely moral element pervading our fabric of civilization which constitutes its great distinctive character from that of the cultivated nations of antiquity, and forms its chief superiority over that which is now seen in China and Japan? If it is a purely moral element, how has it been maintained? And how is it yet to be maintained? And until these questions are solved, we can never admit that to be the essential form of Christ's religion, which all its most earnest followers esteem to be one only, and that, not its principal function.

The second answer to the enquiry is that which places the idea of Christianity in charity—the spirit of love to God, and of universal love to man. This answer evidently relates not to the substantial form of Christianity (which is the point now in question), but to its subjective essence in its true recipients;—and is, therefore, incompetent to solve the question. But yet it might be admitted as a statement of the essential idea of Christianity, *provided* it be not limited so as to exclude the exhibition of Divine love to man. Against this perverse limitation (which seems to be increasing day by day), Dr. Mill (p. 10) enters a most eloquent and indignant protest—which we beg to recommend to the seri-



ous consideration of all Freemasons, to whose principles, if we mistake not, many of our *unreligious* notions are to be attributed. A third answer to the question describes the dispensation of Christianity as a kingdom or polity, containing within itself a creative authority in doctrine—the Romanist view. To this view Dr. Mill objects that it subverts the proper order of conception as to this kingdom of Christ, allowing no legitimate motive or ground for receiving even the essential verities of religion, other than their proposition by a particular authority; that it sinks the importance of the message in that of its bearer or instrument of conveyance; that the ancient Church disclaimed it; that the foundation of faith must always remain the same; and that those who have but lately abandoned us for it, are shewing an inclination to perplex or disturb all which they had themselves most desired to settle before.

But why should we make all these subtle enquiries as to the true basis of Christianity? How, when our Religion is founded upon mystery, can we hope to explain it in a merely rational manner? The thing cannot be done, and we must look to the Scriptures themselves for an authoritative and decisive answer to the question. And such we find in 1 John i. 1, 2, 3, the passage upon which Dr. Mill founds his argument—and also in the no less pointed and striking declaration contained in 1 John iv. 2, 3. The Word Incarnate is the true Basis of Christianity, not an opinion, not a conclusion, not a sentiment, but a *fact*. Having laid down this position, Dr. Mill devotes the rest of this Sermon to the consideration and refutation of the two theories which would push it from its place, and so subvert the whole foundation of Christianity—the one theory, which, by inventing a successive development, an accretion of new fact and dogma, would overlay the Great Fact, and make it powerless;—and the other, which, by imagining that there must be a *retreat* from all particularities of creed to what is alone universal, invariable, and eternal, would supersede that Fact, and treat it as nothing better than “*a beggarly element*.” To those who wish to see a *precis* of the chief arguments against Mr. Newman’s Theory of Development, and Dr. Strauss’s Pantheism, we recommend the careful perusal of this part of the Sermon.

But is this Great Fact of the Incarnation of God a barren and unpractical fact? Or is it a Centre radiating in all directions, and spreading its light throughout the whole world? And if the latter, how is it to be applied to man?

This is the question discussed in the 2nd Sermon. With a large number of Christians in the present day, "the essential form and idea of Christianity, without which it exists not, and in which it cannot fail to subsist, is the one doctrine, *consciously embraced*, of man's inability to save himself, and his dependence for this altogether on what the Gospel of Christ has provided for him." That this is a great, and an essential truth, no Catholic Christian can doubt. But is it the whole truth, and does it contain the true Apostolic account of the mode of applying the Doctrine of the Incarnation? Surely not. For, in the first place, it is not true that the great use of the Law with respect to the people of God, is to alarm them out of its pale into that of the Gospel. Nor is it true that what constitutes the glad tidings to man, is simply our discharge from the forensic demands of the Law; that obedience and good works are no part of the Gospel as such, but of the Law only. The great and crowning efficacy of the Gospel is that, while the Law could only command, but never secure the obedience which it prescribed, the coming of the Son of God in the flesh, which is itself the Gospel, does both require obedience, and enable the man to perform it.

Again, when Scripture speaks of this gratuitousness in the gift of heavenly life, does it not connect it indissolubly with the doctrine of Holy Baptism? See Tit. iii. 5. And does it not, by this mode of teaching, make Baptism, and not the conscious apprehension by the sinner, the means of applying this stupendous gift?

Further, this subjective theory of Christianity assigns only one line and order of thought for the return of the sinner to God; whereas Scripture warrants no such restriction. We hear of sinners reclaimed by the teaching of the Second Coming of the Lord to judgment, and of idolaters enlightened and converted by the inculcation of the truths of natural religion, and of men of correct lives being drawn towards Christianity by the beauty of its morality, and in essaying to reduce to practice the *precepts* they understood, being led to faith in the mysteries which before they knew not. Why then should we try to restrict that which Scripture has not restricted?

From the consideration of the *commencement* of the Christian life, Dr. Mill goes on to its *continuance*, vindicating in this case also, the objective teaching of the Church in the Holy Eucharist, and the Christian Priesthood, against the

errors of those who would idealize every thing away into the subjective mind of the believer. But our limits will not allow us to follow him in his details.

The next two Sermons, that entitled "Christian Faith, illustrated from the Example of St. Thomas," and "Christianity, illustrated from the Example of St. John," are good specimens of Dr. Mill's 'intimate acquaintance with the human heart under the influence of Divine Grace. Take, for instance, the following character of St. Thomas. "He appears to have been a man of earnest mind, capable of strong and disinterested attachments ; but of that temperament which looks habitually to the darker side of things ; which out of several future events equally possible, is ever disposed to conceive the least welcome as the most probable, and to distrust extraordinary good news all the more from the circumstance of its being good." This character Dr. Mill exemplifies from the story of Lazarus, and especially from those remarkable words, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him;"—and from his question on the eve of our Lord's Passion, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?"—and again from his doubt whether the good news of the Lord's Resurrection could possibly be true. The following contrast between St. Peter and St. Thomas is most instructive. "When the announcement of the Lord's approaching suffering, and death, and rising again, draws from Simon Peter the exclamation, "Be it far from Thee, Lord : this shall not happen to Thee,"—and when again the apprehension of the same death as probable, causes Thomas to say of his own accord to the rest, "Let us go with Him, that we may die with Him,"—we see love and devotion in both : but while this, existing in a sanguine temperament, leads the former actually to disbelieve the coming Passion, and in so doing to incur the most severe rebuke of his Lord ; the same, in a melancholy temperament, leads to a forward acquiescence in that truth ; though the Resurrection, which the former would more readily admit, was more slowly received by the latter." The passage which follows (pp. 67, 68) on the compatibility of the most exalted faith with the retention of a peculiar constitutional temperament, we can do no more than refer to.

In St. John, Dr. Mill sees "a certain ardour and energy of mind united to gentleness and affectionateness of character ;" which he infers from his title "Boanerges," and more especially from his request to invoke destruction on the inhospitable Samaritans. The following passage is very

striking. "To do as Elias did, was a natural wish in Hebrew youths, whose religious recollections of the old time were quickened by zealous attachment to a far greater than Elias now amongst them; and to their minds, doubtless, the guilt of Ahaziah's captains, who in mere obedience to their King went to apprehend the Man of God, seemed (and not unreasonably seemed) less than that of the inhuman villagers on the Samaritan border, who of their own free motion, not only refused a night's lodging to the undistinguished Benefactor of all men, but accompanied their refusal with abhorrence of the Temple of the Most High, and the place where His Honour dwelt at Jerusalem. Did Elias say without rebuke twice, "If I be a Man of God, let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty?"—and did the Lord of heaven twice do according to his word? And should not then the Divine Mission of Jesus, their greater Master, be equally vindicated? Or if the offenders were spared, should it not be after such humiliation and repentance before the acknowledged power of the insulted Lord, as was manifested by the third captain to the stern Tishbite prophet, when he prayed that the lives of himself and his fifty might be precious in his sight, and found mercy accordingly?"

After noticing the blemish in St. John's character, exemplified in his request to be made pre-eminent in the kingdom of Christ, the Preacher traces the growing perfection of his character evidenced by our Lord's increasing affection for him, instanced at the Last Supper, the Passion in the garden of Gethsemane, the foot of the Cross, and after the Resurrection, at the Sea of Galilee. The compatibility of meekness and charity with fervent zeal against heresy is exemplified in the well-attested story of his flying from a bath, because the heretic Cerinthus was there; as it is also plainly visible in his saying that "If any man came with any other doctrine than that of the Apostles respecting the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, he should neither be received nor saluted by the faithful; that he that bade him 'God speed,' was a sharer in his evil deeds."

The concluding remarks on St. John's leading a single life we recommend to the serious consideration of those who, anxious to vindicate the (acknowledged) holiness of matrimony, and to protest against the (acknowledged) abuse by the Roman Church of the Doctrine of Celibacy, have altogether lost sight of our Lord's express commendation of "those who had made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake," and the corresponding assertions of the Apostle Paul.

Of the 5th Sermon, that on the Nativity, it is sufficient to say that it contains the same high doctrine, the same calm and dignified language, the same searching appeal to the very deepest and noblest of our feelings and sympathies, which characterize all the Sermons of Dr. Mill's, which we have had the happiness of reading.

We may mention, however, that in pp. 107 et seq. will be found a well-reasoned protest against the common objections that would deprive us of the observance of the Church's Holy Seasons ;—and this we think especially necessary, when we find it said in a Sermon lately preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, that Christianity is a “religion of *spiritualities* as opposed (!) to a religion of *observances*.” ..

## HYMNS FOR FESTIVALS

### VI.—THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

MARCH 25TH.

GABRIEL.

Hail thee, maiden, highly favour'd,  
 Meekest bud of Judah's stem ;  
 Though they mock thy chaste espousals,  
 Doubt not me, and fear not them ;—  
 Mother of the seed of woman  
 Charg'd the serpent's head to wound ;  
 Vessel of the Lord's election,  
 Favour thou with God hast found :  
 Favour on thy breast to ripen  
 Jacob's King, and David's Heir ;  
 Jesus, Whom His Sire, the Highest,  
 Endless sway shall grant to bear .  
 Jesus, from His throne exalted  
 Health on Israel pledg'd to show'r :—  
 Hail thee, maiden, highly favour'd,  
 Purest gem of Judah's flow'r !

MARY.

Angel—for the east is glowing  
 Though the sun hath pass'd his noon ;—  
 What thy wondrous salutation,  
 How for me the promis'd boon ?  
 Who shall quell my doubt and trouble  
 Plight of mother's hope to hear,  
 Ere the marriage-children\* bring me  
 Brided, to my Joseph's cheer ?

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\* Conf. I Maccabees. IX. 37.

## GABRIEL.

Mary, cease thy bosom's anguish ;  
 Floats the Pow'r above thee now ;  
 He, the Spirit of the Highest,  
 Thee to shade from Heav'n doth bow ;  
 Builds in thee a new creation  
 Virgin-born, which earth shall own,  
 That the holy thing thou bearest  
 Here as Son of God be known.  
 Lo ! thy cousin, Elizabeth,  
 Past her long reproach and shame  
 For the breast they counted barren  
 Kindles to a matron's flame :  
 Mighty is the Lord Jehovah,  
 What but can His Arm achieve ?

## MARY.

Angel, grant He that His handmaid  
 At thy word her Lord conceive.

Backward on the oar of pinions  
 Gabriel wings his course of light ;  
 Backward roll the glowing portals  
 As he wanes from Mary's sight :  
 She, with mild devotion bending,  
 'Teems with fruit of seed divine,  
 Pulsates to the wondrous scion  
 Promis'd Heir of David's line !

Brother'd Lord ! Who can'st to shield us  
 From the curse to nature due ;  
 Who, to lift Thy line to Heaven,  
 Chamber'd in a virgin grew !  
 Grant us Mary's saintly rapture  
 Thee in hearts of faith to bear,  
 That, by more than Gabriel's promise,  
 We Thine Israel's blessing share !

Glory be to God the Father,  
 To our nature's Spouse, the Son,  
 Glory to the Holy Spirit,  
 Honour to the Three in One :  
 High as, ere was earth created,  
 Peal'd above the strain of joy,  
 Laud and blessing, never ceasing,  
 Now and aye our voice employ !

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## III.

## THOUGHTS ON MISSIONS.

To build an article on Christian Missions upon the authority of Sydney Smith, may perhaps, on the first announcement of such a project, cause our readers to suppose that we are about to act and write ironically. But so it is, that amidst all the volleys of well-directed sarcasm on the exaggerated enthusiasm of the past generation, there is found in the writings of this Author an under-current of sober religious feeling, which may be seen occasionally breaking forth ; and must, we cannot doubt, have always formed an inward principle, influencing and restraining him in some degree in all his works.

It is true that the disposition which existed in his natural temperament often led him into expressions which are now working mischief in society :—the love of a pun ; the satisfaction in winding up a sentence in a trite home-thrust on the subject under criticism, carried himself and his readers beyond the precincts of this better feeling, but not, as he himself could have imagined, into a liberty to set at defiance the Holy Matter, which he conceived had been abused by the enthusiast ; much less to afford the light and trifling members of society some authority, as well as an occasion, for the contempt of Religion, when urged as a principle, whose property and essence was, to leaven the heart, and to reform society.

But lest we should in any measure be supposed to be too nice in our distinction, we at once submit the following quotation from an article of his on Indian Missions ; and this we are persuaded will confirm the truth of our remarks. He says ( Sydney Smith's Works, vol. 1, p. 137-8 ) :—

“ We admit it to be the general duty of Christian people to disseminate their Religion among the Pagan nations who are subjected to their empire. It is true they have not the aid of miracles ; but it is their duty to attempt such conversion, by the earnest and abundant employment of the best human means in their power. We believe that we are in possession of a revealed religion ; that we are exclusively in possession of a revealed religion ; and that the possession of that Religion can alone confer immortality, and best confer present happiness. This religion too teaches us the duties of general benevolence ; and how, under such a system, the conversion of heathens can be a matter of indifference, we profess not to be able to understand.”

Than this deliberate and sensible declaration of this talented and popular writer, we can desire no more. It comes to us

sheltered entirely from the spirit of enthusiasm ; breaking forth by its own inward and intrinsic power over his mind into light : shewing most emphatically, and we may say beautifully, the excellence, and the paramount importance of the work ; as well as, of the duty which devolves on every Christian lay and clerical to promote it.

But we are not necessitated to rest our statement upon a solitary passage ; the same spirit evinces itself in the following words from the same article ( p. 152 ) :—

“ For ourselves, if there were a fair prospect of carrying the Gospel into regions where it was before unknown—if such a project did not expose the best possessions of the country to extreme danger, and if it was in the hands of men who were discreet as well as devout, we should consider it to be a scheme of true piety, benevolence, and wisdom : but the baseness and malignity of fanaticism shall never prevent us from attacking its arrogance, its ignorance, and its activity. “ For what vice can be more tremendous than that which, while it bears the outward appearance of Religion, destroys the happiness of man, and dishonours the name of God.”

This passage strengthens the preceding one, and displays the point of attack against which his influence was directed. It was not missions that he laboured to destroy, or even to check ; it was the wrong point in which, judging from their journals, the Missionaries appeared to him, to be attempting the arduous work. Now, it must be admitted at the present time, that the Religious fanatic has ceased in India—that is, that all Protestant missions ( to which, of course, we confine our remarks ) have divested themselves of its sway ; and that arrogance and ignorance are not the instruments that are called into operation at the present enlightened period. We might perhaps be disposed to question the wholesale accusation at any time ; but this is irrelevant to our present purpose ; our object being to shew our readers, and the admirers of the elegant and easy pen of Sydney Smith, that in the absence of bigotry, arrogance, and ignorance, and assisted by the discreet and devout energies of Christian men, that author has declared the attempt to propagate Christianity, and to evangelize the world to be a bounden ~~one~~ ; and has designated the enterprise itself not by the misnomer of fanaticism, or presumption ; but by the appropriate terms, “ a scheme of true piety, benevolence and wisdom.”

That it is needful thus to draw the eye of the public upon this narrow stream of thought as it winds its course clear and firm through the torrents of sarcasm and wit, every one



who has in the smallest degree come into contact with the men of the world, will, we are persuaded, readily acknowledge. The literary portion of society is full of the trite and severe satire of this popular writer. Men, who care not for religion, rejoice in the full exercise of all his bitter speeches, and clever punnings; but they forget, they pass by unnoticed, this under-current of thought—this powerful illustration of the Christian's duty; and thus unwillingly, we feel convinced, inflict upon the character of their author a grievous injury, by ascribing to him a purpose to which his thoughts as well as his desires were really and entirely foreign.

We repeat, therefore, this truth without the fear of contradiction, that Sydney Smith, the derider of Religious enthusiasm, the hater of fanatics, was an admirer, an upholder of Missions among our pagan subjects, conducted by devout and discreet agents; and, his reason, he asserts, for such a course, is to carry out to those who possess it not, the opportunity of attaining to a holy immortality, and present happiness. And, it is our firm conviction that no one can pretend to admire the character of this author, who merely applauds the wit and humour displayed in his criticism, forgetful of, as well as uninfluenced by, that substantive excellence—that moderate religious hope, and cautious advocacy of the great duties of Christianity now under discussion; and which we have illustrated as an under-current of light and truth continually reminding us in his works, of its existence by its own uncontrollable and intrinsic power.

The want of observing this excellence in these writings, and the general admiration that has obtained of the merrier part of them, has done much to promote their circulation in minds, which, had the better part been more prominent, would have shunned their acquaintance. Their mirth and wit have, indeed, insinuated them thus far, but the result has taught the benevolent and pure-minded that the talent of introducing truth in the garb of mirth and ridicule, is very little more to be envied, than the satisfaction which the possessor of a bad piece of silver is said to have enjoyed in passing it between two coins of a lesser value, but without increasing either its own or theirs. And so is Religion in these kind of writings. But how much labour would now be required to throw off the extraneous matter which has corroded upon it, to the detriment of Religion itself, as well as its efficacy and object.

But to return from this digression: Sydney Smith is an able advocate of Missions in India, conducted *discreetly* and

*devoutly.* The time has arrived for carrying out the work in this spirit ; moreover there exists no risk to our country's territory, and we would call the admirers of that author to do him justice, and to labour to effectuate what he has so powerfully advocated, and so well commended. We would now remind them that it is time to forget the merry punning on Brother so and so, or the cruel Stiles—their occasion is removed ; their triumph has been too long, because too arbitrary—and we would entreat them to accompany us with sober minds and zealous affections to the plain the permanent duty of carrying forward those labours which are recorded as having commenced in all these disadvantages and by the protection of Providence have survived the opposition and satire of their age. For *“how, under such a system, the conversion of heathens can be a matter of indifference, we profess not to be able to understand.”*\*

Christian Missions are to be viewed as imperative, because they are enjoined by the Author and Finisher of our Faith ; because they alone point out a glorious future in their success ; and because, also, the act itself is an act of Benevolence towards our fellow-creatures.

With regard to the first of these reasons, no dangers nor difficulties are to interfere. The command, “Go ye into all nations,” and “pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into the harvest,” are both absolutely binding upon the Church universally and particularly. It is not rashness, but obedience to the Divine Command, when a Christian Church opens a mission in any portion of the habitable world. It is an integral portion of that obedience which is enjoined in the words of our Lord, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” None can seriously pretend to this obedience who neglect the duty of sending forth missions, and praying for a blessing from the Lord of the harvest on them. It must form as much a portion of our desires as any other subject, that the Truth, we alone hold, should be propagated among those who hold it not. “Thy Kingdom come”—such is the daily intercession for the world our Redeemer has taught us, and he only uses that petition in its full and comprehensive meaning, who embraces in it, first, the diligent attempt to effectuate the evangelization of the world, as well as that ultimate period when “the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

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\* Sydney Smith's Works, as quoted before.

With regard to the second reason which should induce the Christian Church to labour, we are assured that success will will sooner or later attend our exertions ; and that this glorious Kingdom will ultimately arrive. Like every other of God's dealings with his people, He first calls us to this duty in the spirit of faith, and then lightens it by a ray of hope and a sure promise.

“ Let the Storms ply their deep and threat'ning bass,  
The Bow of promise shall the Shades illumine,  
Brightly descried in Faith's eternal glass,  
Even like an Angel's many-coloured plume  
Waving in tempest.”

In fact, from the uncertainty in the period of its fulfilment, we are allowed to expect that our labours may contribute not a little towards it. The ways of God are so unlike ours, that it requires but a moment, as it were, to cause the various efforts throughout the world to verge towards, and concur in one point ; and the power of God is so great, that he has but to speak the word, and the Spirit of grace and conversion will hover upon the chaotic mind of man, and create it anew after his own image. The Lord spake, great was the company of the preachers. The Lord spake, mighty and irresistible was the power of his Spirit, and many believed on his Name. One more pentecostal effusion, giving life to the scattered seed, and the benighted earth shall bow before the coming Lord : and then the vast range above us shall be rent with the resounding trump,—“ The kingdom of the earth is become the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ.”

It may indeed appear to the superficial observer, that this prospect is yet far distant. Such an one sees through the vista of circumstances : he looks at the contending elements, at shattered kingdoms, usurped sceptres, the enthroned sceptic, and the pride of men—the other acts independently of these events, “ hopes against hope,” and knows that these are the beginnings of sorrow, the fire of faith, and the prelude to the desired era—he looks and lifts up his head, and behold, on the dark horizon, the day-dawn is breaking—the sun has arisen with healing in his wings, and “ Redemption draweth nigh.”

But independent of these two Divine influences in Missionary Enterprise, there is a third which we have called the spirit of benevolence and human sympathy. We do not desire to place this in competition with the other two : nor exactly to build it upon them. We could let it stand alone

for a while. Human sympathy is indeed a strong principle in the breast of man, greater perhaps than any other of those external influences to which we are subject :

“ *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*”

There is not one of us, who from the experience of distress in our breasts, is not able to sympathize with those situated in the same predicament. We have but to feel assured of their sorrow, to weep with them ; and hard indeed must that heart be, which can restrain the natural impetus within, to relieve the sorrowful.

“ Of these two affections,” says Bishop Butler, (delight in the prosperity of others, and compassion for their distresses,) “ the last is felt more generally than the former. Though men do not universally rejoice with all whom they see rejoice, yet, accidental obstacles removed, they naturally compassionate all in some degree, whom they see in distress, so far as they have any real perception or sense of that distress ; inasmuch, that words expressing this latter, pity, compassion, frequently occur : whereas we have scarce any single one by which the former is distinctly expressed.”

What then, in the present instance, is required, is to convince mankind generally of the condition of the heathen as they are, so as to effect in their hearts a real perception or sense of their actually being in distress. The great hindrance which has hitherto existed to the spread of Missions, has been the belief, that their spiritual destitution is not so great as some have endeavoured to establish. To remove this hindrance, we would make an attempt ; and to establish as evident to all the real distress of the heathen, would we subjoin the following remarks.

In the first place, by a comparison of their hopes and fears with our own, we shall undoubtedly place ourselves in a position so far superior. We shall also see them in a state of degradation so real and positive, that if sympathy towards them be not roused, “ we must have eradicated our natural affections, and be sinking into the condition of brutes.”— (*Butler's Sermons, Compassion.*)

Now Christianity has been described by another popular writer, (and we quote his words with the same desire ; viz. that of bringing the under-current of his thoughts upon it, into light and observation) in the following expressive and eloquent manner :—

“ Or, to take an infinitely higher instance, that of the Christian Religion, which under every theory of it, in the believing or unbelieving

mind, must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, or rather the life and soul, of our whole modern culture: How did Christianity arise and spread abroad among men? Was it by institutions and establishments, and well-arranged systems of mechanism? Not so; on the contrary, in all past and existing institutions for those ends, its divine spirit has ever been found to languish and decay. It arose in the mystic deep of man's soul; and was spread abroad by the 'preaching of the word;' by simple, altogether natural and individual efforts; and flew like a hallowed fire, from heart to heart, till all were purified and illumined by it; and its heavenly light shone as it still shines, and (as sun or star) will ever shine, through the whole dark destinies of man."—[*Ed. Rev.* 29.—*Carlyle, Signs of the Times.*]

It is not a light epithet this. "Christianity must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, or rather the life and soul, of our whole modern culture." Culture not human, but the work of "its Divine Spirit," flying "like a hallowed fire,"—"and its heavenly light shone through the whole dark destinies of man." And yet the words of our first author are, as is characteristic of him, more definite, and adapted to the popular mind. These are suited to the philosopher and the sage, to the minds only tangible by the hand of human wisdom, and ratiocination; those, to the matter of fact, the plain Christian man. "We believe," says Sydney Smith, "that we are in possession of a revealed religion; that we are exclusively in possession of a revealed religion; and that the possession of that Religion can alone confer immortality, and best confer present happiness." • Meanwhile, what is the condition, what are the effects of the Religion, of the Pagan world? The Apostle to the Gentiles has described it in few words; "without God, and without hope in the world," while their religious zeal and offerings are characterized by him, in the truthful words. "But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." Lamer table contrast is this with 'the crowning glory of the whole modern culture!'

But does our experience confirm or refute the awfully degrading spirit of their system? Did the author of the "Christian Researches" find in his travels that the Natives of India were more moral, their hope more substantial, or their votive offering less diabolical than we have seen it portrayed by 'the preached word,' and 'the Divine Spirit' which accompanied it, as Carlyle has well observed? Those of our readers, who have perused the narrative of Dr. Buchanan's visit to Juggernaut, are perfectly aware that the scenes there exhibited cannot be described; that they personify the obscene heart of man in its deepest, its vilest character; "What they know naturally as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves."

Now we would ask the candid reader of these pages, what impression he does, of necessity, receive in the perusal of this truthful comparison of our relative conditions? We ask the Christian world, and that portion of it which may be only slightly imbued with the conviction of the crowning glory of their own Religion, whether these deluded votaries of the false Gods are not objects of its pity and compassion: we ask it whether such things shall be allowed to exist, without an effort equal to the enormity of the necessity, on our part, to raise the afflicted Pagan from his bondage and his chain?

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Shall we, when benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?”

If we cannot disprove these truths; if, independent of Divine Revelation, that portion of the world, which has received somewhat of the excellence of Christianity, bears so deep a contrast between itself and the heathen world, certainly the fact, that they are thus degraded, and we thus superior, is all that can be required to excite us to our duty in endeavouring to disseminate *the better principle* among them. But if we couple with this the additional fact, that this better principle, the Christian Revelation, alone possesses the promise of this life, and of that which is to come—that this Christianity only can give to its possessor present happiness, and confer immortal felicity;—the cause that calls forth our sympathy, stamps the indelible impress of shame upon us, if we do not suffer it to operate within, and to urge us to the duty of disseminating the Christian Religion among the dark places of Pagan India.

What! can a Christian be a Christian indeed, and yet feel no desire that the blessings he possesses should be shared by others as yet without them? Can Christian hope burn within our breast upon true Christian principles—can it be warmed by that light which is the sun and centre of every hope, real and true; and yet not desire, nay determine, to impart its genial heat and influence to others?

We leave the question with our readers; for ourselves, we would assert, in the words of Sydney Smith, “how, under such a system, the conversion of heathens, can be a matter of indifference, we profess not to be able to understand.” Rather, let us all be up and doing, acting in this sacred duty with true sobriety, benevolence and love, till the work of our

hands is allowed to arise in its own beauty before us : “ and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, “ Grace, grace unto it ! ”

Waft, waft, ye winds his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;

Till, o'er our ransomed nature,  
The lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss return to reign.

### STANZAS.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φερήσω.

Round the sword of the valiant fresh myrtle to twine,  
Like Harmodius of old, let the glory be mine;  
When Athens by him saw her Tyrant laid low,  
And was free as the winds on Hymettus that blow.

Harmodius, the lov'd one, he never shall die,  
His young form is far in the fields of the sky :  
Where Achilles the swift, and where Diomed dwells,  
*There* wanders the youth, by the pure limpid wells.

Round the sword of the valiant the myrtle to twine.  
Like Harmodius the glory, the rapture, be mine,  
While the altar the dark blood of tyranny laves  
For Minerva should ne'er be the Goddess of *slaves* !

The tale and the song shall be full of his fame,  
And the wine-cup shall glow in the light of his name ;  
For to Slaves and to Tyrants a lesson gave he ;  
When Athens the Great, he made Athens the Free.

## IV.

## THE CHURCH'S RULE OF FAITH.—NO. II.

“Take the Apostolical Fathers from their very earliest commencement, and we have no hesitation in asserting, that written Scripture, and not oral Tradition, will be found to have supplied the whole subject-matter of their doctrinal teaching.”—BR. SHUTTLEWORTH.

HAVING seen in a former number,\* what is the language of Holy Scripture with respect to its own completeness and sufficiency as the Church's rule of faith, we proceed to consider the testimony of the Church itself, regarding this important truth.

For whatever we may conclude from the *internal* testimony of those books which are called Holy Scriptures, as to their sufficiency and to their being an ultimate appeal, we must admit that the testimony of fact as to what are, and what not canonical, is to be gathered from the early Fathers themselves, the very men whose opinion as to the ultimate appeal and authority, we desire in the first instance to know. At the same time we must bear in mind, that it is the opinion and testimony of men, as *witnesses only* of what the Church, from the earliest, reckoned the ultimate appeal; and “if we receive the witness of *men*,” we must never forget that “the witness of *God* is greater.” But here, in adducing the testimony of the Fathers, we must define, and to some extent shorten, this appeal. To *which* of the Fathers are we to refer? How far must we go down? Now if we take the famous canon of Vincentius Lirensis,† and admit, for the sake of argument, that during any age of the Church, the *whole* of the Church was represented by the determinations of Councils, or by the ecclesiastical writers that have come down to us; assuming, then, that the first clause of the canon must always be fulfilled; still the latter clause requires that the opinions referred to shall be found in the ecclesiastical writers of *any fair portion of time* taken out of the “*Semper*.” And what age of Christianity shall we take as a test, if not the age of the immediate successors of its Founder and his disciples? Where

\* No. 3 of this Magazine.

† This well known rule, “*Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*,” which implies, that individual Christians and Churches may err, seems to involve the absurdity of reasoning in a circle; e. g. this doctrine is true, because it was held by all sound Christian men. But how do you know that these were sound Christian men? because they held this doctrine.



shall we go, if not to the source of the stream, to discover its peculiar properties? Whatever of Apostolic truth existed at a later day in the Church, must have existed *then*; and conversely, if an opinion or practice cannot bear the test of those early times, however generally it existed afterwards, it must have arisen *since* the Apostolic days, and therefore is quite out of the compass of what we profess to be seeking for. Hence it follows, that if an appeal be made to the Fathers, as to what they consider the rule of faith, our appeal must be made to the *earliest* of them, since, upon our hypothesis of this canon, what is not found in a fair series or set of the earliest writers of the Church, not only *may* not, but *must* not, be received as a part of the Apostolical truth. If the later Fathers assert *only* what the earlier did, their testimony is superabundant; if what is flatly denied by the earlier writers of the Church, their testimony is not worthy of consideration or credit.\*

Some endeavour to avoid this conclusion, by objecting that it was *orally* delivered—a part of the ‘disciplina arcani.’ But why then was it *ever* recorded? Whatever reasons the earliest had for keeping it back, must have been as cogent with the latter, and so having broken their faith, we lose our confidence in them. Another way of escape is by the decisions of the Councils; but this is begging the premises, for if the authority of Councils is established on the testimony of *oral* tradition, the whole question is begged; if on that of *written* tradition, we come back on the original question, by *which* of the Fathers? But if, again, it is said on Scripture, as is attempted in the decrees of the Council of Trent, this is reasoning in a circle, for Scripture is fixed, and, as they *say*, is authoritatively interpreted by Councils, and by the Fathers. The practical importance of making this distinction amongst the Fathers, appears in the controversy with the Romish Church, for while she professes the canon of Vincens, and something more, her advocates seem to forget in their appeal to the testimony of the Church, that the Fathers of the 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries, prove absolutely nothing, unless they can trace their views to the times of the Apostles, and to the written word of God.†

\* We refer of course to matters of *fact*, principally, though not entirely.

† Among the notes at the foot of the decrees of the Council of Trent, there appears to be only *one* reference to Ignatius among the Apostolic Fathers, one to Tertullian, none to Irenæus, and a few only to Clement; and much the same may be said of the Catechism.

Let us however proceed to the testimonies of the *primitive* Fathers in the first instance, and then see how far our own Church's views coincide with theirs.

But the first question which presents itself is, '*Whom* are we to consider the *early* Fathers?' We might have expected that, as long as the Church was passing through the fires of persecution, which continued at intervals till the accession of Constantine, we might, we repeat, have felt inclined to depend upon such an age for purity and truth. But when we call to mind, that at the close of this very period was held that famous Council of Nicæ, which was convened to condemn one of the greatest heresies that has ever afflicted the Church of Christ, we are involuntarily driven further back in our search after some safe resting place of truth. Now if we take something less than two centuries of the Ante-Nicene Fathers from the time of the last Apostle, we shall comprehend within them two generations of Fathers after the Apostles.

Irenæus, Polycarp, and St. John, give us the very line, and with their contemporaries, will furnish all the testimony we require on the subject. What then do we gather from the Fathers of the first two centuries on the Rule of Faith? These Fathers, first by their mode of quoting Scripture, secondly, by their not disputing the assertion made by one of the Apostles on the authority of Christ, admit that the Apostles were "led into all truth," that is,—

1st.—Into the "remembrance" of all things that Christ had said.

2nd.—Into the fuller knowledge of the truth itself,—  
"Whatsoever the Holy Ghost shall hear."

3rd.—Into the prescience of the future,—  
"Will show you things to come."

Those things, whether sufficient or not, are contained in the Gospels, Epistles, and the Apocalypse respectively. However, they considered that the Apostles were guided into "all truth," and therefore admit, that the people of the Apostolic times had it preached to them by the Apostles in all accuracy and completeness. To the proof of this, we now proceed. And should we find the opinions of the early Fathers to coincide with the assertions of Holy Scripture on this point, the decision will be conclusive, and without appeal.

1.—Now we constantly find in the Fathers the words "Holy Scriptures" and "Scriptures" employed; and we find from the numerous quotations of passages, with these or similar distinctive appellations, that by these expressions they meant the histories and letters of the Apostles and Evange-

lists. And though the distinction as to the precise number of such histories and letters is not clear in some of the Fathers, yet the general distinction is always quite apparent. These Scriptures they evidently take to contain Christian truth, (at present we do not say "all" truth), as is evident from the expressions of sanctity and respect which they apply to them.

The Fathers of about the first two centuries (to those only we now refer) teem with quotations from those Scriptures, either for the purposes of argument or interpretation. They assumed these writings in controversy. Thus Justin Martyr summons Trypho\* to attend to what he quotes from the Holy Scriptures as proofs which need not to be explained, but only heard, and observes that "no disputing can be allowed, unless he refers all things to the Scriptures." Tertullian also, and Clement of Alexandria, quote largely from the New Testament; and Origen, the contemporary of the former, says, "Wherefore it is necessary to refer to these testimonies of the Holy Scriptures, because without these witnesses, our judgments and expositions have no credit.†

2.—But not only did the early Fathers themselves appeal to the Holy Scriptures as decisive in all controversy, but even the primitive adversaries of Christianity looked on the Scriptures as the standard and measure of Christian doctrine; in all their writings against Christianity, they assumed that the doctrine was to be found there, and against those, therefore, their chief attacks are directed. The malice of Celsus, Porphyry, and others against the sacred Scriptures was such, that they left no means untried to wrest this "Sword of the Spirit" from the hands of Christians, and to destroy it out of the world. This clearly marks out the Holy Scriptures to have been received by the world as books of authority, and the New Testament to have been received as the books which taught the truth of the Christian religion. But besides these *indirect* proofs, there are the *distinct assertions* of very early writers, that Holy Scripture was the reference of doctrine and practice. Clement expressly says, that "God leads men according to the Divine Scriptures,‡" and that "to take offence at the Divine commands, is to take offence at the Holy Spirit."§ Justin thus speaks of the Divine word, and of the

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\* Dialog. Contra Tryph. p. 277 et passim (J. M. Opera, ex Typogr. Comendini. 1593.)

† In Hier. Hom. (Orig. Comment. folio, p. 57, Coloniae, 1575.)

‡ Stromata, Lib. VII. Sect. 101.

§ Dialog. c. Tryph: tom 2, p. 173.

necessity of divine illumination, in order to understand it: "There had existed a long time since, several persons much older than the reputed philosophers, blessed men, just, and lovers of God, speaking by the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, foretelling things which have since come to pass, whom they call prophets. These *only* saw the truth, and delivered it to men, neither fearing nor flattering any, being filled with the Holy Spirit, whose books are still extant, which whosoever reads and assents to will derive improvement from those things which it becomes a philosopher to know. But do thou above all things pray that the gates of light may open to thee, for these things are not seen and understood of all, but by them to whom God and Christ shall grant the requisite knowledge.\*

Irenæus, when meeting the unfounded pretensions of the Valentiniæns, and other heretics who depreciated then (as heretics do now-a-days) the Bible as a sufficient Rule of Faith, and who contended that our Saviour gave to his disciples a more complete doctrinal code to be handed down from age to age by traditionary testimony, says in reply: "The Scriptures are *perfect*, because they are dictated by the Spirit of God and his word." And again, "Read diligently the Gospels given to us by the Apostles, and read diligently the prophets, and you shall find every action,† every doctrine, and the whole passion of our Lord preached in them."‡ He then points out the consequence of turning away from the sure testimonies of God's word, and the way in which those who could not thence derive any support for their errors, were wont to depreciate it. "All this befel them, because they were ignorant of the Scriptures;§ nay more, when they are argued with, out of the Scriptures, they become the accusers of those very Scriptures, *as if they were not in all things correct, but wanted authority on account of their ambiguity: so that the truth could not be derived from them, without the help of tradition.*"|| It is needless to point out the great similarity between the very language of heretics in all ages on this and other articles of our faith. There is perhaps

\* Dialog. c. Tryph. tom. 2, p. 173.

† We do not of course argue for the strict correctness of this assertion, but it shows the peremptoriness with which the claims of Scripture were enforced by the primitive defenders of the faith.

‡ Lib. 4. c. 66.

§ Lib. 3. c. 12.

|| Lib. 3. c. 2<sup>o</sup>.

none of the early Fathers more often cited than Tertullian (unless it be Irenæus) in favour of tradition as a collateral, if not a co-equal rule of faith. The sense in which we are to understand them, when they designate tradition as a 'rule of faith,' will be considered below. For the present, it will be sufficient to show the *rank* which he assigns to the Holy Scriptures. In his apology he describes the source whence the Christians derived their knowledge of divine things. "To give us a *more* perfect knowledge of his will, he hath given us the assistance of the Holy Scriptures, for from the beginning he hath sent into the world men who were worthy, from their justice and holiness, both to know him themselves, and make him known to others."\* And again: "Truth is our antiquity, built upon *the divine learning* (*literatura*): this is the rule of faith which came from Christ, transmitted to us by his companions, from whom all who differ, will hence be proved to be of a later age."† Nay, so jealous is he for the claims of Holy Scripture, that he would even prohibit any act which is not there specifically permitted, and further "he must assume, that what is not noted there, has not happened.‡" Such is the testimony of a few of the earliest defenders of the Faith. We might strengthen it with abundant appeals to Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, St. Cyprian, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and many of later date; but enough has been adduced to show that the principal Fathers of the first two centuries considered the Bible, if not the Bible alone, as the Church's Rule of Faith. It must be admitted however that there are passages in the writings of Irenæus and Tertullian which seem *at first sight* to sanction the view of un-written tradition as, if not an equal, at least an additional or auxiliary rule of the Church's faith and practice. But before the validity of the testimony referred to be admitted, it will be necessary to consider the circumstances which induced the abovementioned, and some others of the early Fathers, to rest more upon tradition than they otherwise would have, and thus we shall see the signification which they attach to tradition as a Rule of Faith.

The followers of Marcian and Valentinian, of whose errors

\* Apolog. c. 17.

† Ibid, et p. 2 *supra*.

‡ Such passages as these, which must lead to absurdities, are instances of the Fathers' failings, when they are dwelling upon a subject on which they feel deeply.

these two Fathers respectively treated, rejected the Scriptures as received by the general body of Christians; the followers of the former heretic, maintaining that their founder had a revelation vouchsafed to him, which abrogated that promulgated by the Apostles, as being both later and more perfect; while Valentinian and his disciples greatly mutilated and perverted the writings of the Apostles and Evangelists. In confuting assumptions like these, it was necessary to prove the genuineness of the inspired volume by the fact of its universal acceptance as such from the earliest times, and to adduce the evidence derivable from the unanimity of all the churches, especially those founded by the Apostles, in the doctrines they received as of divine authority. In fact, they had no other mode of argument left, but appealing to *other* written records of the Church, and thus concentrating the testimony of the orthodox believers against these innovators; for appeals to Scripture were useless to those who denied its competency. Tertullian says, that in disputing with heretics, we are obliged to enquire what doctrines are held, and what Scripture received by the Apostolic Churches; for in them is preserved the truth as it was originally communicated by Christ to his Apostles, and by the Apostles, either orally or by letter, to the churches which they founded, so that whatever doctrines and Scriptures are so held and received, must be deemed orthodox and genuine.\* He puts the argument in this form, for the very purpose of meeting his opponents. That this kind of reasoning is only applicable to the peculiar traits and circumstances of some of the heretics of those days, is evident, both from the different mode of argument pursued by this very Father when controverting the dogmas of Praxeus, against whom he quotes it as definitively decisive, and also from the evidence, of which specimens have been adduced, of the views which the Fathers and other orthodox Christians of their age entertained of the *written* word of God, as the *only* authentic record of his will. Thus, e. g. how striking is the challenge of Tertullian to the heretic Hermogenes: "Let the school of Hermogenes show that these things are written, or else let him fear the woe denounced against those who add to, or take from it." (Scil: the Scriptures.)†

Moreover, they do not speak of any doctrines differing from, or additional to those of Scripture, but doctrines regis-

\* De Script. Heret. c. 19—21.

† Adversus Hermogenem, p. 373 (Tert. opera Basilee Froben. 1528).

tered *apart* from the Scriptures, co-incident and identically the same with them. Thus Irenæus asks: "What if the Apostles had not left us the Scriptures, would it not behove us to follow the tradition which they delivered to those to whom they committed the churches?\*" and speaks of this truth being "left as a rich deposit from which every one may take the draught of eternal life." And yet the same Father elsewhere informs us that the Apostles "first preached the Gospel, and then by the will of God delivered (tradiderunt) it to us *in the Scriptures* to be the foundation and pillar of our faith,"† and in another place, after speaking of the preaching and tradition of the Apostles, and of St. Paul founding the Church of Ephesus, says that St. John, who lived later, or rather the Apostolic writings of St. John, are a true test of the Apostles' tradition, and that those who wish, may learn *from the Scripture itself*, and understand the *Apostolic tradition* of the Church.‡ So also Clement of Alexandria, alluding to the Christian life as a certain system of rational actions, calls the system the "commandments of the Lord, which being divine opinions, spiritual suggestions, have been *written* for us,§" urging all to "consider these things *out of the Scriptures* themselves." Again Tertullian, referring to Scripture, says that "The Christian rule of life will be impressed upon us with increased effect, through the inculcating of holy precepts," and in case of differences of observations in Churches, says that an examination must be instituted, to ascertain what was agreeable to the rule of life laid down *in Scripture*.|| Hence we learn that the primitive Fathers of the Church could speak of Christian truth apart from the Scriptures,—truth which the College of the Apostles fully possessed, and *could* make some suppositions about this truth *as an absolute thing* which would hold good, had none ever been recorded and written. They considered that while the Apostles lived, they (the Apostles) had a tradition amongst them; that they did not go about teaching with their books in their hands, but with this, tradition in their mouths. They instructed many churches in Christianity long before they wrote their works. This oral and traditionary truth directed them to the faith of Christ Jesus, through whom "all Scripture is able to make wise unto salvation," and was sufficient, because

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\* Iren. Lib. iii. c. 4.

† Lib. iif. c. 1.

‡ Lib. iii. c. 3.

§ Pædagog. Lib. 1, sec. 103.

|| Disciplina, &c. de Virgin. veland. c. 2.

identical with the latter. What the oral instruction of the Apostles was in the first instance, that these writings subsequently became to those who received them. This tradition would then, upon the death of the Apostles, be "the faith once (*ἀπαρ*) delivered to the saints."

When therefore we refer to the Fathers for the principles of the Christian faith, which in a general way they clearly state and uphold, they throw us back sometimes on Apostolic tradition, sometimes on the Scriptures, as the rule of faith, these being considered identical; therefore, as a matter of course, the tradition of the Apostles having been committed to writing in the Scriptures, the appeal to *any other* tradition, except that recorded in Scripture, is entirely superseded.

These observations will enable us to determine the meaning of the Fathers when they apply the term "Rule of Faith," and others of a similar import, to the Apostle's and Nicene Creeds; and we proceed to explain how they came to be so applied.

In the ancient Church, for catechumens to be received to baptism, they had to acknowledge their acquiescence with a formal statement of Christian doctrine drawn up by the Church; they were not required to profess their allegiance to the word of God (complete copies of which indeed were for a long time scarce), but their agreement with this formulary or summary of divine truth. Many allusions are made to this formulary, both by earlier and later Fathers. It is given briefly by Ignatius,\* but without name and without reference to baptism. Irenæus calls the confession "an unbending rule of faith;"† Tertullian, "a test of faith,"‡ and "an answer of salvation,"§ "a rule of faith," "a fixed and unchangeable rule of faith," "a rule run down from the beginning of the

\* Epist. ad. Fall. Sect. 9; also Ep. ad. Smyrn. Sect. 1.

† It does not appear what was the origin of the expression "Rule of Faith," as applied by the Fathers to the Christian doctrines. We find however St. Paul, after speaking of the Gospel of Christ, promising in the name of Christ and as Christ's Apostle "to as many as walk according to this rule, (*κατὰ*) peace:" and in writing to the Philippians: "Whereunto ye have already attained, let us walk by the same rule." At the time of writing these, the whole of the Apostolic truth was not recorded. If then in either of these places we were asked what rule? we could only answer, *κατὸν ἀληθεύοντα, κατὸν πιστεύοντα, κατὸν ἐκγγελιας*; it could only be the rule which the Apostle preached, and at length, in conjunction with his brethren, recorded.

‡ Lib. 1, c. 1, latter part, and c. 2.

§ Tert. de Baptismo.



Gospel."\* •Similar expressions are employed by Clement and later Fathers.

This form of truth was the formulary which afterwards, when enlarged by the addition of a few articles, became what we now call, "The Apostles' Creed," and when more enlarged still by the Councils of Nice and Constantinople, "The Nicene Creed."† Now the Fathers nowhere assert this "rule of faith" to be of divine, but, on the contrary, of human origin. Gathered at first from the divine precepts of Christ and the Apostles, possibly taken from the very lips of the latter *before* their tradition was written in the Scriptures, they reckoned this rule of authority, *since* the embodiment of Christian truth in Holy Scripture, only so far as it 'was seen to be founded on Scripture, and might be proved thereby, not as an independent or additional rule of faith. Hence there is no colour in the world, from the Fathers, or from Scripture itself, for the larger assertion of the Romanists,‡ that Scripture and Tradition together, are the joint rule of the Church's faith and practice, much less for their assumed authority to add more than they find clearly revealed in the written word of God. The Church before has added to the *Creed* on this ground, and she could again, if she judged it desirable, add any *other* doctrine contained in Scripture, and as clearly defined as those in our present Creeds.

• She speaks therefore very exactly the views of the early Fathers on this point, in the 6th and 20th Articles of our Church. From these, and as we shall presently see from other parts of her formularies, her liturgy, her homilies, and the opinions of her best divines, it is evident that at the least our own branch of the Reformed Church of Christ agrees entirely with the primitive Fathers, and earliest ecclesiastical writers, in the belief that the tradition of Christ and his Apostles has been *fully* recorded in the sacred Scriptures, and that though it was oral once, while the Apostles lived, it having been written by them under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, the rule of faith has ever since been contained in those writings, and in those alone.

On the other hand, the later Fathers do not assert that the earlier Fathers recorded any of this divine tradition, different

\* De præscript. Heret. c. 13.

† To this Bp. Taylor alludes when he says, "For the pre-eminence of this great truth, the apostles, or the holy men their contemporaries and disciples, composed a creed to be a 'rule of faith' to all Christians; as appears in Irænaeus, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and others."

‡ Vide Concil. Trident. sec. 4, and Catechism. Concil. Trident. c. 2.

from Scripture,\* but in general testify their assent to its being the sole record of God's will, and therefore the only authority that can lay claim to be a rule of faith and practice to the Church. Should any of them at times dogmatically state their own opinions, different from this sacred rule, we take their own challenge, and bring them to the test of the written word of God, to which they refer us. Their testimony of *fact* is to be preferred to their testimony of opinion. And this conclusion is exactly borne out, as we have seen, by the internal statements of the word of God. There is however one incidental proof which, if we remember rightly, we did not allude to in a previous number. St. Peter, who had long been teaching the tradition of Christ, and the whole truth of God, "knowing that shortly he must put off this tabernacle," as Christ had shewn him, endeavoured, and took opportunity, that after his decease, this truth might "be had in remembrance," i. e. the tradition of Christ; and accordingly wrote it in his Epistles, in one of which this assertion occurs. It now only remains, by a reference to the authorized formularies of our own Church, and the writings of its Reformers and eminent divines, to show that the written word of God is the sole rule of her faith and practice.

First, then, what is the language of her Liturgy and Articles? This, once ascertained, must close the question to all who have subscribed an *ex animo* assent to these formularies "in their plain grammatical sense."

Now, can anything be more pointed than the question which the Church puts to the candidates for the sacred ministry in her "Service for the ordering of Priests?" "Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently *all* doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, and are you determined, out of the sacred Scriptures, to instruct the people committed to your charge, and to teach *nothing* as required of necessity to salvation, but that which *you may be persuaded*† may be concluded and proved from Holy Scripture?" The answer she expects to this searching question is no less distinct:

\* There is indeed a passage in Eusebius which seems at first glance to favour this. In giving an account of Ignatius, he says that he (Ignatius) exhorted men to adhere firmly to the tradition of the Apostles, which, for the sake of greater security, he deemed it necessary to attest by committing it to writing. (Eccl. Hist. Lib. iii. c. 36.) But in the Epistles of Ignatius, which are come down to us, he only quotes the Apostles' "writings," i. e. written Traditions, Scripture, with remarkable simplicity, adding nothing new.

† Vide Service for the ordering of Priests.

"I am persuaded, and have so determined by God's grace." The same question, with one or two verbal alterations, is proposed in the service for the Consecration of Bishops. Again, she warns those presenting themselves for ordination, that they cannot by any other means "compass the doing of the weighty work pertaining to the salvation of man, but with doctrine and exhortation taken out of the Holy Scriptures." Lest, too, they should seduce their flocks with fond things, vainly invented and grounded on "no certain warrants of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the plain word of God," she exhorts them to "be very studious in reading and learning the Holy Scriptures, &c., framing the manners both of themselves and of those that specially pertain unto them according to the same Scriptures." And yet again, she admonishes her ministers to "continually pray to God the Father, by the mediation of our only Saviour Jesus Christ, for the heavenly assistance of the Holy Ghost, that by daily reading and weighing of the Scriptures, they may wax ripen and stronger in the ministry, and may so endeavour themselves from time to time to sanctify their own lives, and those of their own flock, and to fashion them after the rule and doctrine of Christ."\* The language of the Articles is, if possible, still stronger on this point. Thus, in the 6th Article, before referred to, after asserting that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, she goes on to reject the Apocrypha, as no part of the rule of faith, not applying them "to establish any doctrine." With this compare the 8th Article on the Creeds, "which ought," it says, "to be thoroughly received and believed," but on what grounds? "for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." Again, in the 20th Article, "the Church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's word written, &c. Wherefore, although the Church be a *witness and a keeper* of holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to decree any thing against the same, so besides the same, ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of salvation."† And again to the same ef-

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\* Vide Service for the ordering of Priests.

† This statement not only affirms the power of the Church to be subordinate to, and dependent upon, the written word of God, but it seems necessarily to imply the right, or rather the duty, of private judgment. For who is to decide whether what the Church ordains, "is contrary to God's written word?" Certainly not the Church itself, for that would stultify the whole meaning of the Article.

fect in the 21st Article on the authority of General Councils: "Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to salvation have neither strength nor authority, unless it may be declared that they be taken out of Holy Scripture." Thus then the Liturgy and Articles of our beloved Church bear most emphatic testimony to the sole supremacy and sufficiency of "God's written word," placing it at a marked distance above the authority of tradition,\* the creeds, General Councils, or even her own "power." Nor is the language of the Homilies less emphatic. Two extracts will suffice to put this beyond a doubt. In the Homily "On the reading and knowledge of Holy Scripture," we read: "Unto a Christian man there can be nothing either more necessary or more profitable, than the knowledge of Holy Scripture, forasmuch as in it is contained God's true word, setting forth his glory, and also man's duty, *and there is no truth nor doctrine necessary to our justification and everlasting salvation, but that is, or may be drawn out, of that fountain or well of truth.*" Again, the same Homily states: "Let us diligently search for the well of life in the books of the New and Old Testament, and not run to the stinking puddle of man's tradition, devised by man's imaginations, for our justification and salvation. For *in Holy Scripture is contained fully what we ought to do, what to believe, what to love, and what to look for at God's hand at length.*"

To the same effect is the individual testimony of her ablest Reformers and Divines. Thus Bishop Latimer, in his conferences with Bishop Ridley: "But what is to be said of the Fathers? How are they to be esteemed? St. Augustine answereth, giving this rule also; that we should not therefore think it true, because they say so, do they never so much excel in holiness or learning; *but if they be able to prove their saying by the Canonical Scriptures, or by good probable reason*; meaning that to be a probable reason, as I think, which doth orderly follow upon a right collection and gathering out of the Holy Scriptures. For one man having the Scriptures and good reason for him, is more to be esteemed himself alone, than a thousand such as they either gathered together or succeeding one another."† Archbishop Sandys too writes thus: "We require no credit to be given to any part

\* This is shewn by the *emphatic silence* of the 39 Articles with respect to tradition as an authoritative commentary between the people and the word of God. This silence is the more remarkable, when contrasted with the corresponding articles of the Romish church. (Creed Pope Pius IV. Article 2d.)

† Works of Bishop Ridley, ed. Parker Socy. p. 114.

or parcel of our doctrine, further than the same may be clearly and manifestly proved by the plain words of the law of God, which remaineth in writing to be seen and read and examined of all men."\* In like manner Chillingworth, one of the ablest defenders of our Reformed Anglican Church, states his view of what the Church propounds on this subject. "By the religion of Protestants," he says, "I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon, nor the confession of Augusta (Augsberg) or Geneva, nor the confession of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England; no, nor the Harmony of Protestant Confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and to which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, *as a perfect rule of their faith and actions*, i.e. the Bible."† And not to multiply quotations, Bishop J. Taylor observes, "That the Canonical Scripture should be one only and entire rule, we are sufficiently convinced by the title which the Catholic Church gives, and always has given, to the Holy Scriptures, for it is the *regula*, the rule of Christians, for their whole religion. The word itself ends this inquiry, for it cannot be a *canon*, if any thing be put to it, or taken from it." Thus then, the testimony of the Church in its earliest and purest ages, and that of our own Church in particular, coincides with the declarations of Holy Scripture, respecting the completeness and sufficiency of the sacred oracles as the Church's rule of faith and practice.

After an amount of evidence, like that which has been adduced, it seems almost superfluous to notice at any length the various objections which the perverted ingenuity of those who prefer the shifting quicksands of human tradition to the immovable rock of Divine truth, has devised, in order to weaken the force of the evidence of which but a few fragments have been alleged. For our object is not so much to convince "those that are without," or even the traitors within the camp of our Zion, as to supply those who remain sound in the faith, with a brief summary of the arguments which constitute "the reason of the hope that is in them."

Some of these objections have been noticed in the course of the discussion. One of the principal of these however, is thus rhetorically stated: "If the Holy Scriptures be the sole rule of the Church's faith and actions, how comes it that we find many passages amongst the first two or three centuries, professing to be quotations from Scripture, which are not to be found there, from the Old Testament as well

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\* Sermon, ed. Parker Socy. p. 12. | † Rule of Protestantism &c. c. vi. § 6.

as from the New?"\* In answer to this, we might be content with replying, that, if these prove any thing in favour of tradition as a collateral rule of faith, they prove too much. For if these prove that there is a tradition of *Christ and his Apostles* binding, then they prove that there is a *Jewish* tradition binding also; since, as these are alleged passages from Christ and his Apostles, so they are alleged passages of Moses and the Prophets, and whatever holds true of the one, must hold true of the other. After the severe rebukes administered by our Lord to the Pharisees, so proud of their traditions, none can feel this a happy conclusion to draw, yet, if we thus reason from the Fathers, it is inevitable.

But what are we to make of the *fact* that such quotations occur? Probably these were Scripture quotations from memory, and mutilated. Professor Porson† remarks on the general inaccuracy of the Fathers in their quotations from Scripture; sometimes they refer their readers to one part of Scripture; for passages which are actually found in another; sometimes they blend quotations together; sometimes give the sense in their own words; and they so mix up the quotations with their own words, that some expressions have been taken for different readings. We can therefore easily allow that such passages might be either inaccurate quotations from memory, or short quotations made up with their own explanations and enlargements. But there is another objection often urged from the authority of Holy Scripture itself, in some such form as this: "But there are several passages in the epistles of St. Paul,‡ where he speaks of tradition as binding on the professors of the Christian faith." In all these cases, it is expressed *what* traditions he meant, the traditions of Christian truth which *he* was authorized to teach and which *he* had delivered to them: "which I delivered," "which ye received from us," and "which ye have been taught, whether by word or our Epistle."§ This Apostolic tradition was therefore the Apostolic preaching of the Gospel; it was the truth which he "had by the revelation of

\* Tertullian has one (*homo et facta ejus* "de idolat. c. 20"). Another, (*'Dominus genuavit a ligno'*) which he quotes three times, and which is found 3 times in Justin also, and one (*Sacerdotes mei non plus nubent; de Exalt.*) he has in common with Clement (vid Bishop Kaye on Tertullian, p. 315). Clemens Alex. has two in common with Barnabas, one with Irenæus, one found in Origen, one in common with Tertullian and Justin (Ibid p. 408.)

† Letters to Archdeacon Travis.

‡ 1 Cor. xi. 2. 2 Thess. ii. 15. 2 Thess. iii. 6.

• § See Professor Scholefield's Sermons before the University of Cambridge, 1840. Sermon v.

Jesus Christ' himself, "having neither received it of any man, neither been taught it;"\* and which he recorded *then*, to be the ultimate appeal, "till the mystery of God shall be finished."†

These are some of the principal objections brought against the supremacy and sufficiency of the written word of God; but, of course, as long as men love darkness rather than light, as long as "the carnal mind is enmity towards God," so long, excuses and objections will not be wanting, to evade the conclusion which we have been endeavouring to substantiate. There is, however, another form in which the adversaries of this truth frequently disguise their dislike to "the law and to the testimony;" which, while it is a more covert and plausible, is not a less effectual method of rendering the word of men independent of "God's word written;" viz., the setting up 'the Church or Tradition as the authoritative interpreter of Scripture, as is done in such statements as the following: "We may say" 'the Bible and the Bible alone,' but this is an unthankful rejection of another great gift, equally from God, such as no true Anglican can tolerate. On the other hand we proceed to take the sounder view, that the Bible is the *record* of necessary truth, or of matters of faith, and the Christian Catholic tradition is the *interpreter* of it."‡ This mode of evasion, from its seeming moderation, from its being less glaringly contradictory of the Articles and other formularies of our Church, from its admitting of several degrees of obliquity in error, and from its very easily introducing much fallacy and confusion of ideas, commonly gains a reception among nominal members of our Reformed Church more readily than the former. And yet this latter really makes tradition as independent of Scripture as the other; as these modern Theologians do not hesitate to acknowledge.§ We have not time or space to enter upon the subject as we could wish. But, at the best, what a miserable sophism is it, to separate Scripture from its interpretation! That is the word of God to us, which is received as God's word into the conceptions of our minds, and this can only be by some meaning being attached to the words.

Therefore, if, as some tell us, the Bible is a sealed book, and unintelligible without tradition to unlock its meaning, and this interpreter has authority to command our unhesitating

\* Galat. i. 12.

† Rev. x, 6.

‡ Tracts for the Times, No. 71, p. 8.

§ See the same Sermon *passim*, and compare this with the Catechism of the Council of Trent on the same point.

assent to its interpretations, then tradition and the authority of the Church is not only not subordinate to Scripture, but is in reality exalted above it.

If it be asked, then, to whom would you concede the right of reading and interpreting the Holy Scriptures; we answer unhesitatingly, to every man, woman, and child, capable of reading, and endowed with a rational and accountable soul. For whatever be the difficulties "in the word of God," both Scripture and reason assure us that a revelation of God's will would never have been made, without the means being afforded for its perusal and comprehension. Hath not our blessed Lord commanded us to "ask that we may receive,\* seek that we may find, and knock that the door of mercy may be opened to us?" and hath he not promised that "if two of his disciples shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them," &c.† And does it not accord with reason as well as with Scripture that "He who spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, will he not with him also freely give us all things?"‡ Nay, "if we being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more shall our Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"§ And hath he not promised to lead his disciples into "*all truth*," i. e. all that is necessary to salvation, if they seek for it humbly, earnestly, and perseveringly? Does not the Apostle James say, "If *any man* lack wisdom let him ask of God," &c.? Now, though undoubtedly there are in the Scriptures some things *hard* to be understood, "which those that are unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction,"|| yet, in all material and essential points, the "way of holiness" is so plain, that "the wayfar- ing men, though fools, shall not err therein."¶ Does not the Apostle Paul exhort the Colossian converts to "let the word of Christ dwell in them richly,"\*\* &c., and does he not speak of it as a great blessing, that Timothy "*from a child* had known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation?"†† Is it not recorded to the praise of Josiah, that while yet a youth, he sent and sought for, and had read before himself and his people, "the book of the covenant," which had been lost sight of, and which they were commanded to teach and explain to their children,‡‡ that they might not forget

\* Matt. vii. 7, and Luke xi. 9.

† Matt. xviii. 19, and compare Matt. xxi. 22, and John xiv. 13. 14. xv. 7, also 1 John iii. 22, and v. 14, 15.

‡ Rom viii. 32.

§ 2 Pet. iii. 16.

\*\* Col. iii. 12.

§ Luke xi. 13.

¶ Isa. xxxv. 8.

†† 2 Tim. iii. 15.

‡‡ Deut. xxxii. 4, and Exod. xii. 26, 27.



the commandments of the Lord their God, and might understand the signification of the various observances and sacred festivals instituted by God? Nothing can be more plain from Scripture than that it is not only the right, but the duty of every intelligent member of the Church, to read and judge for himself of the truths recorded in its sacred pages. That this right is conceded by our own Church is evident, not merely from the 21st Article before referred to, and from various parts of the Homilies\*, but especially from the exhortation to the Sponsors and Parents of Children, in which the latter are bid to "remember that it is your parts and duties to see that this Infant be taught, *so soon as he shall be able to learn*, what a solemn vow, promise and profession, he hath here made by you," and so forth. That these were also the views and practice of the early Church, one quotation will suffice to prove. It is an interesting extract from St. Jerome, on the duty and practice of children reading the Scriptures. Speaking of a girl under 7 years of age, he says: "When her lesson is over, let her play, let her hang on her mother's neck, let her kiss her near relatives, let her learn the Psalms as a reward."† "Let her learn what she must know, not as a matter of necessity, but as a source of pleasure, not as being obliged to it, but of her own free will. When *the seventh year of her age* shall bring her forth a blooming maid, then let her learn the book of Psalms by memory, and *until she is fully grown up*, let her continue to make the books of Solomon, the Gospels and Epistles, the very treasure of her heart." And he adds elsewhere, "Let her beware of all the Apocryphal books."‡

And after all, the question must resolve itself into this.\* For though the Christian man's interpretation of Holy Scripture is liable to err, yet it is also true that the Christian man's interpretation of the Church's interpretation, or of the Fathers' interpretation, or of Tradition's interpretation, is equally liable to err. Thus, whether the private judgment be exercised on the Holy Scriptures, or on the Church, or on the Fathers, or Tradition, it is the private judgment of the man still; and whether it be exercised *directly* on the Holy

\* See especially the Homily entitled "An Information," &c.

† Epist. ad Gendiam.

‡ Ibid. It is almost needless to remark how widely different this is from the practice of many good people, who by giving portions of Scripture to be learnt by children as a task, take the most effectual means to imbue them with an early, and therefore deep rooted prejudice to the sacred Oracles.

Scriptures, or be *one or one hundred steps removed* before it is exercised, it is the same private judgment still, as liable to err when more remote, as when more near to the fountain of truth. No, the right and privilege of reading the Scriptures has ever been held, and rightly held, among the members of the Church of Christ, and the Anglican Church of it in particular, as their best and noblest possession, their surest safeguard against priestcraft, and their best protection against error. This it was which was the chief instrument in God's hands, of releasing her from the thralldom, and degradation in which she, in common with the other Churches of Christendom, had been held by the usurping power of Papal Rome. The Bible is the surest charter of our freedom both as a Church and nation; and if the time should ever come (which God in his mercy forbid!) when the word of God shall have to resign its place in the people's affections and confidence, for the uncertain traditions of fallible men, so surely will the Church (and with the Church, the people) of England lose the proud position which she now holds among the Churches of Christendom, as the Defender of the Faith, "the keeper and witness of truth." Her fall will be as inevitable as that of God's ancient people, who had "made void the law of God by their traditions." Away, then, with the flimsy sophistry, which, while allowing the supremacy of Holy Scripture, and even conceding the liberty of reading the Oracles of truth, to all who have souls to save, and hearts and minds to comprehend them, would nevertheless strive to nullify this privilege by depriving us of the right of interpreting the Bible according to the light which God vouchsafes for this very purpose. What is this, but giving bread to the hungry, but refusing permission to eat it, or giving water to the thirsty, but withholding the power to drink of that fountain, which, if a man drink thereof, "it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

God forbid that we should be of the number, or share in the doom, of those who, while they have the key of knowledge, not only will not enter into the kingdom of heaven themselves, but seek to shut out those who are seeking to enter in! "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."\* W.

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\* John iii. 19-21.

## V.

## EL JAROCHO.

My gaming mischance had disconcerted my plan of route. It was no longer possible to reach Vera Cruz, as I had intended, that night. My horse had not, it is true, much flesh to carry, but it had not strength to carry *that*. I resolved therefore to pass the night at *Manantial*, a little village which, I guessed, could not be much more than a league off. I had thus plenty of time on my hands, and I set off at a footpace through a belt of forest which encloses the arid *littoral* of Vera Cruz. The relief was immense on entering the shade of the thick jungle; and the interest of the strange scenery was not small. There were lofty palms, stretching their shining arms almost to the ground; the cocoa-tree, waving aloft its broad fans; and the silk-tree—the most untidy of the sylvan brood—shedding long white flakes from its burst pods, upon the wind. These are the patricians of the forest: but there was no lack of “plebeian underwood” either. Parasites of all kinds scale the taller trees, and, leaping from them to others, weave a tough net-work through which it is not always easy to find a passage. Nearer the earth’s surface, bushes and shrubs, some of rare beauty, but nearly all prickly, swarm with a closeness which only those who have witnessed tropical vegetation can imagine. Could I have transplanted to Europe but a portion of the rare and beautiful plants around me—the *armurs* with their glazed *calices*—and *gobéas* with their garlands of variegated bells—I might have made my fortune; but, as it was, they merely enlivened my road, whilst they somewhat obstructed my progress.

It is a curious thing to watch the various aspects which these tropical woods assume at different hours of the day. Towards noon, the strong vegetation fairly droops beneath the fire of the sun’s rays. A hot wind drives fiercely through the most impervious thickets, seeming to wither there all forms of life. The wild beasts, the birds, insects, plants, all are still—all seem dormant beneath the glowing blast: but when the sun has released all save the highest tree-tops from its tyranny—when the vapour slowly leaves the earth to visit it again, a little later, as a dew, these silent woods have a period of prodigious vitality. The parrots and all birds now find their voices with a vengeance. The insects, not much behind them, hum, buzz and crack all around. The very.

plants rustle out most vivacious colloquies. With night-fall there arrives a last transformation of the forest-world. The warbling, twittering and screaming, become rarer and more subdued, and at last expire : the various tints of foliage become confounded in one deep shade ; and a certain transparency of atmosphere sharpens all outlines, whilst it softens and blends all details. But the silence which now spreads must not be confounded with the sort of lethargy which prevails at noon. The night has its mysterious harmonies, as twilight has its tumultuous voices. The night-wind breathes through the net-work of tendrils and parasites, as it were through an Æolian harp, in cadences occasionally of touching melody. The dry leaves seem to shudder, as if beneath the coils of some slimy and venomous reptile, whilst the *cenzontle*, or mocking bird, repeats and multiplies every different sound as it occurs..

As the day advanced, the sea-breeze began to penetrate the forest—the heat became supportable ; but, on the other hand, a new source of annoyance presented itself : parrots, green as the foliage which sheltered them, made their multitudinous apparition, and testified their presence by the most infernal storm of screaming that ever deafened and bewildered a traveller of tender nerves. I became soon wild with irritation, and pounding with my heels the wretched brute which replaced my poor friend Storm, until its ribs were almost crunched, we lumbered on in the path which I judged would lead me to Manantial.

After half an hour's slow and worrying march which seemed to be a subject of mocking to ten million parrots, I descried a cavalier pursuing the same path as myself at a still slower pace, though some hundred yards ahead. This cavalier, who wore the same costume as those who had interrupted our match at Monte, seemed to be in a not much better temper than myself ; I could see him, leaning to one side of his saddle in the manner of the Jarocho, use every effort to urge on his quadruped at a swifter pace, clenching his fist the while, and shaking it toward the sky, with all the symptoms of a concentrated wrath. Delighted with meeting a companion in misfortune, I thought it my duty to offer him the tribute of my sympathy, and I succeeded considerably beyond my hopes. Scarcely, by dint of spurring, had I brought my horse on a level with his, when the irritation to which the Jarocho had seemed a prey, was converted into unfeigned and boisterous merriment :—

“ Are you laughing at me, pray ? ” I demanded, fiercely

enough, for in my [any thing but] placid mood, his burst of gaiety seemed an insult quite intolerable.

"At you, Señor Caballero, no!" replied the Jarocho, "but you will excuse me if, at the sight of your steed, I was quite unable to preserve my good manners."

"And yet my horse does not seem to me so much uglier than your own." I retorted, very much shocked at his explanation.

"Perhaps not; but still it *is uglier*: it is a satisfaction which I could never have hoped to find: and of which I am making the most, without displeasing you, I hope."

And again the cavalier burst into such a fit of tempestuous laughter, that, though my first impulse was to blow his brains out, the contagion was irresistible, and my second was to shriek and writhe with laughter as much as himself. So appalling was the uproar we raised, so wild and strange the sounds we emitted in our insane paroxysm, that the very parrots were stunned into silence. Nevertheless the fit passed off, and we continued our route side by side, without for some time exchanging a word. At last, I broke the silence, if silence it could be called, now that the parrots had resumed their diabolical din; remembering the last words of the two horsemen who had surprised us at the game which had proved so disastrous to me, I said:—

"So you have, I hear, a *fandango* at Manantial?"

"Yes, the worse luck! I had promised ña\* Sacramenta a bunch of pink ribbons, and here I am returning without having been able to find a scrap in all the neighbourhood. When you came up, I was abusing my evil genius. Perhaps you are coming to Manantial for the fandango."

"I am going to Manantial, but only owing to an unlucky accident. I had counted otherwise on sleeping to-night at Vera Cruz."

"You will not be sorry I hope for the delay; there will be a large meeting to-morrow, and a gay spectacle; but where shall you stay at Manantial, for there is no inn?"

"With you; I would say if I dared."

The Jarocho bowed courteously as a silent acceptance, and began a dazzling enumeration of the pleasures which awaited me. My host was still talking, when we arrived at Manantial.

An open glade, overshadowed by tall trees, and exhaling perfume from numerous rare and beautiful shrubs, was stud-

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\* Ña; a Jarocho contraction of "doña."

ded with a score or two of rustic cottages, built of bamboo, and thatched with palm leaves. This was Manantial. Its population also could be embraced with one glance. A rehearsal of to-morrow's festival seemed to be in progress. A group of maidens and young men were threading the complicated steps of some local dance, to the monotonous sound of mandolines. As we walked our horses close to the circle formed round the dancers, a burst of acclamation apprised me of the name of my companion:—

"Ah, here is Calros!" cried several voices, and numerous hands were outstretched in friendly welcome; but the Jarocho appeared to return their cordial salutations with only half an interest: his eyes were fixed upon the fairer portion of the dancers, and by following his glance, I could easily distinguish the object which especially pre-occupied him. This was a young girl, moving with light and graceful steps through the intricacies of the dance. Her simple dress was of white muslin: but her head-dress, which was also worn by some other of the maidens, struck me as being so strange and beautiful, as to make by comparison even the diamonds of an Esterhazy "pale their ineffectual fires." A wreath of the white flowers of the *sachil*, interspersed with glow-worms confined, and was itself secured by, her abundant tresses. Strange as it may appear in the more brilliant assemblies of civilized lands, I have seen no *coiffure* to rival the mysterious and charming effect of this Jarocho head-dress. By the moonlight which played upon the face and white shoulders of Doña Sacramenta, you might have taken her, with her weird coronet, for one of the nightly fairies dancing in the haunted ring, whilst all else sleeps through out the glades of the forest.

The indifferent and almost scornful glance, which the young girl shot in the direction of the Jarocho, together with the jealous anger which his features expressed, revealed to me one of those painful dramas—one of those struggles of passion and coquetry, which are to be met with, alas! every where under the sun. And yet Calros did not appear a man likely to have his homage disdained. A decided air of distinction enhanced the masculine beauty of his face and figure. The dance came to a conclusion, and the Jarocho advanced straight towards the object of his anxiety, without troubling himself any more about me, than if I had only the difficulty of choosing an entertainer. As he drew near her, he dismounted. I was too far off to catch his words, but the gestures of the two were sufficiently explanatory. It was

quite clear that Calros was excusing himself concerning the pink ribbons which he had failed to obtain, and it was equally clear that he was pleading his cause with only mediocre success. A mocking smile sat fixed on the features of the young girl, and her large black eyes expressed so pitiless an irony, that the poor fellow seemed quite disconcerted. As he listened to her reply his hand involuntarily sought the handle of his knife, and a still darker shade clouded his countenance. Then, recalling his manly pride, he made two steps backwards, and, with a low bow, turned to remount his horse. Nevertheless, whilst just on the point of springing to the saddle, he threw a last look, though an angry one, at the young maiden. Sacramenta replied to it by a motion of the head, inspired by the very goddess of coquetry; whether by accident or design, the *suchil* fell from her hair to the ground, at her feet, and the Jarocho regarded the little flower with an air of hesitation. Sacramenta at first appeared not to notice his look of doubt, but then, whilst her two hands arranged her odorous coiffure, she, by a gesture of coquetry that would have done honor to a Parisian saloon, indicated with the point of her little satin slipper the flower, as it lay on the grass. A gleam of ineffable joy at once illumined the countenance of the Jarocho, who threw himself impetuously on the fragile gage of hope, and then springing on his saddle was soon lost in the dark.

‘It was evident that, in the excess of his happiness, Calros had entirely forgotten me; this was quite natural, but it was natural also that I should be disinclined to pass the night in the open air. I set off, therefore, in search of my fugitive host. “Oh! Señor Don Calros,” I called out to him from a distance, “you have forgotten, I think, the hospitality which you so gracefully offered me.”

“Ten thousand pardons, Señor Caballero,” he said, stopping at once; “you cannot think how absent I sometimes am.”

“I can well believe it,” I rejoined, “and have no right to be surprised at your having forgotten a stranger whom you met by chance, and whose importunity nothing but necessity can excuse.”

“With us, Señor, a stranger is every where a guest. My hospitality however will not be gratuitous, for you can more than repay me by your advice.”

“With all my heart,” I answered; and we set off towards the cottage of the Jarocho. It was a *jacal*, or stockade cabin, like nearly all the houses in Manantial. A small enclosure for a flock of goats was attached to the dwelling. The cot-

tage itself was divided by cane-mats or screens into three apartments. In one of these rooms an aged woman was preparing supper, at a charcoal fire, which alone illuminated the Jarocho's habitation. The old lady was Calros's mother. Whilst we unsaddled our horses, he explained to her the circumstances of our meeting, and this introduction was scarcely concluded, when the supper was declared to be ready. It consisted of rice boiled in milk, of fried plantains, and those red beans which enjoy such a merited reputation throughout the whole of Mexico. When we had finished our frugal repast, the mother of my host retired; and Calros and I, stretched on our blankets near the outer door, gazed contemplatively out upon the night scene. For a long time we kept silence: and for my part, I have often thought that the dreamy meditations to which the balmy nights invite you, are the best part of a tropical life. Suddenly the voice of the Jarocho reminded me that the time was come, when I must pay for his hospitality:—

“Did you see *ñia* Sacramento?” he asked.

“The pretty girl with the glow-worms in her hair?”

“Aye! Is she not beautiful! Well, some six months since, at a *jandango* where, strange to say, I was not present, there was a quarrel concerning her. It ended in a man's death: the murderer was well mounted, and escaped. The victim was related to me: I was therefore designated by Jarocho custom as his avenger. I can't say I grieved much for his death; because he, too, loved Sacramento, and all who love her are my enemies: still, I accepted the task which our point of honour imposed on me. Now, if this engagement had involved nothing more than meeting the murderer knife to knife, it would have been simple enough, and would not have taken me long: but it was unfortunately necessary first to find the delinquent, and for that purpose to visit every single village of the district. I then discovered how much I loved Sacramento—that I loved her more than my life, more, I fear, than my honour. You can tell the approach of a hurricane when there is not yet a cloud in the sky of the size of a man's hand; the *jaguar* leaves no scent, and the *puma's* foot scarcely prints the sand, yet I will bring you straight upon the lair of either: but where is the man who can read a woman's heart? 'Twenty times I have felt sure that Sacramento loved me, and twenty times I have despaired, and I doubt still; how could I leave her, to pursue, perhaps for months, my cousin's murderer, with this question unsolved. This morning I might have gone certain that I was despised; and to-morrow I could almost venture to hope.”



"And has the *suchil*, then, such marvellous power in its simple petals over the heart of man?" I interrupted.

"What!" exclaimed the Jarocho, "have you the gift of seeing what no one, I was sure, could have seen?"

"I am no magician. I saw nothing but what all might have seen. Surely, when a woman gives to the man who loves her a flower which she has worn, she must know that it will be considered as a permission at least to hope."

"Pray God you are right!" exclaimed the Jarocho, springing to his feet; but then, sadly rescating himself, he added:

"But, alas! it is not the first token I have received thus; and what can assure me that some slight will not to-morrow again plunge me back into uncertainty, or into despair? From the day *ñā* Sacramenta came first to live at Manantial, and that is a year ago, my life has been passed in this way between mad exultation and womanish sorrow: and all this while there is a murder unavenged. Therefore I am at last resolved: I will not stay at Manantial one day beyond that which to-morrow's sun will illumine. And yet, señor, it is no little effort by which I shall tear myself away from this village where I was born, where I have always lived, where I am known and loved, and which I love . . . far less, however, on these accounts, than because *she* inhabits it."

"But is there no way," I asked; "of reconciling your duty with your love? Had the man who was killed no other male relative than you? Could you not devolve the task—at any rate, the search—upon some one else?"

"No, señor, I am alone of my blood. There is the mother that bore me, and the girl that I adore: beyond friendship I have no other living tie; and yet the one of these is old and must die, and the other is young and will forget. I shall depart the morning after to-morrow. Still, señor Caballero, there is a way . . . only . . . in short, a guest, according to our Jarocho usages, is more than a friend, he is one of the family of his host—he may use the privileges, and may assume the responsibilities of a relative. Should you, therefore, be so disposed, you have the right to replace me, to hunt out him who slew basely the cousin of your host, and to make him answer for it, sword in hand. This you have *the right* to do, and no Jarocho in the land will say you have done otherwise than well."

"It would be an honourable enterprise," I modestly replied; "and the quality of guest becomes additionally valuable since it involves such an intimate connection with you; nevertheless the responsibility would be too great, the search

especially would require—to be successful—greater local knowledge than I possess; and the utmost I can therefore offer, is to be the companion of your pursuit, and to aid you, should occasion offer.”

“I had no right to expect more,” answered Calros, “and am grateful for so much.”

This delicate point settled to our mutual satisfaction, especially to mine, we began to think of sleep. Stretched in the doorway, and wrapped in our blankets, we listened drowsily to the nocturnal noises of the forest—the chirping of grasshoppers, and the occasional lowing of herds. The cool wind fanned us, and its sough through the trees was so soporific, that we were soon asleep. Then confused dreams blended the events of the past day with earlier adventures. At last the chaos of visions resolved itself into a comparatively definite form, as mounted on Storm, I valiantly engaged in single combat, as the substitute of Calros, with Don Tomas, whose head, whimsically metamorphosed into Cecilio’s, I presented as a *cadeau de nocces* to Sacramenta, on her marriage with Don Blas.

The next morning I did not awake until the sun was high enough to make me regret that I could not sleep eight hours longer. My host was already up and dressed, and his picturesque, and almost elegant toilet, was enough to remind me that there was this day a festival at Manantial. A chain of Venice pearls, with little mirrors at intervals, was wound round the crown of his hat; his shirt of the finest cambric, was richly worked; the waist buttons of his light blue velvet breeches were nothing less than double piastres, whilst in place of those which usually stud the outside of the leg from the waist to the foot, the magnificent Calros, wore silver *reals*: his boots were of Cordovan leather, and his *machete*, brighter if possible than usual, glittered in a sword belt of crimson silk. Altogether, the Jarocho presented an appearance, half brigand half cavalier, from which I augured favorably for his love affairs.

Calros himself appeared to be beaming with joy, except when at intervals he curled pensively on his finger the long ends of his moustache. I asked him the subject of his grave meditations.

“Ah! if you would only take the task of vengeance upon you,” he replied with a sigh, “I should be free from the care which even to-day I shall not otherwise be able to throw off.”

“What, does your oath forbid you to drink, sing or game?”

“No! but it prevents my fighting; and what is a fandango

worthy, without some brisk little affair to give it a zest ! Well, well, one can't have all pleasures at once. I'll sing the louder, play higher, and drink the more in compensation."

I doubted much the soothing properties of cards, and Spanish brandy, but I affected to be convinced that the proposed remedy was a sovereign one, in order, in the first place, to please my host, and in the next, to divert him from again appealing to my valour.

All Manantial now wore a gala dress. At the door of almost every house women might be seen, adorning their dresses of white muslin, and their dark hair, with flowers, coral, or strings of coins ; horsemen were arriving every instant, who, immediately on dismounting, resorted to the extempore booths where cold water, orangeade, *tepashe*, and Catalan brandy were sold. Cards were already in high request, and money clinking plentifully. Soon the bulk of the population of all the villages in the Jarocho district poured in on foot. The crowd was now really considerable. Circles were formed round numerous gaming tables, guitars and mandolines tinkled every here and there, and many a singer of high local repute poured forth popular songs to large, and not indifferent auditories ; but it was especially around the area set apart for the dance, that the fashionables of Manantial were congregated. It is a curious custom of this part of Mexico, for the ladies alone to take active part in the dance—the men merely enacting the part of spectators, snapping their fingers, or beating time with their hands, or, at most, accompanying the measure on, the mandoline or guitar. Thus, when the village musicians, seating themselves with much form and deliberation, commenced a prelude in unison, some eight or ten *danseuses* instantly answered the appeal, by presenting themselves on the stage, and commenced the curious, but rather monotonous dance called *bamba*. The chief merit in this exhibition consists in the steadiness with which the dancers can hold goblets brim-full of water, or the neatness with which they can entangle, and then extricate themselves from, the folds of a long scarf which they wind round their heads, arms and persons—the steps of the dance, meanwhile, being extremely complicated, and the measure becoming ever quicker and quicker. Many of the ladies had vehement partisans; and the applause and rivalry was considerable and noisy. Still the interest excited by this dance was much inferior to that accorded to the next, called the *petenera*. This time the stage was completely surrounded by eager spectators, whilst, among the women who advanced into the centre, it was easy to recognize,

by her graceful and piquante beauty—Doña Sacramenta,—her whom my host, in the florid language of his tribe, called his *querido angel humanal*—his beloved woman angel. A full, but rather short, petticoat of clear muslin spread from her slender waist. Her rounded arms, gilt rather than embrowned by the sun, issued from the profuse broidery and lace of her cambric chemise. A chemisette, also of the finest cambric, veiled rather ineffectually her beautifully formed bosom; her feet were well set off by their open-worked silk stockings, and little satin shoes; and a chain of massive gold was entwined in her fine and abundant hair.\* Her long lashes, drooping beneath the ardent glances directed towards her from all sides, were relieved by the clear paleness of her complexion. Still, hers was no longer the calm and mysterious beauty which I had admired, by the pale rays of last night's moon, as something almost unearthly; she was now, under the blazing sun, the fascinating and passionate woman of the torrid zone.

Counting from this moment, a new and fiercer excitement, nourished by multiplied libations, and fostered by the fiery heat, spread and grew amongst the spectators.

"Ah!" said, close to my side, a grey-haired Jarocho, "at the last fandango at Malibran,\* Quilimaco lost one of his ears, and Juan de Dios the end of his nose, for a girl who was not worth a single lock of yonder one's hair."

"Patience, †*tio*," replied another, "the pretty Sacramenta must have more than one suitor in the village; and I prophesy that before night, she will make the *machete* dance prettily."

I began now to perceive that there were, amongst the spectators assembled around the *dunseuses*, two principal groups. In the one a Jarocho, quite as sumptuously attired as my host, seemed by his confident attitude, to be the chief; whilst the other was composed of the adherents of my friend Calros. It certainly was *not* likely that the crowd would go away dissatisfied, as is always the case when the fête passes off without bloodshed. Inspired by the hope of a collision, the musicians rattled their guitars with redoubled ardour; there was a murmur of discord in the very air. I hastened, in obedience to my duty as guest, to place myself by the side of my host, who watched with jealous care every

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\* A little village three leagues from Vera Cruz.

† Literally, *uncle*, a familiar word used, like *gosse* or *compère*, without any reference to relationship.

movement of Sacramenta. I remarked that the young girl did not vouchsafe him even a glance in return for all his impassioned looks.

"You see," he whispered to me, "hope yesterday, and despair to-day! such is my lot. To-morrow, therefore, we will set off."

The expression of Calrós's voice and features betrayed such poignant emotion, that I heartily execrated the merciless coquetry which could thus sport with so fervent a love.

"Ah!" he resumed, "she has not forgiven me for not bringing her those wretched red ribbons."

At this moment his competitor advanced to the stage, and, uncovering his head, presented his hat to Doña Sacramenta with easy grace. She received it, smiling, and placed it on her head, without interrupting in any way the prescribed evolutions of the dance. Calrós looked on unmoved, save that he made an almost imperceptible sign to one of his adherents. He accordingly advanced, and, in the same manner, presented *his* hat to the fair dancer. Courtesy required that the lady should shew no preference in such a case; and she continued, therefore, the dance, holding a hat in either hand. The advantage of seeing his hat permanently worn by Sacramenta would fall, according to usage, to the third who should offer himself. This was, as I anticipated, no other than Calrós. Instantly a look of marked defiance was exchanged by the rivals; and again, the guitars and mandolines struck up with increased spirit. The male part of the spectators looked at each other—as if in congratulation upon the warlike prospects. The women, meanwhile, whispered, and smiled, or sneered, at the absorbing sensation excited by Sacramenta. Suddenly a deep and strong voice called out from near the orchestra "*Bamba!*"\* The songs ceased at once: only a single instrument preluded a favourite Jarocho air, to which the rival of Calrós sang, with more energy than sweetness, the following words:—

De tu voluntad confío  
Pero fiel te he de advertir  
Que si ere la vida mía  
No me dej en que sentir.

I doubt not of thy truth, my fair;  
And yet, if thou *art* mine,  
Those eyes, which all *my* heaven are,  
Must not on others shine.

The adherents of the Jarocho repeated with shouts, which were directed obviously towards Calrós, the last lines:—

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\* The exclamation used in Mexico to claim silence for a toast. *Letra* is the corresponding response.

"Those eyes which all my Heaven are,  
Must not on others shine."

The challenge was promptly answered by my host, who, tapping strongly with his finger on the wood of one of the musicians' guitars, called out "*Letra!*"—and then sang, to the same air, as follows:—

Si me quieraj alma mia.  
No quieraj otro conmigo.  
Que si compartej tu amor,  
No quiero amor compartido

If, lady, that thou art my own,  
Forebear to cause me rue;  
Thy love may be the life of one,  
Or, aye, the death of two.

It was now the turn for the friends of Calros to sing in chorus:—

"Thy love may be the life of one,  
Or, aye, the death of two."

In proportion as the time was evidently approaching when the passions of the rivals would burst all bounds, their faces, by a sort of intuition of chivalry, assumed a mask of courteous tranquillity. Whilst Calros sang his verse, his opponent had retired into a circle of his friends, from whence he now issued to pursue the musical duel:—

Le diraj a ese tu amante  
A ese mi competidor  
Que si trae jierro y valor  
Que se me pare delante.

But should there e'er a rival prove,  
His falchion let him bare,  
The man that has a mind to love,  
Should have a heart to dare.

And he rolled the apple of discord a step further, by joining in the chorus with a decided accent of mockery:—

"The man that has a mind to love,  
Should have a heart to dare."

But Calros was better bred, or his self-command was greater—perceiving that the crisis was certain, and needed no insults to accelerate it—he calmly returned:—

Que se me pare delante  
Este traidor, falso amigo --  
Dile, mi vida, al tunante  
Que el valor anda conmigo.

Is there a rival in the field,  
Bid him defiance loud;  
My boast is—to the fair to yield,  
And trample on the proud.

It was amidst the thundering acclamations with which the last lines were repeated, that Sacramenta brought to a conclusion the dance which she had continued throughout this heroic pastoral. Now, pale and trembling, (though, as it

seemed to me, not altogether ungratified) with down-cast eyes, and heaving bosom, she withdrew herself from the arena, followed by the other women, and by the musicians, who had learnt, probably, from experience, that their instruments were apt to become the first victims of an affray. All was now confusion ; Calros was already in the centre of the stage, with his long knife gleaming bare in his hand, and the pleasures of the fête were just about to receive, according to his ideas, a brilliant consummation, when an old woman, piercing the crowd, threw herself before him :—

“ It is a disgrace, *ñor don Calros*,” she cried, “ to take up a silly quarrel in this way, whilst a blood-relation treacherously slain, lies unavenged. For shame !”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! *ña Josefita*,” returned Calros, endeavouring to hide his annoyance at the unseasonable interruption, under an affectation of careless good humour ; “ what a noise you make about nothing ! why, it is the dead man’s own interest that I am principally consulting ; for, if I am to give a good account of his murderer, it is, you see, absolutely necessary that I should keep my hand in.”

“ And if, by chance, you were to lose this same hand of your’s to-day, who would there be then to avenge my son ?”

“ Well, that certainly is a knock-down argument,” replied Calros : “ you women are always spoiling sport. Some one else then,” he continued sulkily, “ may take my place, provided always that my antagonist consents.”

His rival bowed ; and cocking his hat over one ear, resting his left hand on the handle of his *machete*, and advancing his right leg, he cried with majestic condescension :—

“ What is all this to me ? All I care for is, that our guests may not go away, saying that the men of Manantial gave a fandango ; but were afraid to close it worthily. Therefore, since I cannot fight for the light eyes of *ña Sacramenta*”—and here the speaker smiled on that young lady with an air of ineffable conceit, “ I am ready to play any one that chooses for a bottle of brandy the first blood.”

Applause here interrupted the orator ; who continued with sublime assurance :—

“ Only, it is but fair to say, having lost my last *real*, an hour ago, on the ace of hearts, I am utterly unable to pay ; and shall therefore be compelled to win. Settle, then, among yourselves, who will be my victim.”

All the insolence of this thoroughly Jarocho speech told upon poor Calros, whose misery was at its height, when his rival added :—

“Come, Don Calros, you have no doubt plenty of friends anxious to replace you.”

For a profound silence had succeeded to the first enthusiasm amongst the spectators. None of them seemed to find the prospect of paying for the public amusement in person, and, still more, in pocket, at all seductive ; and I was not without terror, lest my host should return to his pet project of using me as his substitute. Luckily an unexpected incident came to save the honour of Manantial.

By the road, which had brought me over-night to Manantial, a stranger was descried advancing at the utmost speed of his horse, which (like all those of the Tierra Caliente) had a lanky neck, and by no means tremendous paces. The eyes of all were directed curiously towards him. I, however, was almost the only person present who recognized him. He was the Jarocho who, the day before, had interrupted my ill-omened game at *monte*. The stranger, satisfied at having extorted a curvet or two from his pacific quadruped, dismounted ; and, advancing without a word to the centre of the stage, drew his *machete*, which was adorned with a bunch of, *pink* ribbons, and tracing with it a circle on the ground, plunged it by the point into the centre of the space. This proceeding appeared to excite intense emotion. It was the arrogant defiance of a whole population by a single stranger. For my part, I began to fancy that I was witnessing the reproduction of one of Ariosto's chivalrous episodes. There was the antagonist, that the rival of Calros had so much desired, dropped to his wish, as it were from the clouds. Every one turned to look for that boastful gentleman, but he was nowhere to be seen. No doubt he had recognized the new-comer as too redoubtable an adversary, and in the confusion excited by his arrival, had taken himself off. The stranger, who reminded me of some antique paladin, whose tongue a vow had chained, stepped proudly to one of the surrounding *ventorrillos*, and, ringing a piastre on the board, demanded by a gesture a large glass of brandy, and then carried the full goblet to his lips ; but, as one who scorned to use spurs to his courage, he only tasted the liquor, and then threw the glass and its contents over his head. According to Jarocho ideas, it was impossible to do the thing more magnificently. Assured therefore that he had made a becoming *début*, the new-comer looked calmly round the assembly, fixing a steady, but not



rude glance, on each in turn of the individuals who composed it. *He was waiting.*

All Manantial regarded the bold stranger with admiration ; but none, save my friend Calros, shewed any anxiety to encounter the brilliant champion ; and Calros was shackled by his vow ! In Jarocho estimation, such an engagement was a very stringent thing, and Calros was a Jarocho all over. He might therefore have remained faithful to his pledge, but for one unfortunate and irresistible temptation. "

Our readers may remember that it was *a propos* to some pink ribbons that Calros had the evening before incurred such sad disgrace with Sacramenta. Now it precisely happened that the stranger's *machete* was adorned with a bunch of ribbons of a fine rose-colour. The struggle which this sight excited in the bosom of Calros must have imperilled his intestines : but it did not last long. For a minute he was plunged into the brownest of studies, which resulted, I grieve to say, in this indecorous expression :—

" Bother the old hag ! " he whispered to me, " Sacramenta *must* have those red ribbons."

Then, rising suddenly, he planted his knife in the ground close to that of the stranger. The challenge was thus accepted. The unknown raised his hat politely ; and, after contemplating his opponent for a moment, threw a rapid glance towards the group of women and maidens (who stood a short distance apart) as if in search of one to whom especially to dedicate the homage of his valour. He at once distinguished the beautiful Sacramenta ; and advancing with graceful ease towards her :—

" The fandangos of Medellin," he said, " have lost all their attraction since Doña Sacramenta is no longer there to grace them. May I hope that she has not altogether forgotten them, nor one who, then as now, was one of her most fervent adorers (*apasionados*) ?"

As the young girl was about to reply, Calros, whose jealousy was of the most vigilant description, stepped forward and interposed a word :—

" A thousand pardons ! Señor Caballero," he said ; " but I happen to be particularly fond of pink ribbons : would it please you to stake those which decorate your *machete* on the first blood ?"

" Most readily," replied the stranger ; " I was about to offer them as a poor tribute to the lovely Sacramenta. I am bounden to you, Señor, for devising a means of rendering them less unworthy her acceptance, by making them the price of blood shed in her honour."

Accompanying 'this speech with a courteous smile, he uncovered himself, and, hat in hand, withdrew his knife from the earth into which he had plunged it. Calros also took off his hat, and resumed his *machete*.

The antagonists precluded with a contest of politeness; the object being for each to be the last to put on his hat. After much ado, the two Jarocho (as the usage is) terminated the question by covering their heads at the same instant. An old man then advanced, charged with the duty of choosing the ground, with reference to the sun and the wind. This accomplished, the two combatants placed themselves in face of each other: an eager circle closed around them, and all awaited the signal. Assuredly, if the stranger was as skilful, as he seemed brave and well-bred, he would be a dangerous enemy! I felt really anxious for Calros, to whom the issue of the contest was fraught with peril both to his love and honor. The signal was given in the midst of a silence so profound, that, despite the numerous assemblage, not a sound was heard save the faint breathing of the wind through the surrounding trees.

The two rivals began by such a furious storm of strokes and thrusts as could only end, I thought, in the death or mutilation of one party. But the defence was on both sides as prompt and steady as the attack was fierce; however swiftly the knife of one might whirl through the air in the direction of the other's side, that other's steel was sure to interpose, or a sudden bound, backwards, or to one side, to disappoint the attempt. After the bewildering rapidity of thrusts and parries which commenced the battle had somewhat subsided, it became evident to me that Calros was assuming the part of assailant, and that the stranger was far more anxious to injure his adversary in his reputation than in his life. Now in these contests, the point of honour consists principally in defending *the hand* which is the part most difficult to protect—the *machete* of the Jarocho being altogether without cross or guard. A wounded hand is perpetual ignominy, to a Jarocho swordsman: Death itself is almost a trifle to such a disgrace. Now, unfortunately for Calros, the pink ribbons which floated from the hilt of his rival's knife protected the latter's hand more effectually perhaps, than any skill could have done. The ribbons were for Sacramenta: no blood therefore must befoul them. On this—the most endangered side—the stranger was therefore secure, and left free to watch his opportunity to deliver the sliding stroke which should maim his adversary, and ruin him, for ever in the love of Sacramenta, and the esti-

mation of his village. This opportunity had apparently arrived. The combatants had, in their alternate advances and retreats, trampled over a considerable space, and the crowd around them was often compelled to break suddenly and retire before some unusually rapid movement of the swordsmen. On one occasion this was scarcely done in sufficient time, and the combatants had almost fallen over some of the spectators. One of the clumsiest of these, indeed, did touch the heel of Calros, not however so as to throw him off his balance, or even off his guard; nevertheless at that moment the knife of the stranger, by a rapid plunge, or glide, slid with a hissing sound along and beneath that of Calros: one inch more, and my host's disengaged fingers would have dropped his useless weapon, but a rapid turn of Calros' wrist diverted the insidious blow to a less dishonouring spot. He received indeed a wound upon the arm, a little above the wrist, but not before a red spot had appeared upon the stranger's shoulder, which, spreading rapidly, soon empurpled his whole shirt. The question now was, which wound had been the first inflicted? To my eye, the two blows had been exactly simultaneous; but it was not possible so to deceive the watchfulness of the judges of the field. By long practice their coup d'œil becomes absolutely infallible; and the stranger himself never dreamed of appealing against their decision; but, detaching the ribbons which adorned the hilt of his weapon, he presented them upon its point to his successful opponent. This was acknowledging himself conquered; still he completely won by his temper and courtesy the good-will of all the spectators, and, despite his defeat, almost divided with Calros the honours of the day. There was but one of the proposed results of victory wanting to him, but *for that* he would gladly have sacrificed all the rest. A deadly paleness had, during the fight, covered the cheeks of Sacramenta, which, as Calros advanced to lay his trophies at her feet, was now succeeded by a bright blush. As she received and fastened to her waist the ribbons, which her adorer had so well won, the stormy heaving of her bosom, a soft but radiant smile, looks which no longer sought the ground, told the Jarocho right eloquently, that his mistress attached as much value to that poor knot of ribbon, as he did to the faded flower of the *Suchil*, which, since the previous night, had never left his heart.

A sort of delicacy, in which the Jarochoes are not inferior to more civilized societies, had permitted this last episode to pass almost unwatched. The male population of Manantial surrounded the stranger, who on his part invited them ep-

*masse* to the *ventorillo*. Calros soon joined the party there : and the two rivals now contested the palm of prodigality to the huge contentment of their guests, who appreciated the full flavour of gratuitous *eau-de-vie* as sensibly as the credit which must redound, throughout the district, to their village as having given so brilliant a *fandango*. For my part, I was about to introduce myself to the recollection of the graceful and chivalrous stranger, when the general attention was attracted by the approach of a horseman, unusually well-mounted, at the utmost speed of his horse. I recognized him at once as the stranger who, the day before, had in my presence given rendezvous to the Jarocho at the *fandango* of Manantial. At the sight of the blood which stained the shirt of the rival of Calros, the new-comer exclaimed :—

“Ah ! you have been amusing yourselves, I see, comrade !”

“We have done our best to pass away the time, friend Ventura,” replied the Jarocho.

“Well, did I not tell you so ?” returned the other, pointing to the sky, along which heavy masses of cloud were drifting slowly to join a dense bank which covered the whole of the western horizon, “we shall have work on the beach, depend upon it. Are you inclined to accompany me ?”

“At once, if you like,” replied the stranger rather sadly, “for I fear I have nothing more to keep me here.”

The two friends then mounted their horses, and, exchanging salutations, kind words or grasps of the hand with those around them, set off at speed. Their departure closed the *fête*.

The name of the rival of Calros was (some one had heard) Julianio ; I had heard the other called Ventura by his friend. But who were they ? From what village did they come ? How did they live ? None, even of the Jarochos, could answer these questions.

That evening as I lay in my blanket by the side of Calros, watching the clouds, as they obscured alternately and revealed the stars, I was about to question him upon the subject, when I was interrupted by the approach of an old woman, scrupulously muffled up in a *reboso* which only permitted two gleaming eyes to be distinguished of her features. Calros, nevertheless, at once knew her to be Josefa : I no longer wondered that she was considered *no that canny* amongst the superstitious Jarochos, she was the very stage-idea of a sorceress.

"I have a message for you, Don Carlos. Come! and the lips you think the sweetest in the world, will tell you to set out on your sacred errand at once—that you will find a tender welcome on your return, unless your death shall have left a heart dark for ever."

The Jarocho sprang up without a word, and followed the old woman. An hour later, he returned, and his face was absolutely radiant with joy. He affected however to be dismal:—

"It is very hard," he said, "to have to quit Sacramenta, and all I value, for this wild-goose chase. But I no longer have a pretence for delay, so we will start, señor, by your leave, at day-light. We will make first for the coast; Jósefa assures me that the pilot Ventura will put us on the scent, and that *he* is to be found at *Boca-del-Rio*."

"What! Is Ventura a pilot? He seems mightily at home on horseback, and very well-mounted for a pilot! And who then is Juliano? What can a Jarocho have to do with the sea?"

My host, on this point, did not seem communicative:—"Yes!" he said; "*Ventura the pilot*, so he is called. As for Juliano, he has the presumption to love *ñu* Sacramenta certainly: but otherwise he is a *caballero*. I know nothing against him. But you will perhaps, señor, know more of them both to-morrow. Good night!"

The next morning, before day-light, we saddled our horses, and quitted the village, which was scarcely visible in the thick morning mist.

[ *Translated and adapted (for the Benares Magazine,) from the French, of*

M. GABRIEL FERRY. ]

## VI.

## ON THE ARGUMENTATIVE PORTION OF THE NYÁYA PHILOSOPHY.

It was with pleasure that we found in the last Number of the Magazine, a letter, signed "Pratnavidyālayīya," commencing on an article which appeared in the previous Number, "On the Nyāya Philosophy, and the correspondence of its divisions with those of Modern Science." Pratnavidyālayīya writes in the style of a person who really takes an interest in the subject. We therefore willingly undertake to set forth with greater fulness than we were able to do in an article embracing the whole field of the Nyāya Philosophy, our views in regard to its argumentative portion. We shall do this, not with the design of drawing him into a controversy, for which this Magazine is no proper place, but with something of a confident hope that we shall be able to show him, that on many points in regard to which he thinks we differ from him in opinion, we really are at one with him; and that on some others he may perhaps, on further consideration, find reason to think better of the views which we have put forward.

2.—In order that no reference may be required to anything which the reader may not have ready access to, we shall cite, from that compendium of the Nyāya, the *Tarka-saṅgraha*, the portion including all the points in regard to which there may seem to be any difference of opinion between our critic and ourselves. The extract will not be a long one; and for the sake of clearness, we shall sub-divide it.

अनुमितिकरणमनुमानम् । परामर्शजन्यं ज्ञानमनुमितिः ।  
 व्याप्तिविशिष्टपक्षधर्मताज्ञानं परामर्शः । यथा वह्निव्याप्य-  
 धूमवानयं पर्वत इति ज्ञानं परामर्शः । तज्जन्यं पर्वतो  
 वह्निमानिति ज्ञानमनुमितिः ॥

3.—"The special cause of an inference (*anumiti*) is the "act of inferring (*anumāna*). An inference (*anumiti*) is "knowledge produced from the cognizance of a logical datum" (*parāmars'a*). For example, the knowledge that This hill "is characterized by invariably-fire-attended smoke, is called "*parāmars'a*. The knowledge thence arising, that The hill "is fiery, is an inference."

The writer proceeds to define two of the terms just employed, viz. *vyápti*, and *pakṣa-dharmatá* :—

यच्च यच्च धूमस्तच्चाग्निरिति साहचर्यनियमो व्याप्तिः ।  
व्याप्यस्य पर्वतादिवृत्तित्वं पक्षधर्मता ॥

4.—“ Pervadence (*vyápti*) means constancy of association, as in the case of there being fire wherever there is smoke. “ Fitness to stand as the subject of the conclusion (*pakṣa-dharmatá*) consists in the fact that a mountain or the like “ is characterised by that which is pervaded (*vyápya*).”

अनुमानं द्विविधं स्वार्थं परार्थञ्च ॥

5.—“ The process of inference (*anumāna*) is of two “ kinds, ( 1 ) for the sake of one’s self (*swártha*), and ( 2 ) for “ the sake of others (*parártha*).”

स्वार्थं स्वानुमितिहेतुः । तथाहि स्वयमेव भूयोदर्शनेन यच्च  
धूमस्तच्चाग्निरिति महानसादौ व्याप्तिं गृह्यत्वा पर्वतसमीपं  
गतः तद्गतेचाग्नौ सन्दिग्धानः पर्वते धूमं पश्यन् व्याप्तिं स्मरति  
यच्च धूमस्तच्चाग्निरिति । तदनन्तरं बद्धिव्याप्यधूमवानर्थं  
पर्वत इति ज्ञानमुत्पद्यते । अयमेव लिङ्गपरामर्श इत्युच्यते ।  
तस्मात्पर्वतो बद्धिमानिति ज्ञानमनुमितिमुत्पद्यते । तदेवं  
स्वार्थानुमानम् ॥

6th.—“ When conducted for one’s self, it is the cause of “ a private conclusion (*swānumiti*). For example, by repeat- “ ed observation, in the case of culinary hearths and the like, “ having become convinced in one’s own mind that there is the “ invariable presence (*vyápti*) of fire where there is smoke, “ one goes near a hill ; and, being doubtful whether there be “ fire in it, seeing smoke in the hill, one recollects the in- “ variable presence of fire where there is smoke. Thereupon “ the knowledge arises that ‘ This hill is characterised by “ smoke, which is invariably attended (*vyápya*) by fire.’ “ This is called *linga-parámars’a*, which means such recogni-

"tion of a sign as leads to inference. Thence results the inference—the knowledge that 'The hill is fiery.' Such is the process of inference for one's self (*swārthānumāna*)."

यत् स्वयं धूमादग्निमनुमाय परं बोधयिते, पञ्चावयववाक्ये प्रयुज्यते तत्परार्थानुमानम् । यथा पर्वतो ऽग्निमान् धूमवत्वात् यो यो धूमवान् सो ऽग्निमान् यथा महान् तत्राचार्यं तस्मात्तथेति । अनेन प्रतिपादितास्त्रिङ्गत् परो ऽप्यग्निं प्रतिपद्यते ॥

7.—"But when the five-membered expression is employed to convince another, after one has inferred fire from smoke for one's self, then is the process that of *parārthānumāna*—inference for the sake of others. For example, " (1) The hill is fiery, (2) because it is smoky; (3) whatever is smoky is fiery, as a culinary hearth; (4) and so is this; therefore (5) it is as alleged."—The other also agrees that there is fire, in consequence of the sign delivered in this (five-membered exposition)."

8.—The extract from the *Tarka-sangraha* here, for convenience of reference, exhibited in five portions, contains the matter on which we ground the following positions:—

(1st.) The Nyāya contains both what answers to Logic and to Rhetoric, as defined by Whately.

(2nd.) The five-membered expression may be viewed as a combination of the Inductive with the Deductive syllogism.

(3rd.) The Logic of the Nyāya is not formal, but real.

(4th.) An important distinction, and one very apt to be overlooked, between the terminology of European and of Indian Logic, consists in this, that the predicate in the former is a connotative term, whilst that which in the latter we hear spoken of as the predicate, is no more than the term signifying what is thereby connoted. The same is the case with the Middle Term.

9.—For proof of the first position, we refer to paragraph (5) of this article, which is expanded by our Hindú authority in the two paragraphs following, viz. paragraph (6) corresponding, in our opinion, to Logic, and paragraph (7) to Rhetoric, the terms Logic and Rhetoric being employed in the sense in which they are employed by Whately (Rhetoric, p. 7), who says that of the two purposes, "the ascertainment of the truth by investigation, and the establishment of it to the satis-



faction of *another*”—“the latter belongs to the province of Rhetoric.” This “*establishment* of truth, to the satisfaction of *another*” either corresponds to the *parārthānumāna* (para. 7) of our text book, or it does not. The reader can judge for himself, and can then determine whether Whately’s definition of Rhetoric applies to the *parārthānumāna* or not.

10.—Our 2nd position we might leave to itself, P.’s observation on it being this, that “Mr. Colebrooke, I believe, took precisely the same view.” P., however, places a mark of interrogation after the word “suggestive,” which we employed when speaking of the “example” in the third member of the five-membered expression. His pausing at the word furnishes to us a gratifying proof of the attentive perusal with which he honoured our article. We hasten therefore to state our meaning more fully; and we regret that in so doing we must represent ourselves as taking a different view of the matter from that which P. supposes Mr. Colebrooke to have taken, for it is in the “suggestiveness” alone of the example that we ourselves recognise the Inductive element in the five-membered expression. We should be of all others the best pleased to believe, with P., that the first of Sanskrit scholars, Mr. Colebrooke, held the opinion which we have advanced, that the five-membered expression may be viewed as a combination of the Inductive with the Demonstrative syllogism; but whether Mr. Colebrooke’s published Essay contains the announcement of any such opinion, we shall put the reader in the same position for judging that we ourselves occupy, by quoting from the Essay the whole that he writes on the subject of the five-membered exposition:—

“A regular argument, or complete syllogism (*nyāya*), consists of five members (*avayava*) or component parts. 1st, the proposition (*pratijnyā*); 2nd, the reason (*hetu* or *opadesa*); 3rd, the instance (*udāharana* or *nidarsana*); 4th, the application (*upanaya*); 5th, the conclusion (*nigamana*). Example.

- 1.—This hill is fiery.
- 2.—For it smokes.
- 3.—What smokes, is fiery : as a culinary hearth.
- 4.—Accordingly, the hill is smoking :
- 5.—Therefore it is fiery.

Some\* confine the syllogism (*nyāya*) to three members; either the three first or the three last.

In this latter form it is quite regular. The recital joined with the instance is the major; the application is the minor; the conclusion follows.”

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\* The followers of the *Mīmāṃsā*. *Pad. Dīp.*

11.—This is the whole that we find, in Mr. Colebrooke's Essay, on the point in question. In our article on the Nyáya, we offered no objection to anything whatever in this quotation ; and if P. sees in it a plain announcement that the five-membered expression consists of the Inductive and Demonstrative syllogisms combined, we have only to remark that, be the view right or wrong, Dr. Heinrich Ritter (author of the "History of Ancient Philosophy,") did not discern it there. It was in opposition to the disparaging views of the Nyáya argumentation current in Europe, the errors of which views we were striving to remove, that we cited Mr. Colebrooke. We were not questioning Mr. Colebrooke, but opposing him to Dr. Ritter. Now, in regard to the contents of the five-membered expression, P. is, no doubt, in the right when he says "the Platonic *διαιρέσις* is laid down in the first two members ;" but he might have added that it is, to all intents and purposes, equally laid down in the *last* two. The Aristotelic *ἐπαγωγή* is not laid down, as he supposes, "in the first three," but is only indicated by the "example" in the third of them. The first three propositions constitute no Inductive syllogism ; they are nothing else than the last three stated in the inverse order, as we have already illustrated by allusion to the practice of Euclid in his Elements. The Induction is to be found only in the "suggestiveness" of the Example. If the Example be not suggestive of others, then its citation does not constitute an *ἐπαγωγή*—for that term (Induction) means the inference of a universal proposition by the separate inference of all the particulars of which it is composed. The Example, in Aristotle's writings, is called *παρίδειγμα*, and Aristotle expressly says, that this belongs to Rhetoric, where it performs a part answering to that which *ἐπαγωγή* does in Logic—(*παρίδειγμα δὲ, ἐπαγωγῆς ῥητορικόν*, Rhet. I. I. 2.) If, therefore, the Example be not "suggestive" of an Induction ; and if, at the same time, it be determined that the five-membered expression is not rhetorical, but logical—then Ritter's denunciation of the five-membered expression as a logical monstrosity must be accepted—the "example" being a superfetation. With regard to any distinction drawn by Aristotle, at the opening of his Later Analytics, between *μᾶθη-ις* and *διδασκαλίς* we do not see how it affects the matter. Aristotle, in that place instead of contrasting the two, classes them together as two processes in neither of which can knowledge arise, except out of knowledge previously extant. With any difference of opinion between Plato and Aristotle we have nothing to do, when trac-

ing the analogy between the Nyáya and the divisions of Modern Science.

12.—Our 3rd position is this—that “the logic of the Nyáya is not formal, but real.” P. employs the term “formal” in a different sense from that in which we employ it. He says, in his 6th paragraph, “I also agree with Mr. Colebrooke in thinking that no part of the Nyáya syllogistic system is rhetorical; but that all is formal.” He employs the term “formal” in another sense, when he says of the Naiyávikas that “their regular argument in five terms, resolvable into the inductive syllogism as well as the demonstrative, has shown most clearly that they did” appreciate “the value of formal logic.” Here, if we do not misunderstand him, the term refers to regularity of statement, and methodical arrangement of the parts which go to make up the enunciation of a process of reasoning. But, in the position at present under consideration, we oppose the term “formal” neither to “rhetorical” nor to “immethodical.” We oppose it, in the technical sense which it bears in the logical works of Whately and De Morgan, to “material”; and the reader may recollect Colonel Vans Kennedy’s taking credit to the Hindu Logic for the fact that it could not form syllogisms with the letters of the alphabet, as the European Logic can. Had the Hindu Arithmetic been open to a similar compliment, the compliment (in Colonel Kennedy’s words, with the requisite substitutions,) would have run thus—“In this case, therefore, it is not sufficient to lay it down as a rule, that if 2 be added to 2, then we get 4, and thus to frame calculations with the figures of the multiplication table: for the summation of the Hindu Cocker cannot take place, unless a distinct notion of the properties of the items to be reckoned up has been first conceived.” He might then have illustrated the case by the Hindustání proverb, “If you ask the hungry man how many are two and two, he replies—four loaves;” \* and the peroration, as in his praise of the logic, would have run thus—“When, however, this summation is duly considered, it will, perhaps, be admitted, that it exhibits a more natural mode of calculating, than is compatible with the compressed limits of the Addition of abstract numbers, and that the sum total is as satisfactory as that deduced from the Addition of abstract numerals.”

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\* بھوکھ سے کہا دو اور دو کیا \* کہا چار روٹیاں

13.—Our 4th and final position relates to the correspondence of terms in the Logic of the East and of the West. In enquiries of this kind, a loose employment of terms is to be deprecated. An instance of the loose kind of employment of technical terms which we deprecate, occurs in the quotation which we made from Colonel Kennedy, where he speaks of “proving the predicate.” Proof relates only to truth, and truth belongs only to propositions. It cannot be asserted of a term, whether predicate or subject. Moreover, there is no word, that we are acquainted with, in the Nyáya, strictly answering to our logical term “the predicate.” The term *sádhya*, literally “what is to be established,” does not answer to our logical predicate, but to that which our predicate connotes; and, to overlook the difference, is equivalent to overlooking the difference between a horseman and his horse. For example, suppose that the proposition mooted (*pratijnyá*) were this, that “John is a horseman,” the predicate would be the term “horseman;” but the *sádhya*—that which is to be demonstrated as distinguishing John—is “a horse.” Our attempts to make our pandit understand Whately’s Logic were baffled until we perceived that we had been misled by the current loose rendering of the term *sádhya* as “the predicate;” and, as soon as we substituted the term *sádhya-visishṭa*, (meaning “distinguished by that which is to be established,”) the whole cloud of misunderstanding cleared off. Thus then it appears that P.’s rendering of *sádhya* by the term “major,” in his 8th paragraph, (for his rendering it “minor” in the preceding paragraph, is apparently a slip of the pen, if not an error of the press,) is loose. Should any doubt remain as to the correctness of our account of the term, it can be referred to the decision of a pandit by means of the stock illustration as follows. In the proposition “The mountain is fiery,” the term “fiery” is the predicate; but what is the *sádhya*? It is the fire (*agni*) which that predicate connotes. We have our reasons for rendering the predicate by *sádhya-visishṭa* rather than by *sádhya-ván*, a term already employed by the Nyáya.

14.—If it be borne in mind that the distinction just explained applies to the Middle Term also, it will be perhaps admitted that we had grounds for alleging that “whilst the European logic employs a phraseology founded on classification, the Nyáya, in testing the validity of an argument, operates by means of the terms on which a classification would be based.”

15.—In regard to the term *parámarsa*, our account of it

was intended to convey nothing different from what P. describes it, not in phraseology of the Nyáya, but of Aristotle, as implying. In consequence of the limited amount of space at our disposal, we cannot indulge our wish to go into particulars. Neither did we mean to say, as P. supposes we did, that Mr. Colebrooke ever "meditated the lopping off of two members." Neither is it correct to say, as P. does, that we "most wisely followed the *Mimánsa* School" in our representation of the five-membered expression; for we have not been able to meet with the passage of the *Mimánsa* indicated by Mr. Colebrooke in his note; and if the view there referred to corresponds with what we find in the *Vedānta*, it can have no reference to the simultaneous exposition of the Inductive and the Demonstrative processes, but it must merely declare, as remarked by Mr. Colebrooke, that two members out of the five are surplusage.\* And so think we ourselves; but every one who has attempted to produce conviction (the business of rhetoric) knows the value and importance of that surplusage which consists in judicious reiteration. Of P.'s two quotations, from Von Bohlen and Windischman, the first conveys nothing more than what was already patent in Mr. Colebrooke's essay, and not disputed; and the second is employed in commending a term used by Mr. Colebrooke—viz. the "Metaphysics of Logic"—a term to which we ourselves, we regret to say, have never been able to attach any useful signification. If the Nyáya is to be called the Metaphysics of Logic, because it includes the consideration of what we call Metaphysics, then, so far as we can see, it might equally well be called the Physics of Logic, because (undertaking to give a *compte rendu* of the Universé) it includes the consideration of what we call Physics. But the word Metaphysics is of all others the one which there can be the least hope of making anything useful out of, when it is left undefined. Sir James Mackintosh instances it as a word combining in itself every fault that a word can be guilty of.—Windischman's explanation of the term (whatever else we might say about his explanation, if time and space were available), we shall only remark, does not affect any one of our four positions; so we quit it.

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\* Thus, in the *Vedānta Paribhāṣha*, we find the remark that the three first or the three last members are sufficient, because either set contains all that is necessary to establish the conclusion, and more were useless. In another book it is stated that this was the opinion of the *Mīmāṃsā*. There is no mention, that we can find, of the combination of two syllogisms.

16.—But, instead of asking, what is this, that, or the other man's opinion in regard to the *Nyāya*, those who care to put the question with any sincerity, had better go to the fountain head, and judge for themselves. Professor H. H. Wilson (in his *Sāṅkhya Kārikā*, p. ix.) speaking of the connection between the metaphysical systems of the Hindus, and those of the Greeks, remarks that "We are scarcely yet indeed in possession of the means of instituting an accurate comparison, as the text-books of the Hindus have not been printed or translated, and general dissertations, however comprehensive or profound, are insufficient for the purpose." The conductors of the *Benares Magazine* would be happy to render some small aid in supplying the desideratum noted by Professor Wilson; and, as a commencement, the first portion of the simplest compendium of the *Nyāya* Philosophy, which, so far as we can learn, has not been printed before, will follow the present article.

## VII.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

1.—HINTS FOR A WORK TO BE CALLED "*THE CHAPLAIN'S MANUAL*."

SIR,—If you would open your pages for correspondence, confined to this one subject alone, it strikes me, that the '*Benares Magazine*' might be made the medium of much valuable information to a large body of the Clergy in this country. Let every one contribute his experience in the ministry, how he finds that he can best discharge the duties of his office; and many a Layman could give a hint too; and we should have very many useful and interesting papers towards the composition of a '*Manual*,' to be placed in the hands of all new-comers.

The Bishop's '*Suggestions*' are not enough: and do not pretend to remove the difficulties, and answer the many puzzling questions, which meet us on first landing. The routine of duty is so different in this country, to the one we have been accustomed to in England, that the proposed '*Manual*' should commence with the advice, that an Assistant Chaplain, on arriving at Calcutta, must put away his English ideas of his profession, as he casts off his ship-board clothing. The London curate had better burn his soup and coal tickets: and he who has left the charge of a country parish, must not expect to find old women, in red cloaks, with whom he could sit down, and drink his "cup a tea."

The first chapter, in this supposed work, should impress upon the Assistant Chaplain's mind, that he is no longer his own master, the little Pope of his Parish. His new position should be explained by copious references, not to Rubrics and Canons, but "General Orders" and "Government Gazettes." By their light he may satisfy himself, how far he is really amphibious, half ecclesiastic, half military. There would be no harm in attaching a foot note to this chapter, to the effect,—"*Whether you decide yourself to be an army Chaplain or not, keep particular friends with the Commanding Officer of the station.*"

Before the Assistant Chaplain leaves Calcutta, the second chapter should give him and his wife,\* a few hints on Mo-

\* Is there any truth in an idea prevailing in England, that the authorities at the 'E. India House' recommend this addition to their Ecclesiastical Establishment?

fussil house-keeping. Let it not be thought unworthy of such a work to mention, that his first purchase should be a *good* buggy. He will find it real economy; for it will last him his time of service: and on locomotion in this country depends a good deal of his future usefulness and health. The great burden of the chapter should be, wholesome warnings on debt. It is true that the salary of an Assistant Chaplain is handsomer than the stipends of six curacies put together; but it requires the very greatest prudence, at the outset of an Indian career, not to be involved. And a man, who comes out to make a fortune, for his own sake, and for the sake of his employers, should be advised to leave Calcutta as soon as possible;—but it should be homewards. For I do not know which makes the worst Chaplain, the man who gets into debt, or the man who is ‘making money!’

Let the third chapter introduce him, to his future field of labour, by recommending him to lose no time in calling on every one in the station: not only on the Civil and Military, but on the uncovenanted servants of his new rector, the Honorable E. I. Co.; nor should he forget the merchants and shopkeepers: for the Chaplains should drop a little more than they do the exclusiveness of “a Covenanted Service.”

And let there be a council of war held in your pages, what advice should be given to a new-comer, on the following subjects, for example:—

Should a Clergyman call on any, who, he hears, are living in known and open defiance of the 7th Commandment: be he the Commanding Officer of the station, or be he a Cranny on 60 Rs. a month?

Should not the consideration of many of his congregation being Presbyterians, influence him in the choice of his pulpit exercises?

What seems to be the best style of address, composition and subject, to attract the attention of European soldiers? What is the most successful way of gaining influence in Barracks? \* What hints are there for managing Regimental Schools? What has been most useful in visiting the sick in Hospital? Can any thing be suggested for the improvement of the soldiers, and their harmless amusements by scientific lectures and the like? What kind of religious works are popular among them; and whether it is not possible to draw up some appropriate tracts on subjects such as these—“Advice

\* Report assigned a peculiar talent in this to the late Mr. Norgate.



"to a Soldier on entering Hospital," "On leaving Hospital." "Warnings to a Recruit," "Address to persons engaged to be married," "To Parents at a Baptism," "The Canteen." Were they written by those who know a soldier's life, such tracts would be very valuable for distribution, and for acquainting the Clergy with some of the circumstances and feelings of those in Barracks. Pious officers would make the best authors, for what they said would be practical, and recommended by long experience.

To complete the "Manual," let there be suggestions in it, for the most successful methods of getting support for Charitable Institutions? How to avoid the appearance of a tax-gatherer? What seem the most expedient rules for mixing in Society; and attending Regimental Messes? Whether any countenance can be given to the Missionaries of other than Church Societies?

These are questions suggestive of others. And were every Chaplain to give in his contribution of experience, your pages would be a great help to many a man in difficulty; even if my idea of a "Manual" were not to be carried out.

Your obedient servant,

H. B. B.

## Extracts and Intelligence. ,

### POLYGAMY AND RE-MARRIAGE AMONG THE HEATHEN.

“Ma per trattar del ben ch’io vi trovai,  
Dirò dell’altre cose ch’io v’ho scorte.—DANTE.

MY DEAR —, A practical difficulty frequently arises from the fact, that the Missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church Missionary Society, in this part of the world, pursue a different practice in cases of separation of husband and wife, whether by reason of adultery, or of one party becoming a believer, and the other thereupon departing and persisting in separation.

In such cases the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Missionaries, I understand, never consent to the re-marriage of either party during the life-time of the other. The Church Missionary Society’s Missionaries, it is generally understood, allow re-marriage of the innocent party in the former case, and of the forsaken party in the latter, acting herein along with the dissenting teachers of all denominations.

The practical result, over and above the particular scandals of each case, is, that any of the flock of a Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, if unwilling to abide by his pastor’s opinion in the matter, can often get married, despite of him, by a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, or any dissenting teacher, returning thereupon to his place in his own Pastor’s flock, to set him at defiance, or else leaving him, for the ministrations of any one whom he may prefer.

Of the two cases of separation above mentioned, the second will require to be spoken of at some length; I will therefore first say the little I have to observe touching the former of the two. In it the Missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel seem to act more according to the *mind* of our Church, which will not pronounce release “*à vinculo matrimonii*,” though she awards separation “*à thoro et mensa*.” The Church Missionary Society’s Missionaries, on the other hand, seem to follow the *practice* of our Church, in re-marrying in such cases after the State has pronounced the release “*à vinculo*,” with this only difference that the State’s sentence is here dispensed with, because not to be had. And so each practice has, *primâ facie*, a good case. But I cannot help thinking that, when one looks strictly into the matter, the *practice* of our Church herein is strangely at variance with her *theory*. How is it to be explained? Is this a mere relic of Popery? the State doing, by Act of Parliament, what the Pope does by brief or bull? or is it based on any abstract view of marriage as dissoluble without the Church, because contractable (let me coin the word) without the Church? If the latter be the *rationale* of the matter, all I can say is, that it assumes that the Church was not *suprême* in Paradise.

It is very desirable that this matter be thoroughly investigated, for it is of deep practical interest, in Missions; and I therefore proceed to state some difficulties therewith connected, and which bring me to the second case, adding a few authentic instances in illustration; and beg to propound the whole subject for thorough discussion and illustration by yourself and friends for my benefit. You will understand my saying, for *my* benefit, when I tell you, that the subjoined queries have actually been addressed to myself at different times for my opinion, by Missionaries. They include a variety of cases which, at first sight, would not be expected to occur under the second of my above-stated heads of difficulty. They are these:—

1. It not unfrequently happens that a convert, previously to his embracing Christianity, had contracted more than one matrimonial alliance. In such case, is he to be permitted to keep all his wives, as being legally married to them before conversion, or is he to be required to put away all except the first married?

2. In the latter case, how are those put away to be provided for?

3. Are those put away, morally free and at liberty to enter into matrimony with another party?

4. In cases where there have been children by all the wives, or by the second only, or by the third only, and no issue by the first married, what rule is to be observed?

5. It not unfrequently happens that the husband, or the wife, as the case may be, of the party embracing Christianity, refuses conjugal rights to the Christian partner; in such cases, is the Christian (husband or wife) bound to the refusing party?

6. Or, can the believing party, after sufficient time allowed, (and, if so, what time?) and after every available means used to gain over the unbelieving partner, contract a second marriage?

7. If, as generally happens to be the case in this country, the matrimonial alliance has been contracted while one or both of the parties were too young to be considered as moral agents, is such an alliance to be looked upon as valid before the parties have ratified it by their own acts, after both have attained the age of puberty?

8. A Hindoo marries a wife, and, she not bearing him any children, he puts her away and takes another, by whom he gets several children. Some years after this, he becomes a Christian: is he to put away his *second*, and take back his first wife? If so, what becomes of the children? and to whom is their mother to look for support and protection for herself and them?

The above are the questions. On re-perusing them they seem to present of themselves a sufficient variety of cases, and to be sufficiently clear to allow me to dispense with the facts in illustration which I just now promised to add.

Here is, however, one, to which I could supply the dates, place, and names of parties concerned.

An old man, having a wife who had borne him ten children, becoming a convert, alleged that his wife would no longer live with him, and was thereupon married by a Church Missionary Society Missionary to another. Very soon afterwards the former wife came forward, claiming him as her husband, offering to renounce caste for him, and denying that she had ever refused to come over to him. He was allowed to live with both, and each bore him a child almost simultaneously.

This is not a recent case, however, and the period of probation laid down in the rules of the Missionary Conference to which I have alluded,

and other precautions enacted in them, would perhaps now prevent any such hasty proceedings as seem to have characterized this instance.

Here is another case, which has occurred within my own observation. Some few years back, I became acquainted with a Hindoo lad, then fifteen or sixteen years of age, and betrothed to a girl of then about eleven years. Having professed himself a candidate for Christian instruction, he left her and his friends, and, being entertained in a Christian school in one of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Missions, gave great scandal by intriguing with the wife of the native Christian teacher in it. Being expelled, he led an unsettled life for a time, but after a while, becoming penitent, was instructed by other parties, eventually baptized, and has since led an exemplary life. During this time, he was not denied access to his betrothed; but he neglected her, and she formed a connexion with another (and a heathen) man. Latterly, wishing to be married, he claimed her, *pro forma*, before a magistrate, and she refused to return to him. He was thereupon told by the Calcutta Missionary Society Missionaries that he was at liberty to marry another, and matters were in train for his remarriage accordingly. As he was in my service at this juncture, I became acquainted with his project, and could but put it to him whether he had not been, on his own showing, first in offence, and whether, consequently, allowing for argument's sake that the innocent party were at liberty to re-marry, he could claim to be so. The question seemed never to have been put before him in that shape by his counsellors, and I believe he felt its force. Whether he will be nevertheless remarried, time will show. I told him I could not agree to keep him in my service if he did. And he has left me.

Now I am not taking upon myself to say what is the right course in such cases, I am only propounding and illustrating the matter in the hope of its being some day thoroughly discussed by some one, and, if possible, decided by authority. Whichever of the two courses be the right one, cases of great hardship—nay, misery, must ensue. In this respect, indeed, I take it there can be nothing to choose between them, which limits the consideration to the single point of the right and the wrong.

It is, of course, obvious for people to ask whether there is no enactment or standing precedent in the Church? for such cases must have occurred from the first preaching of the Gospel. I am not myself prepared with an answer. Indeed, I am inclined to think that practice varied, and that no uniform rule can be found to have been acknowledged.

*Ex. gr.* the Council of Elliberis (can. ix.) prohibited marriage of the innocent party during the life-time of the guilty one, under penalty of excommunication. Whereupon, one cannot help asking, How could they get re-married? Was it by the Church, in spite of her own prohibition? Or how? Then we have the Council of Arles only counselling 'fideles,' i.e. baptized Christians, whose wives were caught in adultery, not to re-marry during the life of the guilty party. (Can. x.) What, by the way, is the true interpretation of canon ten of the council of Elliberis?

Then, again, we have St. Augustine, in his elaborate and closely-argued discussion of the subject in his two books to Pollentius, most rigidly prohibiting the remarriage of any one forsaken, on any account, by his or her partner, or forced to put him or her away by reason of adultery. This view of St. Augustine's, however, has been set aside by many (*ex. gr.* Dr. Perrone among the Roman Catholics of our day) as at once invalidated by the words of St. Paul (2 Cor. vii.) "But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or sister is not in bondage in such cases;" which, it is said, St. Augustine has altogether overlooked. That

he takes no notice whatever of them in his two books to Pollentius, although he weighs, one may say, every other word in that chapter, is quite true; but that he overlooked them I think hardly possible. If he did, why did not Pollentius, whose notions St. Augustine wrote to correct, urge them against him? Is not the conclusion, rather, that both Pollentius and he considered them not to admit at all of the sense now attached to them? That such was St. Augustine's own judgment appears from his Epistle to Hilarius. (Epist. clvii. of the Benedictine edition, tom. ii. pp. 555, 556.) Dr. Perrone does not appear to have been aware of this passage—at least, I cannot find that he refers to it—although he shows (*Loci Theol.* vol. vii. p. 245) that he was aware of the interpretation, and he gives his answer to it. (Page 249.) However, his more than Roman impudence could not be expected to stumble at this, seeing that the declared doctrine of the Roman See is, that the conversion of either party from Heathenism effects, *ipso facto*, a release "*a vinculo*"—agreeing, herein, in principle, with the Calcutta Missionary Conference, but going beyond it in practice.

Dr. Perrone says, with his usual boldness, that Robert Fitz James, Bishop of Soissons, was the first who decreed otherwise, viz. in the celebrated case of the converted Jew Borach Levi, in the middle of the last century; to the documents concerning which, and the hot controversy which it excited, I should be glad to be able to have recourse. You will find Dr. Perrone's ample references to them in vol. vii. of his *Loci Theologici*, p. 238. Indeed Dr. Perrone's whole '*Tractatus de Matrimonio*' would form an excellent groundwork for the investigation which I have proposed. But, in order to so using it, one should be able to refer to all the authorities which he quotes, and I need hardly tell you that, probably, not all the libraries in India could supply them for reference.

And now, having digressed so far from my list of cases, I will not resume them. The theme is a distressing one. And not the less so, when it is considered that it presents but one out of many practical difficulties in Missionary matters, with which our Church, in the present posture of affairs, seems as unprepared, as she is unable, to deal.

And this being so, I will beg you not to get impatient with me, if I lead you a long round before I get to the bright point of view of Missionary endeavour and achievement. You have enough of this in the published Reports with which the public is deluged, and my object is (what I understand you wish it to be), to give you an honest matter-of-fact statement of things as they are. The process may be sad and weary, but my motto warned you from the first. Virgil's shade led Dante a long sad round, ere he introduced him to his Beatrice.

Believe me, yours very truly,

P.

*Colonial Church Chronicle, October, 1848. ]*

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, ON THE FORMULARIES AND CEREMONIALS OF THE CHURCH.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has recently received an address, adopted at Plymouth, requesting that his Grace would introduce a Bill into Parliament to effect the following objects (we quote the words of the address):—

1st—A better definition of the ceremonial of the Church, in accordance with the usages to which the people have for generations been accustomed.

2nd—An express declaration of the supreme authority of the 39 articles.

3rd—A determination of the sense in conformity therewith of any ambiguous phrases in the formularies of the Church; or

4th—The adoption of such other measures to the like effect as to his Grace might seem meet.

The following is his Grace's reply to the address:—

"Gentlemen,—In replying to the Memorial which you have presented to me, as agreed upon at a recent public meeting, held at Plymouth, I will first allude to that part of it which I have read with great satisfaction. It cannot be otherwise than gratifying to one placed in the situation which I have been called to occupy, when he receives from a numerous, and I doubt not, influential body of laymen, an assurance of their stedfast adherence to our Church, to her doctrine, and her constitution. Attached, too, as I am, not less by official duty than by private conviction, to the principles of the Reformation, I rejoice to find those principles sincerely professed and manfully upheld. Indeed, among various causes of regret which have arisen of late years, in connection with the Roman Catholic religion, I have always found consolation in perceiving, from undoubted evidence, that the great body of our people are too well acquainted with Scriptural truth to be ever allured back into errors renounced by their forefathers.

I could have wished to find the same grounds of satisfaction in the general purport of your Memorial. One of the important subjects of which it treats you must allow me to pass over in silence. Official persons acting within the legal bounds of their authority can only be governed by their own conscientious views of duty, and of the mode in which they think it may be discharged, so as best to promote the purposes for which the authority was given.

You complain, however, of the introduction of obsolete forms and ceremonies into the service of the Church, and of an approach among many of the Clergy of your Diocese towards practices which appear to savour of Romish superstition.

You have already been informed by your Diocesan which of those practices can be, and which cannot be, defended by the letter of the Book of Common Prayer.

I could certainly have wished that the younger Clergy, to whom your remarks are chiefly applicable, had thought themselves at liberty to follow the usage of their predecessors, and the example of the great majority of their brethren at the present day;—so as to acquiesce in those slight deviations from the Rubric which custom has sanctioned, and which had not been reprov'd by competent authority. I could have wished that they had considered the Apostle's example applicable to their case, and in non-essential things had yielded to the feelings of the people as he yielded to those of the Jews, for the sake of avoiding offence and gaining confidence. Especially I regret the introduction into our parish Churches of a mode of worship which, however proper and suitable in our Cathedrals, appears too artificial and elaborate for simple and general devotion.

But on the other hand, I am bound to respect conscientious scruples, even though I cannot participate in them. These Clergy assured me

that they consider themselves fettered by directions which, in their judgment, the Church to which they have promised obedience requires them to observe.

Your Memorial alludes to this, and expresses a desire that the attention of the Legislature should be called towards the subject, and a Bill be introduced with the concurrence of the Ecclesiastical Authorities for securing certain specific objects, which you consider expedient in the present circumstances of the Church.

The time may possibly arrive when such a change as you contemplate might be effected, without occasioning far greater evils than those we wish to remedy. It must, however, be generally acknowledged, that such a time is not yet come. A season of excitement is not a season for reasonable deliberation. Men judge of these things, not according to their actual value, but according to the value which they themselves attach to them. And, after all, differences of real importance, differences in the tone and spirit of public teaching, can never be prevented by any law, or any form of articles or prayers. If the doctrine were erroneous, it would little signify in what dress it were delivered, or with what form it was accompanied: whilst, on the other hand, if the minister be diligent in his duties, and faithful in his instructions, we may readily excuse the addition of a gesture, or the omission of a prayer.

I can scarcely hope that these remarks will prove satisfactory to those who seem to have expected more from my interference than I possess the power or see the possibility of accomplishing. I can only entreat them to unite with me in supplicating the Great Head of the Church, that he may grant to every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, the spirit of a sound mind and a right judgment, that they may approve things that are really 'excellent and pertain to life and godliness,' rather than 'things of doubtful disputation,' ever remembering that 'the end of the commandment is charity,' and that 'the fruits of righteousness are sown in piece of them that make peace.'

J. B. GANTUAR.

"Lambeth," Dec. 30th, 1848."  
*The Bath Chronicle.* ]

### THE VACANT BISHOPRIC.

THE bishopric of Down and Connor, and Dromore, vacant in consequence of the lamented death of the excellent Bishop Mant, remains still unfilled, a fact which would almost seem to imply a desire on the part of the present Government to make the experiment whether the Church of Ireland cannot do without bishops at all, by testing the matter in the case of *three dioceses*. But we believe there is another reason for the delay, and that not a jot less objectionable. In the year 1826 the Government of that day advanced the sum of £10,000 for the purpose of building a see-house in the neighbourhood of Belfast; and the revenues of the bishopric were mortgaged to the amount of this sum, on the condition that it was to be repaid in full before the year 1846. It now appears that the £10,000 has not been repaid, a few instalments only, as we understand, having been called for; consequently, all legal claim of the Government has already expired.

But Government, it seems, will not resign a claim which, in all equity, has now lapsed; and accordingly, so goes the report, no bishop is to be nominated until a draft of an Act of Parliament saddling the revenues of the see with this £10,000 shall be completed; and no one is to be offered the appointment who is not wealthy enough to submit to such a charge.

We sincerely trust that this report is unfounded; for as a report alone we put it forward. The Church of Ireland has in times past suffered sufficiently from the indifference or ignorance of our civil rulers; and she may at length expect merit and learning, and public estimation, to be regarded in high quarters as the chief qualifications in the selection of her bishops, not great possessions merely or commanding interest.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, January, 1849.

### A NOVEL VIEW OF SUBSCRIPTION.

SIR,—I was lately surprised by hearing a notion on the subject of a subscription which may probably be as new to some of our readers as it was to myself. It was gravely stated that a man's subscribing the Prayer Book did not imply that he assented to *all* its decisions, but merely that he agreed with it in the *principal* matters. He might, therefore, it was said, honestly declare that he approved of it *as a whole*, although there were *some* of its doctrines to which he was opposed. The disingenuousness of professing to believe *all* the dogmas of a book, when one denies the truth of *some* of *them*, is so manifest to my own mind, that I am almost ashamed to set about seriously to expose it. To my thinking, one might as well try to prove that it is wrong to equivocate, or tell actual falsehoods, in order to obtain admission into the ministry of God's Church. In this way a Romanist might subscribe our Articles *in the lump*, although he totally dissents from all those which are directed against the peculiarities of Popery. We have lately seen men Popishly inclined resort to what is called a non-natural interpretation of our formularies: one may well wonder that such persons did not rather make choice of the new mode of believing as a whole, what they condemn in various of its parts. This is infinitely easier than putting words in a vice, and forcing them to bear a sense to which they are most repugnant. It would appear, according to this system, that certain true statements neutralize the effect of as many false ones; just as a poison may be mingled with something of an opposite nature in such proportions that the whole composition may prove healthful to the system. Some such theory as this must be entertained by those who put forward this new notion of subscribing a book *as a whole*. Here, say they, is so much truth—and there is so much falsehood; but we take it *altogether*, depending upon the good portions of it to neutralize the effect of those parts which are bad.

But let us look a little closer into this ingenious system of subscription. If we do not, it is said, believe *every* doctrine in the Prayer Book, we hold, at least, *those which are of the greatest moment*. We believe the *principal* things in it: what we deny are matters of very little consequence. But what is the meaning of this? A man believes some doctrines in the Prayer Book, and controverts others; and he naturally persuades himself that those he believes are of more importance than those he disbelieves. Thus he impugns the decisions of the Prayer Book relative, for instance,



to the Sacraments, Absolution, Episcopacy, &c. ; others of its doctrines he agrees with : and these latter he thinks of far greater consequence than the former ; that is, the positions which he believes to be based on truth, he thinks more important than those which he regards as devoid of foundation ! But might not any one else say the same ? Does not every one account truth as of more value than a baseless fancy ? Again, are not such verities as are in the Breviary of more consequence than its vain inventions about Purgatory, Intercession of Saints, and Transubstantiation ? Those who put their hands to the Prayer Book with such reservations, might, with very little more difficulty, subscribe to the Council of Trent, the Talmud, or the Koran. They profess to believe *all* ; but they really believe only what they regard as the principal things in it, that is, the truths which it contains. What they account errors are overlooked as fond, vain matters, not worth thinking of.

But I ask again, might not *any one* subscribe the Prayer Book after this fashion ? Thus a Socinian may slight or overlook the assertions of Christ's divinity ; and, whilst he declares that he believes the whole Prayer Book, flatter himself that he holds at least its most weighty dogmas. In the same way a Quaker might disbelieve all the Church's statements about sacraments ; and comfort himself with the notion, that the points upon which he agrees with the Church are, beyond all comparison, the most important. In the name of common sense I demand, what is *the use* of requiring a clergyman to declare before his bishop, and, afterwards, before God and the congregation, " I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to *ALL* and *EVERY* THING, contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer ? " What practical utility, as a barrier against unbelievers, can a declaration have which is explained to mean no more than this : " I agree with some of its contents : I hold the principal, that is, the soundest of its doctrinal decisions." A Jew, a Mohamadan, nay a Heathen, might make the same statement, if his assent merely implied that he approved of what he considered *the best* things in the Prayer Book. It does really seem little better than a pious fraud for a man to say, I believe *the whole Prayer Book*, meaning thereby only *its principal contents* ; when, even for that position, he has no better support than this gratuitous assumption : " The *principal things* in any book are the *soundest* decisions, that is, *the verities* which it contains. I believe *all the truths* in the Prayer Book ; therefore I can say that I approve of *its principal* dogmas ; and therefore I may call God to witness that I give my unfeigned assent to *all* that it contains." This, indeed, is casuistry ! And I cannot but express my solemn conviction, that the glory of our Protestant Church must have departed if it shall appear that any considerable portion of our clergy are found to avow and defend it.

If a man can honestly understand the whole Prayer Book as favourable to his own views, he has a perfect right to subscribe to that effect. Whether he has taken due pains to understand the true import of that to which he is required again and again to give his most solemn approval,—this is a matter to be settled one day between God and his own conscience. But with those, no matter of what school, who believe that the book which they sign teaches nothing but the truth, I have no present quarrel. I have been merely opposing those, be they few or many, who deny and controvert that which they acknowledge to be the doctrine of a book which they vow to God they unreservedly approve of ; and console their consciences with the thought that the heretical parts do not hold a prominent place in the book they subscribe : or, even if they do, that, being vain fancies,

they may well be styled unimportant, in comparison with the weighty Christian verities which on all sides surround them.

One word more; subscription was intended to exclude from the ministry of the Church all who do not hold certain grand principles in theology. Thus subscription has ever acted as a barrier, from Baxter's and Calamy's time down to our own. No one would obtain admission to holy offices by putting his hand to formularies of any part of which he disapproved. Each man's own assertion was ever taken as a test of his belief. But if this view is excluded,—if a man may subscribe, although he disagrees with the doctrinal statements in the Prayer Book,—then subscription becomes a mockery. Further, our superiors in Church and State, it is evident, formed a wrong estimate in supposing, that to require from clergymen a solemn assertion that they hold certain doctrines, would be sufficient to exclude from the ministry all who believed differently. Subscription becomes useless; and, what is worse, no other barrier can be erected. In effect, we open the offices of the Church to all of every phase of belief or unbelief. If a man need not agree with the whole of the book which he subscribes, I see not that we can require him to agree with any of it. If some may subscribe the Prayer Book who knowingly deny its decisions upon one or two points, others may follow who dissent from more and more of its contents; until, in the end, our altars are served by those who deny all revelation, and the very being of a God. Subscription must bind to all one's professions, or else it can lay hold upon none.

A KILDARE CHURCHMAN.

—*Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, Jan. 1849.

## COURT OF ARCHES.

DEC. 9, 1848.

### GORHAM v. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

THE rejoinder, on the part of the Bishop of Exeter, to the reply (November 11) on the part of the Reverend G. C. Gorham, was this day brought into Court, in the presence of the Bishop's proxy; who admitted that the examination of Mr. Gorham did not begin till after the expiration of the time (twenty-eight days) limited by the Ninety-fifth Canon; but expressly alleged:—

1. That Mr. Gorham did not, at the expiration of those twenty-eight days, require admission to the benefice.

2. That Mr. Gorham did not refuse or decline to submit to the examination; but, on the contrary, expressed himself as being perfectly willing to submit to it; and that he has now no right to make the objection as to time.

3. That, from the 20th November to 15th December, 1847, the Bishop was out of his diocese, in attendance upon his duty as a Peer of Parliament. That he did commence the examination within a reasonable time, after the tendering of the presentation, being all that the law requires.

4. He repeated the charge of unsound doctrine in respect to baptism, insisting that the opinions of Mr. Gorham, as therein avowed, are at variance with the plain teaching of the Church of England in her Articles and Liturgy.

Upon this, issue was joined, and the act on petition was closed. One affidavit was brought in on the part of, and made by, Mr. Gorham. This affidavit generally recited the principal facts of the case, as alleged by Mr.

they may well be styled unimportant, in comparison with the weighty Christian verities which on all sides surround them.

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Gorham in his reply (Nov. 11) to the Bishop's answer (Nov. 2) to the monition of the 15th of June; and more particularly with reference to the allegation on the part of the Bishop respecting the examination declared;— That having attended at the private residence of his Lordship, *videlicet* Bishopstowe, in the county of Devon, on the seventeenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, agreeably to an appointment made by his Lordship, he did not express himself as being perfectly ready and willing to submit to such examination; but, on the contrary, did, before submitting to any examination, distinctly protest against the right of the said Bishop to proceed with such examination, by reason of the expiration of the time specified in the Ninety-fifth Canon; which Canon he then exhibited to his Lordship, as the ground of such protest, made verbally in the first instance, but afterwards reduced into writing. And that the whole of the examination which ensued was submitted to and proceeded with under and subject to the same; and with a full determination on the part of the deponent to avail himself thereof at any future time, if need should be or occasion arise."

The case was then appointed for argument by counsel on the second session of Hilary Term.—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*, January, 1849.

### THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE PAPACY.

"*Nil admirari*" is a lesson which we all have learned during the eleven last months of the year which has just closed. The history of a century has been compressed into that short and most extraordinary period. Events of the most stupendous magnitude have hurried by in so bewildering multitude, and with such dazzling rapidity, that the mind sinks down overtaken in the endeavour to realize them. Continental politics, usually uninteresting and dry to British readers, have suddenly changed into a living romance. The lovers of the marvellous can find no food so highly seasoned as the veritable proceedings of courts and provisional governments. They open the daily papers to seek and find adventures which a year ago would have seemed as incredible as the fables of the *Death of Arthur*, or of *Amadis de Gaul*.

But of this eventful year the Roman revolution has been the climax. We have lived to see a wild democracy hurling down Papal absolutism; and the Pontiff, disguised, and at midnight, a trembling fugitive from the Eternal city.

In the deposition of Pope Pius from his secular throne, many zealous Protestants have gladly imagined that they saw the fall of his spiritual tyranny, and speculated upon the mighty consequences to be anticipated from a blow, as they deem, so fatal to the Pontifical usurpation. We confess that to us the Roman revolution seems fraught with no such prospect, and we think it right explicitly to state the opinion.

First, then, let us consider the *spiritual* pretensions of the Pontiff. We cannot perceive how they are interfered with by the establishment, even though it be *in perpetuum*, of a republic in the imperial city. The Papal assumptions were advancing with rapid strides long before the Pope became a secular sovereign. A century and a half before Pepin had conferred the Exarchate of Ravenna upon the See of Rome, and elevated its hierarch to the rank of a temporal prince, Boniface III. had declared that the successors of St. Peter should be recognised by *Christianity* as *Episcopi Episcoporum*. The Pontiff may still claim

the supremacy attached, as he alleges, to the chair of St. Peter, may vaunt that he is universal bishop, and assert himself to be the centre of unity, while the secular government is again administered by the S. P. Q. R.

We cannot perceive how any of the Pope's claims are in the slightest degree affected by the form of secular government prevailing at Rome. They are as reconcileable with republican or imperial administration, as with the temporal monarchy of the Pontiff. They are advanced by him as *Bishop of Rome*, not as *Prince of the ecclesiastical States*. They would still continue outstanding in full force if the Pope chose to withdraw himself from all mundane solicitudes, and to confine himself exclusively to his supposed vocation of universal bishop. The spiritual pretensions of the Pontiff have been *so long* connected with his temporal sovereignty that we are apt to suppose that there is a necessary connexion. No such relation, however, subsists between them. The Pope himself, according to the most approved doctrine of the Jesuits, holds his temporal authority as *Prince of the Papal States*, not *de jure divino*, but *by the will of the people*. The temporal authority, according to Bellarmine, *resides with the people*. The people may confide it sometimes to one, sometimes to democracy, always retaining the power of altering the form of government, and committing it to new hands. The doctrines of the Papal supremacy, carried to its highest point, and of the temporal sovereignty of the people, are blended into *one system*. The deposition of the Pontiff, therefore, does not, in the slightest degree, collide with his ecclesiastical pretensions. Nor have the Romans, in deposing him and substituting a republic, offended against the principles of the strictest sect of their religion. They may still venerate him as universal patriarch. They have only resumed a jurisdiction which for a time they chose to intrust to the Pontiff, but which they always retained the moral right to resume.

As little do we consider the Roman revolution fatal or even prejudicial to the *temporal* power of the Pontiff, understood in its largest and most important significance. The *temporal power* of the Pope is an ambiguous phrase. Sometimes it denotes his secular sovereignty over the Papal territories: sometimes that lordship over all the kingdoms of the world which, it is pretended, was conferred upon St. Peter and his successors. Understood in the first of these senses, the temporal power of Pope Pius has been subverted by the Republic. Understood in the second, we see no reason why it may not coexist with the wildest democracy.

The *secular* claims of the Popedom are thus stated by Bellarmine: "Pontifex, ut Pontifex, etsi non habet ullam merè temporalem potestatem, tamen habet, in ordine ad bonum spirituale, summam potestatem disponenti de temporalibus rebus omnium Christianorum." By a well-known similitude he compares the secular power to the *body*, and the spiritual to the *soul* of man, attributing to the Church a dominion over the State similar to that which the soul exercises over the body. The Pope has no *direct* secular power in the countries of his obedience, but he has *sovereign power indirectly for the purposes of spiritual good*. This distinction is indeed wholly worthless as a restriction, for he alone is to judge when circumstances warrant the assumption of this *super-civil* dictatorship. The Pontiff has no *direct* power to make or repeal laws in temporals; but if a law were required for the spiritual good, and if the secular legislature refused to promulgate it, the Pope might then rightfully enact it. In a similar way he may annul impious laws. He

has no direct power to dethrone or to invest with royalty, yet, as supreme spiritual ruler, he may do both whenever he sees it needful for the safety of the souls over whom he presides as universal bishop.

We regard the Roman Revolution simply as a political movement. There is no element of religious opposition to the usurpations and unfounded claims of the Pontiff as Universal Bishop, such as we trace in former struggles against the Papal power. The long-continued opposition of the Emperors was directed against the claims of the *Roman Bishops*. When Boniface the Eighth was deposed by Philip the Fair, and his agents the Colonnas, the ground of quarrel was the Pope's intolerable assumption of sovereignty, as *Bishop of Rome*, in civil as well as ecclesiastical matters. The present revolt of the Romans is merely antagonistic to the policy of the Papal ministry. It does not collide against one point of the Pontifical pretensions. It has no more tendency to dethrone Pope Pius IX. from his ecclesiastical headship, than the aggressions of Napoleon upon the territories and the Liberty of Pius VII., aggressions which seemed but to strengthen the bonds of the Papacy throughout the whole of the Roman obedience.

The expectation, then, that the troubles of Italy will break the fetters of the Papal tyranny, and reduce the Bishop of Rome within his primitive limits, seems to us, we regret to say, *unfounded*. The Papacy has outlived many a deadlier shock. It flourished with fresh vigour after its long secession to Avignon, nor can we read its epitaph in its relegation to Gaeta. It allied itself intimately with imperial, it may as easily connect itself with republican authority. Known to the All-wise alone are the future fortunes of this mysterious power: "She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Let us not, therefore, boast ourselves as he that patteeth off his harness. The battle with Romish usurpation is not yet over. The struggle which our forefathers maintained must still be carried on upon other mud, it may be, harder fields. The Popedom of republicanism may be its most powerful development. A new vitality may be derived from the terrible energies of democracy. The revolution may be succeeded by a reaction. Again, as many think, doomed to death, thy "*milk-white hind may be fated not to die*." The Papacy can easily adapt its Protean form to the young creations of revolutionized Europe.

"As the history of the world has varied," says Professor Ranke, "as one nation or another has gained the ascendancy, as the fabric of social life has been disturbed, so also has the Papal power been affected; its maxims, its objects, its pretensions, have undergone essential changes. If we cast a glance at the long catalogue of names so frequently repeated through successive ages, from Pius I. in the second century, to our contemporaries Pius VII. and VIII. in the nineteenth, we receive an impression of uninterrupted stability.\* But the Popes of different periods are in fact distinguished by differences as strongly marked as those existing between the various dynasties of a kingdom."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, January 1, 1849.



